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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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JANUARY, 1945

88th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

SOME DOING

by EDWARD WEEKS

Editor, The Atlantic Monthly

I WANT to speak about what has been done. You see people shaking their heads. You know what they are thinking: "The muck and the rain of North Italy. Now this fanatical defense of the Rhine. Our casualties. . . . Then the long pull across the Pacific. A stubborn, bloody landing on the mainland. Will Russia be with us? The Japs will fight like rats. Who said the end is in sight!"

You hear them lambasting the Administration: "Waste. Duplication. Inefficiency. High taxes and a higher deficit. Why give labor every break! Sure the Army and Navy are all right. But, hell, we could have done the thing so much better."

I begin to wonder. Not at the exasperation. That is the way Americans always feel when they are up to something big. I wonder if any civilian can possibly imagine how big a job we have done. Leave politics out of it. I mean as an aroused, infuriated people.

Take Task Force 58. It is the largest, most powerful combat fleet in history. Virtually every one of its several hundred ships was launched *after* Pearl Harbor. The whole force can travel at a higher speed than a cruiser of 1930. It can put more planes in the air than our combined Army and Navy could launch in 1938. It can outshoot, outrange, outrun any fleet afloat. No Jap fortification, be it eight feet of concrete under fifteen feet of sand, can stand up to the guns.

It is one task force, one unit of our Navy.

A young officer from Task Force 58, home on leave, was attempting to describe its hitting power to his wife. "The firepower," he said, "it's all done by a machine. You just feed the twenty-odd elements of the firing problem into the machine, push the button, and down goes the Jap battleship."

"Just like a Bendix," she responded thoughtfully.

Task Force 58 operates with the motto, "Ten thousand Japs for every Doolittle flyer killed." The motto is based on reasonable expectations. In the two months of September and October, 1944, the force knocked out 200 Jap airfields, destroyed 2344 Jap planes, destroyed or damaged 889 ships — all in addition to shore installations.

On one day the force shot down so many Jap planes that escaping enemy aviators thought the smoke and fire could only mean the sinking of the American ships. Radio Tokyo reported our fleet destroyed, and the report brought out a sizable fleet to administer the *coup de grâce*. But when its aerial scouts saw the size of our fleet, the enemy battle force stole quietly away without firing a shot. It was then that Admiral Halsey sent his classic message: "Ships which the Japs have sunk on the radio have been salvaged and are retreating in the direction of the enemy."

That fleet was the result of calamity. The newsreels of the blazing hulks and the bombed planes of Pearl Harbor have been scorched into our memories. We who listened to the broadcast that Sunday

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afternoon will never forget those shocking reports which kept interrupting the football game. But historians who cannot feel our casualties will say that at Pearl Harbor we ran out of gas right in front of a gasoline station. Our ships were sunk at anchor, men were lost — but 130 million Americans were united.

1 1 1

TAKE the Liberation of France. That was the second war aim our Army had seen in the flesh. Not in North Africa, not in Sicily, not in Italy, had our tanks, our infantry, our ground forces heard anything like that “Merci! Merci!” which burst from the French. Not till then did we hear the eagle scream. It made a difference.

Beginning on D Day and continuing ever since, we have had to keep our Army rolling. Without adequate harbors. Daily we had to land more groceries, more men, more guns than the whole port of New York, with all its cranes, could unload. We sent as much matériel across the water in two months as was sent to Pershing in the entire World War I.

We had to keep a cover over our men. Before the armistice of World War I, a total of 1213 American planes had reached France and 417 of them had actually flown at the front. By November 18, 1944, American aviators had flown 1,127,723 missions against the Germans since Pearl Harbor. We learn.

The French railroads were shot up; the British were showing wear and tear. We ferried 1000 locomotives to England, and 22,000 railway cars, complete with sponsored battalions from the Southern Pacific, New York Central, Pennsylvania, right down the line.

History was in the making and we wanted to see and remember it. From D Day to October 1, cameramen in the Signal Corps shot 670,000 feet of film in France.

Moving up behind the tanks, sound units of the Psychological Warfare Division recorded what members of the FFI had to report, what the women and children of the villages had been through, what the old priest wanted us never to forget. These records, when rebroadcast by BBC, swept ahead of the advancing armies like a ray of hope. And with each American Army went technicians of the Armed Forces Radio with their portable transmitters (seven suitcases carry it all), short-wave stations that called out of the battle ether the World Series, GI Jive, Hymns from Home, and Command Performance, — Lana Turner frying a steak, or two taxicab drivers razzing each other at Times Square, or Sport, the old sick bullpup at home, barking. That’s what they asked to hear — and they did.

The letters tell this story — or as much of it as the men have time to write, 70 million V-Mail letters a month crossing the water.

1 1 1

TAKE the Doctors. Our men, they tell me, are an inch taller than the doughboys of 1917, and ten pounds heavier on the average. Better fed, better trained, better cared for. The mortality rate on belly wounds has been reduced more than half. I asked Surgeon General Kirk about head cases. “We have twelve Harvey Cushings in this war,” he said. “The skin grafting you have to see to believe.” It’s a miracle. In 1918, 8 per cent of our losses were from shock and hemorrhage — now the figure is down to 3 per cent. Why? Because of plasma (and blood: 1000 pints of it flown across every day); because of the courage of the medical aid and the speed with which casualties are brought back; because of the surgery and the nursing; because of sulfa drugs and penicillin.

You have heard of the malaria and dysentery on New Guinea. A month ago I heard General Bliss, our Assistant Surgeon General, tell of his visit last summer to fifteen islands in the Southwest Pacific, Guam, Saipan, Peleliu, Guadalcanal, Eniwetok — the new names in our history. In one section he didn’t see a fly or a mosquito.

“What killed the bugs?” I asked.

“D.D.T., the new insecticide, invented by a German but perfected by us since the war. We use it in ditching and draining, we spray it by jeep and by plane. It will wipe out half the mosquito population in twenty-four hours, the whole lot in forty-eight. We spray the screens of our barracks and hospitals: if a fly lands there thirty days later it will stagger and die. What do you think that means to our incidence of malaria, dengue fever, and dysentery?” I like to think of that. And of what D.D.T. will mean to New Jersey — or even Massachusetts — mosquitoes when civilians can get it.

1 1 1

TAKE the Duck — a truck, mounted on a 2½-ton frame, propelling itself in water like a self-bailing whaleboat.

A fractional part of one assault convoy went into the beach carrying 144 Ducks. They had all been loaded in advance of operations; 100 of them carrying 3 tons of ammunition each, and 16 of them carrying 105 mm. howitzers. Punctual and imperturbable, they waddled through the surf, delivered their cargoes under fire, and then swam back to the mother transport for more supplies. An SOS ordered nine of them to rush “ammo” inland some twenty miles

because the other vehicles couldn't get through the sandhills.

The Ducks have desert-type tires which can be individually deflated from the dashboard to meet changing conditions. These nine plunged inland and delivered their stuff. On their return they found others of the flock towing the 105 mm. howitzers into position, up the sandhills, some of them 100 feet high. The day of a Duck. Who ever dreamed it out? A civilian, of course. But he never told his neighbor, and the neighbor never knew.

And so on a commuters' train, where good grouching and humor predominate, one day last summer I heard some bitter remarks about butter. There had been no butter in Beverly Farms for a week. The OPA was obviously hoarding it for the Army. That happened to be the morning when the liberation of France began. But the news hadn't yet reached our headlines and all we could see was butter plates without butter.

I hear wistful talk about what we could do if we had more gas. The only ones who have the gas to go where they want today are our sons in uniform. In one day's fighting a heavy tank consumes 500 gallons. By that standard, an A card is fair enough.

Do we really measure our strength by our ability to do without butter, gasoline, cigarettes, and steak? I think not.

I write not to boast. This is an unpopular war, a war without parades or bugles. We wanted no part of it. We hate it now. We are gunning for no empire. We have been free to do what we have done because we have not been bombed like the British or laid waste like the Russians. Or imprisoned like the French.

"Let's get the g—— d—— job over with and get home!" GI's are saying the world over. Because we are an impatient, unmilitary, war-detesting people, we keep thinking it might have been done faster, better. Personally I doubt it.



THE SACRED COW OF JAPAN

by OWEN LATTIMORE

1

WASHINGTON is full of experts who will tell you that the Japanese are mysterious, fanatical, and not to be understood by any ordinary use of the intellect. The same experts are also addicted to citing bits of lore which, they tell you condescendingly, explain why the Japanese always do this or never do that. In London, you can turn up just as many of these experts. The awe in which we hold them is remarkable. Somehow, no-

Europe regards OWEN LATTIMORE as our leading authority on Far Eastern affairs. For twenty years he and his wife have traveled in and written about China and the border territories between China and Russia. In 1941 and 1942 he served as adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on recommendation of President Roosevelt, and in 1944 he accompanied Vice President Wallace on his long trip through Siberia and to Chungking. Following his recent resignation as Deputy Director of OWI in charge of the Far Eastern Division, Mr. Lattimore has resumed his post as Director of International Relations at Johns Hopkins.

This paper and a sequel on China which is to appear in the February *Atlantic* are chapters of *Solution in Asia*, Mr. Lattimore's new and significant book, which includes the Baxter Memorial Lectures that he delivered at the University of Omaha in 1944.

body ever successfully challenges the racket. And yet the record of our Japan experts is confused and fantastic.

A crosslight can be thrown on "expert" thinking by two quotations from Sumner Welles's *The Time for Decision*. On the subject of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931, Mr. Welles writes on page 278: "Neither the Department of State nor American representatives in the Far East had, prior to the invasion, any accurate or realistic conception of Japan's true intentions. Yet all during the summer months Japanese military officials had been blatantly frank about their intentions, and the extent of their military preparations had been by no means concealed. The United States was caught by surprise in spite of these warnings."

On page 294 Mr. Welles writes: "There is no foreign post where it is more difficult for an American Ambassador to learn the truth than Tokyo. The reports of Ambassador Grew from the outset of his mission to the last days — seen in the light of the

present — reflected with amazing accuracy the true trend of events.”

Evidently it made little difference whether our condition was one of being negligently uninformed or one of being well informed but inhibited in some way from applying our knowledge. Our thinking was governed by a number of conventions. Such facts as came our way had to be fitted to the conventions. If they did not match up with the conventions, they were ignored, or evaluated wrongly, or not evaluated in time. Even the “amazing accuracy” attributed to Ambassador Grew only became evident “in the light of the present.” And the old conventions continue to govern our habitual thinking about Japan. They are the sacred cows of our Japan-expert Brahmins.

Sacred Cow Number One, and in fact the cow to end all cows, is the Japanese Emperor. If we can make sense of him, there is nothing left of the legend that things Japanese are incomprehensible to the Western mind. Does the cult of the Emperor mean the same thing to Japanese generals, admirals, directors of banks and corporations, factory workers, and peasants in the fields? Should America advocate the removal of the Emperor as a focus of militarism or support him as a focus of anti-militarism? Would a democratic monarchy be workable with a Japanese Emperor at the apex? Where do the Japanese liberals belong in our political thinking? To what extent is it true that ideas originating outside of Japan are incomprehensible to Japanese minds, and ideas originating inside Japan incomprehensible to our minds? At one point or another these questions all touch the great Emperor hoax.

The orthodox “expert” approach to the position of the Emperor in Japan is all too often weakened by accepting the premise that in Japan the Emperor is officially holy. This notion obliges the experts to pursue through the rabbit warren of history, literature, and Shintoism the rabbit questions of how holy the Emperor is, and in what ways the idea of this holiness works in the minds of Japanese. To submit to such restrictions is unscientific. Moreover, it is unnecessary. The truth is that the Emperor can be taken out of the shadows of mystery by analyzing recent Japanese history as a whole.

2

FOR two and a half centuries prior to the arrival of Perry's squadron in Yedo Bay, Japan had been under the Tokugawa Shogunate. The Shogunate was a peculiar institution of centralized feudalism. The Emperor reigned but did not rule. The Shogun

was interposed between him and the nation. Like the Emperor himself and all feudal nobles, the Shoguns held their dictatorial powers by hereditary right. The office in this period was held by the Tokugawa family; but this family was an offshoot of the Minamoto group of clans, each of which was descended from the son of an Emperor.

Although the Tokugawa Shoguns, like earlier Shoguns of other clans, were legally sanctioned in their office by grant or decree of the Emperor, they had in fact won their position by success in feudal wars between the great noble clans of Japan. These were not civil wars which attempted to change the political order: they were purely competitive wars between rivals aspiring to dominance within an unchanging system of power. The Tokugawa clan had laid its grasp on power in the great battle of Sekigahara in 1600. To make its hold permanent, the clan relied on two policies: —

1. It set up a capital at Yedo, later known as Tokyo or “Eastern Capital,” at a distance from Kyoto, the Emperor's capital. The Shogun was interposed completely between the Emperor and the business of government by the requirement that all feudatories should sign a written oath of loyalty to the Shogun.

2. The feudatories were divided into two classes: those who had fought on the side of the Tokugawa clan before the battle of Sekigahara, and those who had submitted only after that battle. Distinctions of privilege between these two groups were intended to ensure that the early allies of the Tokugawa would always be on the watch against any dangerous growth of power among the “outer” clans whose allegiance had been given under compulsion.

By the time that Perry sailed into Yedo Bay in 1853, no society in Europe or Asia could compare with that of Japan in the completeness and tenacity of its feudal outlook and feudal institutions. In 1641 seclusion from foreign contact had finally been enforced, except for a few carefully watched and strictly circumscribed Dutch and Chinese at Nagasaki, and for about two hundred and fifty years the Tokugawa Shoguns had devoted themselves to the sole principle of perpetuating feudal institutions.

Nevertheless, there was great internal pressure in Japan. The Tokugawa and the “inner” clans most closely associated with them had, in the course of enjoying their privileges, become largely attached to cities in which they could spend their wealth. By doing so, they nourished merchants who gradually raised the importance of wealth in money to a level at which it could compete, as a social and political force, with aristocratic birth and revenue in grain from landed estates.

While these changes were undermining the cohesion of the Tokugawa and their close adherents, the older feudalism remained relatively vigorous among the great lords of the "outer" clans, the most important of which were grouped in South-western Japan. They had an unimpaired feudal control over their own retainers and peasants, whereas change had grown up slowly around the Tokugawa until it embarrassed them like heavy ivy on an old oak. From these "outer" clans came most of the men who conquered Japan from within, with the result that the "new" Japan of the Meiji Era (1868-1912) was founded by men whose minds were colored by the strongest feudal traditions in the society of old Japan.

Commodore Perry showed the warriors of Japan that Western countries had the ships, the weapons, and the methods to conquer Japan if once they determined to do so — a revelation which gave the most daring men in the "outer" clans an opportunity to overthrow the Tokugawa Shogunate and conquer their own country under the guise of saving Japan from foreign conquest.

3

THE decisive group belonged to a class which had enough to lose to be fundamentally conservative, and enough to gain to be willing to risk bold experiments. They were born at a high enough level in feudal society to be confident about taking the lead; at a low enough level to be ambitious. In age, they stood below the heads of clans who were hesitant in the face of strange, new emergencies. In class, they stood at the level where the demands of the great broke down in transmission to peasants, commoners, and townsmen. To such men, at certain junctures in history, there comes the opportunity to arrogate to themselves the giving of orders, combined with the knowledge of how to see that those orders are executed.

The main factors and phases of the "revolution" against the Shogunate were these: —

1. The Emperor was dug out of his innocuous desuetude and made a new focus of national loyalty combined with feudal loyalty. This move made it possible for key men on the Tokugawa side to evade their feudal loyalty to the Shogun on the excuse of a higher loyalty to the Emperor. It also made possible a division of the spoils between the two major anti-Tokugawa clans of Satsuma and Choshu, which, if the Shogunate had not been abolished, would have had to fight each other to see which clan should establish a new Shogunate.

2. Unity in face of the foreigner was used as an appeal to effect a quick regrouping around the Emperor. The new, confident young leaders dared to train peasants in the use of firearms. With these troops they first crushed those of the sword-bearing samurai who were so quixotic that they could not tell the difference between an unprofitable wind-mill and a profitable new militarism. Then, by resorting to the new device of conscription, they used armed peasants to hold down unarmed peasants and made it possible for the bigger feudal nobles to continue as a privileged class of great landowners.

National conscription, enacted in 1872-1873 and revised in 1883, was used as a dam to prevent the peasants from breaking out in revolution. Since the dam backed up a great reservoir of peasant manpower, there had to be a spillway to ease the pressure. The spillway was expansion into the continent of Asia, the stages and timing of which became acute political issues from the beginning of the Meiji Era in 1868.

In order to carry out their program, the men who conquered Japan from within had to get there ahead of Western imperialism. The foreigners had already begun to impose controls over Japan in the form of extraterritorial rights and customs tariffs favoring cheap imports from abroad. To prevent these controls from being extended, the founders of modern Japan took the lead themselves in expanding trade.

More trade meant more wealth and power in the hands of those engaged in trade. A clash between trading interests and feudal interests was avoided by recourse to that eminently modern device, the merger. The "insiders" of the feudal group went into trade. Japan, an agrarian country, had a negligible accumulation of cash capital. The government, by using its power to tax, could raise capital to expand trade and industry rapidly and without coming under foreign economic control. In its use of this power, the government gave charters and subsidies in planned rotation to create and to promote the necessary new economic activities. Thus the feudal class remained politically supreme, but what the feudal class did with its power was profitable to trade and industry. Therefore the new economic interests which might have competed with the old political interests became instead intertwined with them. Conversely, it was easy for men of samurai origin to enter banking, trade, and industry when these pursuits were made auxiliary to the interests of a government which was also of samurai derivation; and their entry was made even easier by cash grants from the government.

The Emperor was brought into the team by the investment of "imperial household" funds in the

new enterprises. In this way the Emperor remained the ideological pillar of the feudal system and became at the same time a main pillar of vested interest in the new, capitalistic structure.

From the beginning, the development of an internal market was made subsidiary to the development of markets abroad for Japan's new products. Japan was deficient in coal, oil, and iron, the basic requirements of heavy industry and armaments. Japan had therefore to produce with the utmost cheapness, in order to pile up profit balances for the purchase of these requirements. The peasants had to be kept poor, so that surplus labor from the land would willingly enter factories at low wages; but keeping them poor meant that neither peasants nor factory workers could buy the new factory products in large quantities.

In this way the Japanese who conquered Japan created a remarkable dual system, combining a highly cartelized industry with an agriculture which preserved the social outlook of feudalism. Capitalism treats agriculture as an activity in which capital can be invested. Feudalism draws tribute from the farmer, but does not invest capital in the land. In Japanese agriculture the tenant has duties, the landlord rights, under a sharecropping system which forces the tenant to pay tribute in order to be allowed to work the land. The landlord, being able to make would-be tenants compete against each other, is not under pressure to spend capital in modernizing the methods of agriculture; he simply assumes that the way to increase crops per acre is to increase the aches per cropper.

The peasants, therefore, became the draft animals dragging Japan's chariot of "remarkable progress" which admirers abroad were so ready to praise. To keep them docile, a number of devices were elaborated. Men were kept under social control by heavy indoctrination during military service. One part of their minds had to be made modern enough so that, while in uniform, they could efficiently handle the necessary weapons and machinery. Another part had to be kept feudal in outlook, so that after conscription they would return contentedly to the rice paddy and the fishing smack.

There was a deliberate screening out of students and urban workers in peacetime conscription, in order to keep the Army heavily peasant-minded.

Women were kept under social control by the industrial barracks system. A girl in a textile mill would be indentured for a term of years, under a cash advance to her parents. Living in a barracks, she had the minimum contact with the urban mind. She was fed and looked after well enough to prevent physical deterioration, and given enough

education to make her a more nimble worker. Her education, however, had a strong emphasis on deportment and social attitude. As a result, she would eventually return to her rural home unaffected by her sojourn in the industrial age, meekly willing to accept a marriage arranged by her parents, and to accept also the fact that her surplus earnings would be retained by her parents or be taken by her husband's family.

4

THE success of Japan's rulers in exploiting feudal agriculture and mechanized industry has a bearing on two problems which puzzle Americans — Japan's overpopulation and the possibility of a future democratic Japan.

Japan's overpopulation is closely related to rural poverty and unmechanized farming. The farmer who has no capital and whose landlord refuses to invest capital and demands a heavy rent can only get more out of the land by putting more labor into it. Unable to hire labor, he must have children to help him; but when the children in turn have children, there are too many mouths for the land to support. In Tokugawa Japan the surplus was kept down by infanticide, grimly described in farming language as *mabiki*, "the word used of thinning a row of vegetables." In modern Japan the surplus goes into the factories, but the constant rural overproduction of children keeps up the competition for jobs and keeps down wages. Under the militarists the teaching of birth control is forbidden and the people are taught that large families are a social and patriotic duty.

This kind of overpopulation cannot be remedied by colonial conquest, as Japanese propaganda persuaded many Americans to believe. The only remedy is to raise social standards to a level where a woman is not a chattel and can refuse to serve simply as breeding stock, and to raise economic standards to the level where both farming and factory families can save money and can afford to have the children they want, without being forced to go on having children for the sake of child labor.

In regard to a future democracy in Japan, it is the fashion to say that the Japanese are incapable of understanding ideas alien to their own culture. The history of Japan, however, does not support this notion. In the sixteenth century, when the Japanese were living in a world of purely Oriental thought, Christianity spread rapidly among them, aided by "the desire of the great feudatories to derive profit from foreign trade" coming in with the ships which brought the missionaries. The

extermination of the Christians less than a century later was also not a purely religious question. Both Christian nobles and Christian peasants fought in the feudal wars and peasant insurrections which ended in the triumph of the Tokugawa Shogunate; and the final stand of the Christians, when 37,000 were killed at the Castle of Shimabara in 1638, "was among the immediate causes" of the Tokugawa policy of seclusion.

The inference is clear: any system of thought or belief has both political and economic implications, in the "mysterious" East as in the "rational" West. The Japanese, like other people, can adopt any system of society; but only if the changes made go beyond catchwords and permeate the whole society. Democracy in Japan cannot be attained by changing the status of the Emperor, but will require democratic changes throughout Japanese society.

There is, in fact, a democratic potential in Japanese life, which has had to be kept down by force. From 1931 onward, each crisis of Japanese policy has been preceded by attempts of the people to form democratic parties and to vote against war. The militarists have forced crises abroad partly in order to seize and keep control at home; and since, in these crises, they have always professed to be defending the interests of the Emperor, the Emperor is now identified as the resort of final appeal against any democratic trend. The democratic potential is still there, but if it is ever to emerge we must first, in the words of Sun Fo, "puncture the myth of the divinity of the Mikado."

The indications of Japan's own history are borne out by the record of the Americans of Japanese ancestry, who have shown themselves capable of being Americans of the finest kind. They have been guilty of no sabotage either in Hawaii or on the Pacific Coast, and without their loyalty and labor in Hawaii the damage at Pearl Harbor could not have been repaired so quickly. Their military units in Italy are the most decorated in the American Army, and individuals on special duty in the Pacific have shown outstanding heroism. There is a lesson in the fact that the spirit shown has been better in Hawaii, where there is less economic and social discrimination, than among the Pacific Coast Japanese, who have been the victims of deliberately incited and organized prejudice. We have been extraordinarily stupid, as well as cruel, in not publicizing widely the American-ness of our fellow citizens of Japanese ancestry.

Military aggression was the only possible outcome of Japan's social system, and it will be renewed unless the Japanese are allowed to change the system. The whole structure was one of war. Such

a structure could not stand securely unless the Japanese flag flew over the sources of war materials; and as the war materials did not exist in sufficient quantities within the Japanese islands, access by trade to sources abroad had sooner or later to be converted into control of the sources abroad.

5

BECAUSE of our habitual thinking, we have failed to see how these interacting factors link the Japanese "liberals" (another sacred cow) to the Japanese "militarists." It ought to have been a basic assumption instead of a shocking discovery "in the light of the present" (to pick up again Mr. Welles's perhaps unintentionally deadly phrase) that the opposition between militarism and Japan's commercial and industrial interests was only one of timing. Japan's trade profits paid a heavy tribute to build up a military and naval establishment powerful enough to seize raw material sources abroad if necessary.

If necessary — when? The "liberals" were those who hated to close the profitable period of preparation for war. The militarists were those who argued the advantages of each opportunity to convert preparation into execution. The militarists were professionally prone to argue that the hog had been fattened and was ready for slaughter. The "liberals" were professionally prone to urge that the hog would become even fatter if not killed quite yet.

This disagreement as to the timing of aggression — a very different thing from disagreement in principle as to the propriety of aggression — has been a thread running through all the recent history of Japan. Before conscription was adopted in 1873, the fire-eaters agitated for the conquest of Korea. They wanted a "samurai war" with the naked sword, and they were largely the men described by Norman as "the more obtuse and noisy (hence less dangerous) reactionaries" who were against conscription. The proponents of conscription were against the premature invasion of Korea, but they were not against conquest abroad. The only issue was whether to conquer Korea with swords or to wait, prepare, and do it later with guns.

The Emperor was integral to the expansion of Japan, whether the trigger was pulled late or soon. Economically, he belonged with the "liberals," because of his huge investments. Militarily, he belonged with the militarists, as the ritualistic fount of military morale. Socially, he belonged with both "liberals" and militarists because he was the

keystone of the arch of economic and social privilege under which the people passed on their way to "work, obey, fight."

It is not surprising that it is difficult to document the wealth of the Japanese Emperor. The *Far East Year Book*, Tokyo, 1941, gives the following partial list of his industrial holdings in 1938: —

Nippon Yusen Kaisha [shipping]	161,000 shares
Mitsui Bank	54,000 "
Hypothec Bank	10,000 "
Oji Paper	62,000 "
South Manchuria Railway	38,000 "
Tokyo Electric Light	24,000 "
Bank of Japan	141,000 "
Taiwan [Formosa] Sugar	40,000 "

Perhaps more significant is the following description of the Emperor's legal ability to make use of his economic power, taken from the same source: "The ordinary civil or commercial law is applicable to the [imperial] property only when it does not conflict with the Imperial Household Law and the present law."

Shiroshi Nasu, in his *Aspects of Japanese Agriculture*, New York, 1941, lists the following imperial landholdings in 1939: —

Forest	292,775,000 acres
Prairie	340,550 "
Fit for paddy rice	22,596 "
Fit for upland rice	56,220 "

Our failure to identify the Japanese Emperor with Japanese imperialism is akin to our failure to detect the fact that timing, not principle, was what divided "liberals" from militarists. We shall never be able to draw up a rational policy toward Japan until we recognize that only revolution can solve the problem of the imperial institution in Japan. It is the institution that counts; the personal character and predilections of any individual Emperor are more or less irrelevant.

It is a mistake to think that Japan could achieve "democratic monarchy" by reform. We Americans are likely to be misled by thinking of England as the example of a democratic monarchy. But one of the important reasons why the British can be democratic and have a king too is that, at a time which has now receded so far into history that it can be talked about without discomfort, the English people cut off the head of an English king. Until the Japanese people have done something equally progressive (whatever the suitable equivalent of cutting off heads may be), everybody will be uncomfortable and no palliative reform will be adequate.

We have also yet to recognize the fascist character of Japanese society, and to draw the proper con-

clusions. This problem has been muddled for us by people who talk of Japanese imitations of German methods and policies as if they merely conferred on Japan an appearance of fascism, or constituted an imitative, secondary fascism. The truth is that Japanese fascism is more deeply rooted than that of Germany. Nothing could be more quintessentially fascist than the Japanese phenomenon of a whole society of twentieth-century hands guided by medieval brains. So medieval was the texture of society in Japan when "modernization" began that the monstrosity of fascism could be created by keeping the minds of men and women unchanged, while introducing new technical skills for their hands.

Germany had to do the opposite: to retain the twentieth-century technical skills while turning the minds of her people back toward medievalism. The whole insane, obscene nightmare of Hitler, Rosenberg, "blood and soil," the "leader principle," the creation of elites, and the sadistic frenzy of anti-Semitism can with rough accuracy be called a synthetic feudalism, as compared with Japan's continuation of authentic feudalism into the twentieth century. The difference between the two countries can be summed up in one especially interesting contrast: even stupid Nazis know that they have been taught, indoctrinated; but many intelligent Japanese do not know that their minds have been shaped for them, because the conditioning to which they are subjected is the continuation of a process begun long ago.

6

AT THIS point it is advisable to look into the record of America's connection with the rise of modern Japan. We find two traditional themes in American writing about Japan: dislike of the competitor, leading to somewhat random accusations of unfair methods and sinister ambitions, and sympathy for a fellow competitor whose interests were in some ways closer to ours than those of more powerful competitors. In expressing either like or dislike, our vocabulary, like our thought, was largely political. It did not range into a deep searching of social trends because we ourselves were playing our part in an age of imperialism.

In the circumstances it was natural even for Americans who studied Japanese, and even for those who grew up in Japan, to accept Japanese explanations of Japan's history, politics, and economic problems. Moreover, the average American who seriously studied Japan was, because of his

own social position and income, in touch chiefly with the upper middle class; and the upper middle class in every country has its own conceptions, preconceptions, and misconceptions about its own country, as has become uncomfortably obvious in recent years.

Americans, — and Europeans, too, — in taking over the views and explanations offered to them by *some* Japanese, habitually made the mistake of thinking that they were getting *the* right answers from *the* Japanese. It is no wonder that the more rounded knowledge of a Sanson and the more deeply penetrating observations of a Norman were altogether exceptional. Nor is it surprising that the post-revolutionary Russians, coming on the scene with fresh minds, or at least with preconceptions quite different from ours, were often right in stressing a number of phenomena whose importance we underestimated; although the Russians also, trained in European concepts of “class warfare,” made mistakes in analyzing the society of Japan.

After the defeat of Germany in 1918, Americans who thought of Japan as a dangerous competitor began to outnumber Americans who thought of Japan as a legitimate competitor and profitable customer. By that time, however, Japan had perfected a remarkable technique which can best be described as cut-rate imperialism. Continuing to work within the system of international treaties as a competitor in China, Japan also went beyond competition and set to work to eliminate the power of Britain and America from Eastern Asia.

A number of devices were used in combination: —

1. Abuse of the right of political asylum was one of the defects of the extraterritorial system. Chinese warlords and corrupt politicians who had made their pile would retire to Hong Kong or Dairen, or to a foreign concession or international settlement, put their money in a foreign bank, under a foreign flag, and live in security. Japanese militarists, especially agents of the Kwantung Army, like Doihara, improved on this: they encouraged and financed Chinese adventurers to use Japanese concessions as bases in which to plan civil wars and from which to sally out on trouble-making expeditions. When disorder resulted, the Japanese came forward as loyal supporters of the international system of “law and order,” strengthening their military forces on the spot and appealing to the common interest of Britain and America in law and order.

2. The precedents built up in this way were skillfully used at the time of the fighting in Shanghai in 1932 and again in 1937. The Japanese found useful support from local British and American

interests for the claim that the Japanese forces using a part of the International Settlement as a beachhead for an attack on the Chinese city of Shanghai were only trying, in their blunt way, to secure “law and order”; while the Chinese, by resisting, were endangering the “neutrality” of the Settlement.

3. The confusion which they created in China was also exploited by the Japanese in another way. Foreign enterprise interested in China was urged to think of the advantages of investing in Japan instead. Let Americans count on Japan as a reliable country — expanding, of course, but steady and strong. Japan wanted investment money, not risk money. Let the Americans invest in Japan. The Japanese themselves would undertake enterprises in China in which there would be, for Americans, too much risk. Being closer to Asia, knowing Asia better, and being able and ready to apply disciplinary pressure when needed, the Japanese would be able to make profit enough for themselves and enough more to pay the interest on American investments in Japan.

Japan made a mistake in attacking us at Pearl Harbor. We should not let this mistake wipe out the memory of our own mistakes. By the time of Pearl Harbor, the Japanese had thoroughly undermined the international system of “law and order,” extraterritoriality, concessions, and privileged economic activity in which we and they had for so long been partners. Through this partnership the privileged nations had held an advantage over China; but the system provided no method of control when one partner, Japan, used legality for lawless purposes. American policy in the Far East had lost all drive and originality. We had no policy except to appeal to statutes of law and order; we had no intention to create the realities of law and order and had never made up our minds at what point to stand and defend law and order.

With this in mind, we should not deceive ourselves with too much smug self-approval for having abandoned extraterritoriality in China *after* Pearl Harbor. We abandoned something that no longer worked, partly because we had not made it work. We abandoned something that we should not have been able to restore. The policy decision was one that required little decisiveness of the mind. That leaves us with a problem for the future which requires real thought and real decision. The age of imperialism, though not dead, is withering. The decades of drift are over. We must now set a course. Have we any idea what course to set?

THE RAPE OF EUROPA

by FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

1

WHEN Hitler triumphantly entered Paris in 1940, he went immediately to the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides. As he stood there in the great rotunda, what were the emotions of this neurotic Austrian paperhanger who had cast himself in the role of the Corsican corporal? Was Paris the ultimate of Hitler's wish fulfillment? Was his reckless desire to sit upon the imperial throne of his great idol the madness which inhibited him from plucking the ripe fruits of Britain as they lay within his grasp beyond the sands of Dunkirk? Was it his hope that this later Pius would place the crown of Lombardy upon his brow in St. Peter's and thus seal with a concordat of illegitimacy the fate of two thousand years of Christian civilization? In which case, would Paris have remained the cultural capital of Europe?

These were the questions which raced through the mind of the visitor to Paris immediately after the liberation. For Paris appeared virtually unscathed, more beautiful, more radiant than ever. From the long and wonderfully empty avenues leading into the heart of the city one felt the elation which comes only to those emerging after deep sleep from illness. The will to live had conquered. Paris as a supreme creation of the mind of man had paralyzed the hand that tried to seize her. And possibly it was the ghost of Napoleon himself that broke the mold into which this little Nazi upstart was so busily pouring his grotesque ambitions. Even the sniggering theft of two thousand Napoleonic items from the Musée de l'Armée upon Hitler's personal order to the Kommandant of Paris could not delay the deflation of this completely unauthentic Caesar.

Paris was the symbol of the unattainable. To Hitler she was a spiritual vision. One can imagine the visionary of Berchtesgaden standing at the great

plate-glass windows of his eyrie overlooking the hills and valleys of a Wagnerian dream world, and conjuring up not merely the glories of Africa and Italy but the rewards of the Tuileries and Fontainebleau. To the other Nazis with grosser appetites, Paris was to be overcome by force if necessary, but much rather to be seduced by the irresistible virility of a master race. London was to be destroyed as the symbol of a power which would be forever inimical to the greater destiny of Europe.

Rome, on the other hand, had always troubled the Nazi conscience. And, since the ecclesiastical sanctions of the Pope might still be useful in attaining at least the episcopal trappings of imperial authority, it might be better to leave well enough alone. The ancient city republics of Italy would have to pay the price instead. Destruction, vengeance, terrorism would be the foundations of a new aesthetic, and on the rubble of the towns of Northern Europe would arise a new culture of which Paris would remain the gay and prostituted capital.

The pattern of looting was long established. In November, 1942, Soviet armies captured a German officer, Obersturmführer Normann Foerster of the Fourth Company of the Special Service Battalion of the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs. "The Battalion," he stated in his deposition, "had been formed on the initiative of von Ribbentrop, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and acted under his direction. The commander of this Battalion is Major von Kuensberg of the SS troops. The Special Service Battalion is charged with the task of seizing, immediately after the fall of large cities, the cultural and historical treasures and the libraries of scientific institutions, to select valuable books, first editions, and films and to send all of this to Germany."

This deposition, which was published in the Bulletin of the Embassy of the U.S.S.R., Washington (No. 138, November 19, 1942), continues: "The Special Service Battalion consists of four companies. The first company is attached to the German

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Expeditionary Corps in Africa, the Second to the Northern Army Group, the Third to the Central Army Group. The First Company is now in Naples, Italy, where it awaits a chance to be transferred to Africa. The Battalion Headquarters is located in Berlin at house No. 6, Hermann Göringstrasse. Confiscated material is stored on the premises of the shop of the Adler Trading Firm in Gardenbergstrasse."

A year later General von Mannstein in an order taken from a German prisoner captured in Italy confirmed the policy of the High Command:—

Our pillage must be organized and methodical. We must take as many light-weight valuable objects as possible, such as jewels, precious metals and stones, works of art, religious treasures, books, linen, stamps, etc., so that they can be sold as easily as possible and transferred into cash deposits in safe and inviolable places. . . . This looting together with the destruction of factories and machinery and the terrors of deportation and scientific famine imposed on children and civilians should insure a speedy revenge.

Obviously such a military program could not have been undertaken without many years of preparation. The looting of Poland was so thorough and complete that the official figures of the Polish government in London put the plunder and destruction of museums at 95 per cent; libraries, from 60 to 70 per cent; archives, 40 per cent; and churches, over 30 per cent. The cultural heritage of Poland has been destroyed, all private property confiscated. Moreover, when the Nazis plundered and stole, they took pains to burn all records, catalogues, and inventories which might later be used in evidence against them by courts of claims. The looting was systematically carried on under the direction of German art historians, notably Dagobert Frey of Breslau, Clasen of Königsberg, and Pinder of Berlin, whose students for years had been making inventories of art treasures in Poland and Czechoslovakia under the guise of historical researches.

Russia, next to the countries of Central Europe, felt most severely the scourging hand upon the cities which fell to the enemy. The Palace of Catherine the Great at Tsarskoye Selo was stripped, Chinese silks and tapestries torn off the walls, antique furniture and paneling shipped to Berlin. Even the inlaid floors were packed and sent away. The celebrated library of French and Russian books and manuscripts was pillaged. Peterhof was looted before it was burned and the suburbs of Leningrad were sacked. Kiev, the religious and scientific center of old Russia, was emptied of its treasures, particularly the great collections and libraries of the university and the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. The churches, the pride of Russian Orthodoxy, and

museums were likewise stripped before they were set on fire. What is true of Kiev is equally true of Kharkov and Krasnodar, of Lvov and Odessa, of Vinnitsa, Chernigov, and Poltava. In these latter cities the destruction and theft of scientific and especially medical equipment indirectly revealed the Germans' intention of destroying the population.

2

IN AUGUST, 1943, when President Roosevelt appointed, under the chairmanship of Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts of the Supreme Court, the American Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments in War Areas, no one dared hope that the art of Europe would get off so easily as it has. The Nazis had repeatedly made clear their intentions, and we knew too well what they had done in Poland and in Russia. Italy was still an ally, feeble as she may have been, and France and the Low Countries were prizes too rich to destroy while they could still be exploited. Discretion and calculation, therefore, rather than humanitarian or intellectual considerations, stayed the hand of the plunderer.

The national collections in France had been put away to safety in 1939 in the cellars of châteaux in the south. Here the objects of the museums were being properly cared for by competent experts acting under the direction of the Nazi military authorities. And as the Germans, flushed with conquest, could not bring themselves to believe in the possibility of a successful invasion, they thought it best to leave these depositories undisturbed.

Not all the state treasures of France, however, escaped from German hands. Looting was carried on in high places, as is evidenced by the birthday gift to Hermann Göring by Abel Bonnard, the Vichy Minister of Education, of the Ghent altarpiece by the brothers van Eyck which had been entrusted to the Louvre for safekeeping by the Belgian government. Bonnard signed an order for its removal from a depository at Aix-en-Provence over the head of Jacques Jaujard, Director of the Musées Nationaux de France, who did not discover the theft until a month later.

Jaujard's violent protests to Vichy and the German authorities resulted in his dismissal from the Louvre. Thereupon the entire staffs of the museums of France resigned in a body. The scandal was more than even the Germans could explain. Since they sought to placate public opinion wherever possible, they insisted that Jaujard be immediately reinstated. Thus the prestige which he derived per-

sonally from this courageous act and the unity which it produced among his colleagues went far to protect the national collections from further pillaging during the occupation.

But the private collections of France no longer exist. The pattern of Poland and Russia was ruthlessly followed, although the Germans tried assiduously to cloak their thievery with some form of legal fiction. Rigged auction sales of private property were paid for with worthless occupation marks. Prices soared; even where sales were not forced, nearly everyone was obliged to turn in family heirlooms in order to buy food in the black market. The slightest infractions of the ceaseless police regulations which were making life miserable for every citizen were punished with fantastic fines for which the money had to be raised by selling personal property. Nazi officers and Vichy officials accepted gladly "gifts in kind" from persons whose passports and identity papers were otherwise held up. Many a splendid apartment remained intact, however, by a simple little arrangement with the lady of the house. In fact, Mrs. Warren's professional solicitude for the arts has been one of the minor blessings for which we should be naïvely grateful.

As the veneer of "correctness" wore thinner during the four years of occupation, the true nature of German culture became more and more apparent. Increased pressure was put upon museum officials to release important works of art for "cultural exchanges" with Germany. The Bayeux Tapestry was among those items which a few weeks prior to the liberation had been requisitioned by the High Command. Removed from the deposit in the Château de Suresnes near Rennes because of Patton's break through the German lines, it was brought to the Louvre for transshipment to Germany. Less than ten days after its arrival Paris was freed and the Nazi plan was never carried out. Nothing can show more clearly how little thought the Germans had given to the possibility of evacuation.

By 1942 the gloves were off and outright confiscation was in progress. The Vichy laws depriving Jews of all civil rights and property were enforced and the great collections of the Rothschilds and others were sent to the small gallery of the Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries which became the collecting center for confiscated property as well as the headquarters for that benevolent organization known as the Administration des Biens Juifs. To this gallery came periodically the agents of the party leaders, art historians, museum directors, and archaeologists employed personally by Hitler, Göring, Himmler, and those of lesser rank. These experts divided the booty among themselves and superintended the ex-

pedition of shipments to Berlin, to Berchtesgaden, to Karinhalle (Göring's palace in East Prussia), and to the museum at Linz which Hitler has built as a memorial to his mother. What was not wanted by these learned connoisseurs was sold preferentially to art dealers who had won special consideration by their collaboration.

3

SO MANY stories have been written by war correspondents concerning the destruction of European art and architecture by military action, in dispatches containing both sense and sentimental nonsense, that before adding up the dreadful account and discussing the philosophy and principles of restitution, it may be well to examine briefly the facts as they are revealed in the official reports. For while a great deal, to be sure, has been destroyed, it is nothing less than a miracle that with an entire continent in flames it has been possible to save so much.

It must be borne in mind, above all things, that this has been from the beginning a total war. It was the proudest boast of Germany that it should be so, and Hitler proclaimed it to the world in *Mein Kampf*. No thoughtful person expected anything other than the *Götterdämmerung*. But war is waged, not by a single force alone, but by two opposing armies. To preserve what lies in the pathway of battle becomes the joint responsibility of the generals on both sides. Unilateral action is at best an improvisation; and in view of Germany's frank lust for destruction, the efforts of our armies were very often quixotic and in vain. But General Eisenhower was nonetheless insistent on what our policy should be. On December 29, 1943, he sent the following letter to all Allied commanders in Italy — a letter which was repeated again in almost identical terms for the northern theater shortly after D Day: —

Today we are fighting in a country which has contributed a great deal to our cultural inheritance, a country rich in monuments which by their creation helped and now in their old age illustrate the growth of the civilization which is ours. We are bound to respect those monuments so far as war allows.

If we have to choose between destroying a famous building and sacrificing our own men, then our men's lives count infinitely more and the buildings must go. But the choice is not always so clear-cut as that. In many cases the monuments can be spared without any detriment to operational needs. Nothing can stand against the argument of military necessity. That is an accepted principle. But the phrase "military necessity" is sometimes used where it would be more truthful to speak of military convenience or even of personal convenience. I do not want it to cloak slackness or indifference.

It is a responsibility of higher Commanders to determine through A.M.G. Officers the locations of historical monuments whether they be immediately ahead of our front lines or in areas occupied by us. This information passed to lower echelons through normal channels places the responsibility on all Commanders of complying with the spirit of this letter.

Remarkable as this letter is, what is even more remarkable is the astonishing coöperation which the Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives Officers attached to the various armies have received from their field commanders. Old-line regulars who have devoted their lives to the study of firepower know the meaning and possibilities of destruction far better than men appointed from civil life, and it is possibly their inside knowledge of these things that makes them pay such particular attention to the protection of monuments. Whatever it is, posterity will be able to thank the Montgomerys and the Bradleys, the Alexanders and the Pattons, of this war for having preserved intact the vast majority of the artistic resources of France and Italy. And what is true of field commanders and artillery officers is even more true of the Bomber Commands and their gallant crews who take the most desperate risks in pinpoint bombing in order to spare a cathedral or famous palace.

Briefed in advance with maps supplied by committees of scholars in America and Britain, the Civil Affairs Officers are further fortified with instructions regarding the emergency care of monuments which come under the jurisdiction of the armies to which they are attached. They are also given lists of local museum authorities, experts, and architects upon whom they can call for assistance. If damage through military action has endangered a famous historic shrine and, for example, has left it exposed to the elements, they may call upon the military government to shore up walls or close in roofs to prevent further deterioration. In Italy they have gone even further, and it is interesting to note that the porch and roof of San Lorenzo, the only historic building damaged by our Air Force in the raid on Rome, has now been restored under the joint supervision of the Allied Control Commission and the Vatican. Costs for such emergency operations will be charged to reparations accounts.

In the early days of the Italian campaign, and before the American Commission was established, there was relatively greater damage reported, particularly at Palermo and at Naples. But Sicily came through with all the great Norman monuments of Monreale, Cefalù, and the Capella Palatina unscathed. It was the later Baroque churches which fared the worst.

In Naples too the Baroque churches, because of the conspicuousness of their high domes, were badly used in the early days of the bombardment. Much damage is reported around the harbor. The great library of the University was burned by German soldiers who, on the order of the Kommandant, poured kerosene on the shelves and exploded hand grenades in the alcoves, but the Museum, the greater part of whose contents had been moved first to Monte Cassino and then to the Vatican, was unhurt. The heavy sculpture had been sandbagged and protected and was undisturbed. Serious damage occurred in Pompeii in the New Excavations, although to the average tourist this city of ancient ruins will not appear to have greatly changed. Only the archaeologist will be deeply concerned, and he may find his consolation in the fact that Herculaneum, Pozzuoli, Cumae, and Minturno escaped entirely. He can also look forward eagerly to a constant flow of doctoral dissertations on the new objects unearthed by bomb and shell in Magna Graecia.

4

ON THE path to Rome many towns, particularly Benevento, suffered dreadful losses. The Abbey of Monte Cassino has already become the subject of historic controversy. The lives and heroism of thousands of brave men were sacrificed in vain to prevent this historic and religious shrine from becoming a major military target.

Rome, save for the accident at San Lorenzo, remains in all her pristine grandeur. That Rome would be spared was fully counted on by the Italian authorities, who poured into the safety of the Vatican countless treasures from the museums of Italy. Quite recently the subcommission on Fine Arts of the Allied Control Commission, with the aid of members of the Apostolic Household and of the Italian government, opened an exhibition of these pictures such as Rome has not seen since the Renaissance. Here are united for the first time in the Palazzo Venezia many of the greatest masterpieces not only of Rome and Naples but also of the Brera in Milan, the Academy in Venice, and the gallery at Urbino.

Following the armies north to the Gothic Line, the story becomes more complicated and distressing until it reaches a climax in the senseless fury of German vandalism in Florence. Certain of the hill towns escaped miraculously; at Assisi no damage was done at all. In Perugia the Renaissance bridges were blown up by the Germans and many houses in the suburbs were destroyed, but the old town with all its monuments and treasures escaped any

serious hurt. In Orvieto a single bomb fell and destroyed one house; everything else is intact. In Spoleto the damage was confined to broken windows, loosened roof tiles, and fallen ceilings. While Arezzo suffered some bomb damage, the famous frescoes of Piero della Francesca are reported safe. Siena lost only two churches of relatively little artistic merit, thanks to the promptness of her citizens, who found the plan for demolition and deactivated the mines with which the Germans had sown the city, and to the French general who spared it from artillery fire.

San Gimignano was wantonly shelled by the Germans after their withdrawal, but the early reports of devastation were exaggerated and forty-nine of her fifty-six famous towers are said to be standing. One of the frescoes by Barna in the Collegiata was hit. Viterbo was in great part destroyed, and other towns in the pathway of the fighting suffered to a greater or lesser degree. At Pienza, for example, there was much damage; but its great glories, the Renaissance piazzas of the Duomo and of Pius II, are intact. Fortunately, too, the large bulk of works of art from these cities which had been removed to country places was recovered, although one irreparable loss to the art world is the destruction of the *Triumph of Death* fresco in the Campo Santo at Pisa, a town whose cathedral and tiresome leaning tower escaped injury.

Florence, however, is another story. A third of the old city of Dante and Petrarch along the banks of the Arno has gone forever. In the words of Herbert Matthews's dispatch to the *New York Times*, "it is the culmination of German vandalism to date. . . . The Nazis blew up the bridges in the early morning hours of August 4 after a thorough preparation lasting several days. During that time they evacuated fifty thousand persons from a 200-meter zone on both sides of the Arno River. They then set explosive charges, tranquilly looted houses at their leisure, and finally set the fuses with very little more than verbal protests of the Florentines. They did not blow up the Ponte Vecchio, and that was their greatest crime because they destroyed many medieval palaces at both ends, changing the whole aspect of old Florence. What little credit they previously got for sparing the Ponte Vecchio with its old shops must now be withdrawn."

Fortunately, the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Bargello and the Palazzo Vecchio, and most of the principal churches escaped with only minor injury. The patience and the solicitude of General Sir Harold Alexander, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, in gradually forcing his way into the city and across the river with infantry rather than taking it by large-scale artillery action are responsible for

saving for posterity the Medicean capital. The fact remains, however, — and may posterity eternally remember it, — that more American and British lives were lost than Italian in preserving for mankind this most perfect unit of European civilization.

The great collections of the Medici, accumulated from the museums and palaces, had been scattered in the Tuscan countryside by the Italian authorities in convents, castles, and wine cellars. One of the dramatic incidents of the artistic history of the war was the finding by Allied troops and correspondents of Botticelli's *Primavera* and a host of other paintings from the Uffizi in the cellars and outbuildings of Sir Osbert Sitwell's villa. By mid-August all the depositories had been recovered. Although much casual and haphazard looting has been reported, there is evidence to conclude that, because of the diligence of the Italian museum authorities, the greater part of the public collections were respected. But this, as in the case of France, is probably more by good luck and convenience to the Germans, who were otherwise busily engaged, than by good management or high morality. What the fate of Italian art beyond the Gothic Line will be, only the gods can tell.

5

THE war damage in France presents a picture which differs widely from that of Italy. A section of Normandy, the triangle from Calais to Cherbourg to Rouen, has been more or less obliterated because of the intensity of the fighting following the invasion. But even there precision bombing and accuracy of artillery direction contributed to the preservation of the greatest monuments. Bayeux Cathedral and much of the city are intact. At Caen, although the town was badly shattered, the two splendid abbeys of William the Conqueror and the Cathedral are standing, having suffered relatively minor injuries.

Mont-Saint-Michel, despite the heavy fighting at Saint-Malo, was untouched except for certain reconstructions and fortifications which the Germans built upon its ramparts. Chartres Cathedral, only a few hundred meters from one of the principal airfields of France, escaped four years of bombardment without a scratch. On the day of liberation three small-caliber German shells hit the south tower. But the damage was slight and can easily be repaired. At Coutances, while the lovely market place is gone, the Cathedral still stands above the town.

Lisieux, Saint-Lô, and many other charming Norman sites have passed into the limbo of history. Rouen will never again be the same, for it first felt

the impact of a German tank division in 1940, and then suffered from German and Allied bombing, and finally from the decisive battle for the Seine in August, 1944. Five bays of the Cathedral are reported to have been demolished. Saint-Maclou was hit, the Palais de Justice destroyed by fire. Saint-Ouen and other monuments are badly damaged.

But on the whole, aside from this section of Normandy, it must be admitted that the art of France has paid a relatively small price for liberation. The late Henri Focillon cried from his deathbed, "Périssent les pierres pour que vive la liberté." If certain of these stones have perished, the greatness of French art has nonetheless preserved its integrity for future generations. Thanks to the rapidity of the advance of Patton and Bradley, and of the British armies towards Calais, famous towns were liberated before they could become military objectives. Like cavalry battles of the ancients, tank engagements brought decisions at their outskirts before the towns themselves had to be invested.

Normandy, to be sure, has borne the brunt, but the rest of France has come through practically unchanged. The capital is untouched, as are Burgundy, the valley of the Rhone, and the Île de France. The great monuments and churches in the west and southwest have hardly felt the breath of war. The Midi, except for some minor damage at the Mediterranean landings of the French divisions that marched north so rapidly, has only the starvation and indignities of Nazi rule to wipe from its memory. The soul of France, and what she has meant intellectually and artistically to the world, are happily hers as well as ours as long as peace can be maintained.

Would that it were possible to say as much for the Low Countries at this time. What trials lie ahead for Bruges and Ghent in the next weeks no one can predict. In Holland the added threat of inundation from the blowing up of the dykes gives little hope for Amsterdam, The Hague, and Delft. Consolation can be found in the fact that the greater part of the national collections of Holland were found unharmed in an air-conditioned cave near Maastricht. In Brussels, too, the state collections appear to be for the most part intact, as well as the city itself. Only the Palais de Justice was burned by the retreating Germans, an artistic blessing which unfortunately they did not visit on the Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome.

6

IN REVIEWING the fate of Europe's art, the great surprise is the extent of British casualties from en-

emy action. Partly because of the Briton's phlegmatic reticence and partly because of security reasons, the American reader has been totally unaware that in the aggregate Britain has sustained greater artistic losses than either Italy or France. While the Vatican authorities were quick to tell us about the slightest loss to ecclesiastical property as the Germans were hurled back to the Gothic Line, the English with characteristic stoicism have remained silent concerning the four thousand churches, most of them Protestant, which have been damaged in the British Isles — some 2800 hurt beyond repair.

It is well to remember also that the heaviest destruction by German bombers was made in the fall of 1940 and the following spring when the air raids on Germany by the RAF had hardly got under way. The severity of these attacks and of the devastation they produced was not confined to London, where the greatest losses were received, but were widespread in England and even Scotland. The ports were ravaged: Bristol, Plymouth, Southampton, Liverpool were natural and obvious military targets. Along with their harbor installations, their palaces, museums, libraries, university buildings, and public monuments were wiped out. In contrast to these, however, were the famous "Baedeker raids" which took their toll in the cathedrals of Canterbury, Exeter, and Wells. These raids were nothing but spite, and what was not then imperiled or demolished was left to the mercy of the flying bombs in 1944.

London, with the possible exception of Berlin and Warsaw, has withstood more constant battering than any other European capital. Rome and Paris, as we have seen, are practically untouched. Brussels, The Hague, and Athens appear to be safe. Vienna has been affected, if at all, only in the industrial suburbs. But London has had the core of its historic life pocked and pitted and dismembered for more than four years. Behind St. Paul's Cathedral more than a thousand acres of the City are laid waste. The churches of Sir Christopher Wren, rebuilt by him after the Great Fire of 1666, are gone and will in all probability never be replaced. In the attacks of November and December, 1940, on the City, not only were the churches and business districts the chief victims, but many historic shrines as well.

Repeatedly during the last three years the hallowed spots of London which were always haunted by American tourists have been picked off one by one. The Debating Chamber of the House of Commons, the Henry VII Chapel of Westminster Abbey, the Temple, Dr. Johnson's House in Gough Square, the Guildhall, Greenwich Observatory, Hampton Court, and the Dulwich Gallery — all these build-

ings have been seriously hurt along with hundreds more of equal importance and associations. Every museum building in London has undergone some change by bomb or fire or by concussion from blast in the immediate vicinity. The flying bombs, moreover, continued the devastation of London's lovely squares of the eighteenth century in Chelsea, Mayfair, and Regent's Park, and here the loss has been not so much in buildings fallen to the ground as of houses stripped of their former graciousness through scorched woodwork and frittered plaster.

That any part of the historic London that we know and admire is standing is due to guts alone. The fire wardens and the watchers, the men and women who loved their city as apparently the Florentines did not love theirs, by acts of heroism unparalleled in history, saved for the Empire and, lest we forget, for America too, the heart of the English-speaking world. Curiously enough, despite the scars and wounds, the City's face remains unchanged: it is a determined and resolute face quite ready to meet the future on its own terms and without flinching.

7

As we approach the final settlement with the filthy beasts who have done their utmost to destroy the European civilization which we cherish, there must necessarily be a period of soul-searching and calm reflection before justice can be dispensed and retribution made. Two wrongs cannot make a right; and, while justice demands that the Nazis be forced to give back what they have stolen and make restitution in kind for what they have destroyed by deliberate acts of vandalism, it must be remembered that the cultural heritage of the German people has been subjected to equal catastrophe. Even in the siege of Aachen, efforts were made to spare the Cathedral. Nevertheless the gross tonnage of bombs dropped on German cities has meted out a punishment which, however richly deserved, has left little upon which future generations may build.

If one recognizes that the Teutonic disease may lie dormant for half a century and suddenly break out with virulence because of social, economic, and political circumstances, one sees immediately the danger of reducing Germany to the same kind of cultural desert that she has made of Poland. For in the arid soil of such a desert the germs of future wars may breed. With this in mind the committees which have been meeting in London, composed of representatives of the United Nations governments, many of whom have had a tragic personal stake in the discussions, have tried to arrive at an intelligent

and just program for settling the artistic problems of the peace, rather than a vindictive one.

General Eisenhower has already made public the policy of military government in Germany and has issued orders and directives to his officers in regard to property control in general. All forms of property, including cultural material, works of art, books, scientific specimens, will be subject to the same general seizure and "freezing" restrictions. Stolen or looted objects recovered will be held for disposition by the proper international bodies appointed under the terms of the peace settlement. It is interesting to note that the Dumbarton Oaks agreement provides for the establishment of economic and social agencies to deal with such matters.

The very vastness of the task facing the peace negotiators is terrifying to the lay mind. The British Board of Economic Warfare has announced that the Nazis have looted Europe to the tune of some thirty-six billion dollars. On top of this add the twenty-six billions which they have extorted as occupation costs from the countries which they overran. They stole, as they said they would, every imaginable category of property — bullion, jewels, works of art, securities and equities in corporations, rolling stock, inland water transport and ships, factory equipment and machinery, books and periodicals and archives. It is difficult to think of any normal economic activity of man in which the Nazi hand had not been rifling. Various competent estimators have placed the value of works of art stolen or destroyed at some two and a half billion dollars in this larger total.

The problem of identification of stolen works of art alone will require a mobilization of all the available experts in practically every field. This cannot be done except by the most carefully integrated international coöperation. The implications of these operations will spread throughout the world and into countries that escaped the war but have given refuge to property concealed by Nazis or their agents. These who have illicitly profited by the distress of Germany's victims will have no title to their stolen goods, for the Declaration of Saint James's signed by the United Nations in London on January 6, 1943, invalidates all transactions made under duress in occupied territory. And more recently at Bretton Woods further steps were taken to this end.

War crimes must be punished and those who have been pillaged compensated, for Germany must learn that the rape of Europe, however scientifically and ruthlessly carried out, did not pay. German scholarship and Germany's claims to intellectual equality can never again be entertained by civilized men until the slate is clean.

FRONT LINE CONTINUOUS

by CHARLES MORGAN

I

SOMEWHERE east of Antwerp, on the same side of the British front as Hertogenbosch, there is a small town which, like other small towns, has a principal industry. The directors of this industry are brothers; their two houses stand side by side at the end of a neat gravel sweep, and behind their houses are stables and barns and wire enclosures full of white rabbits and majestic Belgian hares. In a room of one of these houses, I spent my last night in Holland, with a great cavalry regiment, now armored, of whose name the enemy is so well aware — and has been so well aware for a century or two — that I need not mention it.

There were nine of us at dinner — the full colonel who was my traveling companion, the lieutenant colonel commanding the regiment, and six of his staff. The stove was drawing well, and for the first time since I had come to the Low Countries it seemed positively desirable to open a window. To have dined off pheasant was unique luxury, to be warm was rarest heaven; and when the meal was over, talk came easily. Earlier that evening the commanding officer had taken us out to visit certain armored cars parked in a football field. While we were talking to his sergeant major, there had soared into the pale sky a column of smoke, whitened by the sun.

Our first impulse had been to say it was an airplane emitting a stream of vapor caught by the light; but this was no airplane; whatever it was, it rose at a speed beyond the dreams of pilots, and the line of trajectory was inclined at scarcely more than

ten degrees from the vertical. High in the sky, the column of smoke ceased, curling over in a plume like some gargantuan feather, and we grasped that what we had seen, rising up from behind the German lines five or six miles away, was a rocket projectile on its way to the stratosphere. Talk of this led conversation at the stove back to England.

How long was it since I had been there? How the devil had I come out, who wore nothing on the shoulder straps of my battle dress — no badges of rank, not even the insignia of a correspondent? No such animal had ever before been seen, traveling with the authority of General Eisenhower and with freedom to go where he would within the territory of Montgomery's army group. This took us back to the beginning. I confessed that, to make oddity more odd, I had, in the first instance, flown from London in plain clothes to recite a poem of mine at the reopening of the Comédie Française. It was in Paris that I had changed from white tie and white waistcoat into my improbable battle dress and had come on by jeep through Brussels and Eindhoven.

Now Eindhoven, as a glance at the map will show, lies on the spine of the great salient which Montgomery's command, the First Canadian and Second British Armies, has pushed out into the enemy's right flank. Through it the supplies come up for Nijmegen and the continuing backbone towards Arnhem and the lower Rhine. Eindhoven, in brief, is to the British front what Atlanta, Georgia, is to the South; you cannot easily go anywhere without passing through it; and I thought, not unreasonably, that the mention of it would lead conversation where it was my duty to lead it — to a discussion of military affairs.

I was deceived. The commanding officer, when he was not talking of his men or of pheasants, would tell me what I pleased of the uses and abuses of armored cars, but on the other side of the table was a young captain, with his chin in his hands and the lamplight on his face, who wanted to talk of other

CHARLES MORGAN, the English novelist, fought in the Naval Brigade on the road to Antwerp thirty years ago. He was taken prisoner and interned in Holland. During his internment he began to write what one assumes may have been the early scenes for his later novel, *The Fountain*. He was paroled home in 1917, but the ship bearing him to England was mined and sunk, and with it went his manuscripts. After studying at Oxford he began to write in earnest in 1921, first as dramatic critic for the London *Times* and later as a novelist.

In November last, he was flown to Holland to observe the very country he had fought over in his youth.

things. For example, of the Comédie Française, for he had lived in France as a boy. Second, of Catullus. He was a scholar, and Catullus was his god. It happened that, in a story of mine, one of the characters had translated *Jucundum, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem*, and the young captain, if my scholarship had been equal to it, would have debated the niceties into the small hours. In any case, one subject leads to another, and poetry to all. Catullus liberates the mind, particularly when a writer is engaged with cavalry around a stove in Holland; I learned from the captain, and from the stories we exchanged, to understand better what I had already seen and heard — to understand, if I may put it so, the feel of being an English soldier in this, the thirty-first year of what seems to us of the first generation virtually a continuous war.

2

THE odd and the blessed thing is that the second generation of fighting men is differently aware of the same continuity. The division between youth and age, which poisoned life and sterilized so great a part of literature between wars, no longer exists. We are engulfed in the same tragedy, pierced by the same compassion, torn by the same weariness, sustained by the same need. The young men are already veterans, and whether the ribbons we and they wear are of Mons, Le Cateau, and first Antwerp, or of the desert, Normandy, second Antwerp, and the Rhine, will make no difference between us. I had learned this from a sergeant three days earlier on the other side of the salient. He had fought through Dunkirk and the great victories of Africa, and told me, as the latest chapter in his history, of the advance of the British Eleventh Armored Division from the beaches of Caen, from Caen to Vernon, from the Seine to Amiens, from Amiens through Eastern France into Belgium, driving all day, all night, to take Antwerp by surprise.

And he said with a twist of his lip, "Colonel, they wouldn't know about that at home. Somebody will think to mention it some day, and because it went quick they'll give it good marks. But they won't ever credit Caen, because that were a slow business. Yet the whole pick of the Heinie troops was there, Rommel's bright boys — all of them." He repeated this, urgent that I should understand. "The whole pick of the German Army. Six armored divisions, — seven it may be, — not to mention garrison troops and such. 'Hold that little lot and you hold the hinge. Let them break it and the bleeding door falls down' — that's what we were told."

This said, the sergeant glowed, as his general had done, in his admiration of the power and timing of Patton's sweep to the south. "But that weren't nothing without Caen, and Caen were nothing without that. You'll find the soldiers know it. They know the score, both the Yanks and us. But the public won't give it credit, never will. They want to get told about the bands and the flowers and the bomb sites. And wages and coupons and the next election. Not Caen, where the British and Canadians took it."

The sergeant grinned at his own vehemence and returned to the more cheerful subject of the advance. The speed of it, the taking of the enemy by surprise, the capture of Antwerp with its docks undamaged, may well be seen by posterity as a prime cause of ultimate victory. Through the great port, supplies will flow; from it the long French lines of communication will be by-passed and the material of the Allied offensive be built up. If the Eleventh Armored had been slower by a few hours, the invasion of Germany might have been postponed by as many months.

The sergeant knew this, for he was a strategist, but he was not so austere a strategist as to have no interest in "flowers and bands"; and what he chiefly wanted to tell of was the entry into Antwerp itself, the route taken by the Belgian guides, the smoke rising from quisling houses that the Belgians fired within twenty minutes of the passage of our leading tanks. To aid his narrative, he drew with his forefinger on the side of an armored car a diagram of streets and river. Then, looking up, he asked whether by chance I knew Antwerp. I said that I had fought there, on the road to Lierre, thirty years ago.

"That's when I was born," he said, and his eyes went to my ribbons. "Nothing seems to change much."

"The men don't and the Germans don't, but the weapons do."

He patted his armor and asked what we had had in those days.

"One machine gun to a battalion."

He whistled at that.

"And I carried a sword," I added.

"Into action?" He looked at me as though I had said that I had fought at Waterloo. And as I told of this in the cavalry mess, a silence fell, out of which the young captain spoke abruptly. He tipped back his chair and said, "Sometimes it feels as if we had all fought there and had been at it ever since. I suppose the Germans and the French feel the same — the French most of all, with the war of '70 thrown in and a falling population. . . ."

"I wonder what this war will be called in the history books. The Great War won't do. And World War II is a bit of a mouthful. I should like to call it the Fifth German War to remind people where the trouble begins. Schleswig-Holstein, Austria in '66, the Franco-Prussian, the war of '14, now this. The Fifth German War, each time a bit bigger than the last. And they were at Waterloo, too," he added with a smile, "though I suppose we mustn't blame them for that."

"Anyhow," said my traveling companion, who had served in the American Third Division, "your Fifth German War won't do as a name. It leaves out the Japs."

But conversation ran for the time being on the nearer enemy and they asked me how near to him I had been. A visitor to the front is inevitably nursed a little, but I had gone into the forward observation posts and been given the run of my eyes. No man's land is wide and the country so flat that every church tower left standing is worth its weight in gold to the gunners. To one of these towers I had gone. It belonged to a deserted village in a little salient of the line, and was guarded as men guard an irreplaceable treasure, by tanks during the day, by patrols at night, by mines and trip-wires at all times. The Germans shelled it regularly — so regularly by the clock that the forward observation officers knew when it would be discreet to come downstairs for their meals and when, with luck, it would be safe to go up again.

Our course lay down a narrow, muddy track, of which the verges had not yet been cleared of German mines, through the village, to the church on its outskirts. We arrived a little after noon. That morning the church had been hit twice, one shell shattering the east end and surrounding the altar with debris; but the tower was undamaged, and we climbed into the belfry, where two observation officers were on duty with binoculars and telephones. Here at last it was possible to look across country — a dismal, featureless waste with woods clustered beyond it. In those woods was the enemy. Sometimes, we were told, he was visible in the gap between two woods, but though we watched for half an hour there was no sign of him but a wisp of smoke here and there which suggested that he had gone home for dinner.

Back then through the village, past the empty school and the shrine at the crossroads. Exchanging Dingo for Ford, we said good-bye to our gunners and pushed on to the headquarters of the armored brigade. Here, at tea in the parlor of a farmhouse, looked down upon by the ancestral photographs of a family still audibly in residence in the kitchen, we

were briskly shelled. The brigadier had a map on his knees and was explaining his disposition and the lay of the land. He continued until a shell arrived at the edge of the front yard, and would have continued then if the cry of a man's voice had not given warning of a casualty. We went out to see who was hit and how badly. The shelling slackened, but the German evidently knew his target; it might be necessary to shift headquarters half a mile; and the brigadier advised us to be moving, as he so courteously said, "while there was daylight."

"So you missed your German that day," the cavalry colonel said, knocking his pipe out on the stove.

"But two mornings later," I answered, "one was brought to me," and I saw before me then, and shall long see, the face of that prisoner in whose first interrogation I had shared. It was a thin, full-lipped face, with a long, humorous wrinkle at each side of the mouth — the face of a nervous man, not, it seemed, an unhappy one, whose natural instrument I guessed to be the flute. All men's faces have an instrument that accords with them. There are cornet faces and horn faces; there are even bassoon faces, and foreheads designed to bend their dome over a cello. This was a flute face, with a raised eyebrow and a twitch at the left cheekbone.

3

TO TELL how he came into the bag is to return where all war returns at long last — to the infantry. In Holland and in winter, it is above all else an infantry war, a war of wading and nibbling and patrolling, and no one knows it better, or honors the infantry more, than the armor and the guns. They have reason. I found the infantry astride a road and a little network of canals running out into no man's land. At the roadside, wherever there was a good line of fire, one of the Barsetshires had dug his pit, as deep as he was tall and with the diameter of a large barrel. There he stood on his fire-step, with his Bren gun covering the road, until he was relieved — and reliefs are not luxuriously frequent in a battalion which, even when the line is nominally static, suffers its daily tally of casualties by shell fire and patrol.

Day by day these casualties added up, and the territory to be defended did not decrease. Replacements were needed, officers above all. Rest was needed, and there was little hope of it. These men had been out of the line for one rest of ten and another of five days since they landed in Normandy. On the canal-bank, with dripping trees above them

and water six feet below, other sections had dug themselves into shallow foxholes, lined with straw, from which they crawled out to talk to us and to reset the trip-wires which were to give warning in the night. Their task was to stand and hold while on their flank a Scottish division was eating away an enemy salient across the Maas, and while, far away at the other end of the line, the Canadians and British were conducting a fierce and bloody offensive to open the Scheldt and clear the approaches to Antwerp by water.

To stand and hold, in the mud of a canal-bank, does not bring spectacular rewards. It is, moreover, extremely perilous when the weather denies aerial observation and when intelligence is blind. Then more and more depends on infantry patrols. "What we need," said the second-in-command, "is prisoners. That's what the division wants; and that, from the point of view of our humble canal-bank, is what puts our tails in the air." That night they got prisoners, Flute-face among them, and it had been good to know next morning, as I watched him across the intelligence officer's table at divisional headquarters, that the Barsetshires' tails were up.

"Did he talk?" asked the young captain who was a scholar of Catullus.

Yes, he had talked. Why, heaven alone knew. He had only to give his name and produce the card he carried, and refuse to speak again. Instead he told all, and more than all, he was asked to tell. There was no vagueness about him. He could read a map, and coming over to the intelligence officer's side of the table he pointed accurately to the place where the Barsetshires' patrol had encountered his. From there he traced back the way by which he had come, named the units working with his own in the line, told all that he knew (and he knew much) of movements farther to the rear. He knew so much that we were suspicious of a plant, but what he told fitted into what we already knew and the jigsaw puzzle began to grow together under our eyes.

He had, moreover, an engaging shamelessness, saying frankly that he was tired, that he had worked his way up into the front line with the object of coming over, and that he had deliberately surrendered. When the Barsetshires had opened fire and three of his wounded comrades were screaming on the ground, he had flung himself down and screamed with them. When the battle was over and there was no chance of his being shot from behind, he had stopped screaming and advanced with his hands up, shouting that he carried a safe-conduct.

It was not a gallant tale. One of Falstaff's companions might have told it in a moment of self-

revelation. But the way in which Flute-face told it put its truth beyond doubt. When he began to lie, the lie was the more apparent. There were, he said, no Nazis on this section of the front. At home, he said, everyone thought only of how soon the war would end. After the war, Germany would be peacefully-minded. The Nazis and the Army would go. There would be a truly democratic government. He said it clumsily and without faith, as popular newspapers say what they think their readers wish to hear. It was more profitable to bring him back to the map. There his finger pointed to the truth.

While we were talking of him, the time came for bed. It was early, but the cavalry regiment would be up early in the morning. The commanding officer warned us that it would be a noisy night. The Poles were on the move, and a medium battery, in the field beyond the Belgian lanes, would be firing their support. Upstairs, in a cocoon of six blankets, I listened to the guns before falling asleep, and thought of the Barsetshires on their canal-bank, of the Scottish infantry driving for the Maas, of the Poles setting out, of the Canadians and English in the estuary of the Scheldt. And as I looked back over the way by which the armies had come, it appeared to me, between sleeping and waking, that there was little division of space and time, or between army and army, or between ally and ally.

An elder brother of the young captain was in the British Fourteenth Army, fighting the Japanese in Burma. His wife's brother (who, he had said, was barbarian enough to put Horace before Catullus) was serving under Alexander in the entrance to the valley of the Po. As I rolled myself deeper into my cocoon, I wondered whether next morning, on the way to Brussels through Antwerp, I should succeed in finding my old trenches on the road to Lierre, and whether my colonel and traveling companion, now asleep beside me in his own cocoon, might be persuaded to teach me strategy on the field of Waterloo. . . .

Time and space were running together. Next door the medium battery was thundering its support of the Poles. In the darkness of no man's land the patrols were out hunting. In the Arctic Sea, the Navy was convoying Russian supplies. The front line was continuous from century to century, from world's end. Was it Molière they had played tonight at the Française? Already, before this war began, a million British dead of my generation were lying in the earth of France. If they had lived and had sons, the Barsetshires would not now have had to wait long for replacements.

SLUMS AND CITY PLANNING

by ROBERT MOSES

I

THE general pattern of the development of slums is almost always the same. They begin with the overcrowding of existing buildings and the addition of tenements built by conscienceless speculators to a considerable height on little land, without reference to light, air, sanitation, and other standards of decent living and safety. The place of a single family in a reasonably comfortable house is taken by a number of families, and in the tenements people are packed in like chickens in a coop. Wave after wave of newcomers inhabits these rookeries. As soon as one generation achieves enough prosperity to get out, it moves on and another with lower standards and income takes its place.

By the time civic and social workers succeed in impressing upon the old-line politicians the enormity of this process, the neighborhood has degenerated to such an extent that it becomes a question whether anything short of complete clearance is worth attempting. In the meantime local political hacks satisfy the customers — or at least prevent an open revolution — by handouts of coal and wood, groceries, and Christmas baskets. Property owners, real-estate developers and their allies, banks, estates, and even churches, are content to collect their rents and close their eyes to the implications of their investments.

In this period the conscience of the community lives only in those outposts of civilization known as settlement houses. In these settlement houses Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Lillian

Wald, Mary Simkhovitch, and other pioneers lifted up the tabernacle in the city wilderness and awakened the sleeping conscience of a generation too busy making money and enjoying it to give thought to their less fortunate fellow men. For much of the progress we have made in slum clearance we owe thanks to the early social workers, and it is therefore doubly hard to prove to them that their work is done, that the task is now one of engineering and management, and that they must turn the job over to administrators.

In many cities this process of central decay has been encouraged and speeded up by the building of rapid transit, railroad, road, and other facilities to minutely subdivided farms and estates in outlying sections and the suburbs. The effects of this siphoning of people out of town were either not understood or were tacitly ignored by influential citizens and even the press, not to speak of the promoters immediately interested. If in New York City we had refrained from building so many miles of subways at twenty million dollars a mile and had put some of this money into rehabilitating and making livable and attractive the older and central parts of town, millions of people would not today be crowded like cattle into hurtling trains during the rush hours.

New York's leading real-estate operators at the turn of the century have now passed on to what is conventionally known as their reward. I devoutly hope this reward will be adequate, because they were without question the most malignant influence on the city and its surroundings in my lifetime. Their disservice to the community should be noted from time to time so that it will not be repeated. These men perpetuated slum conditions in outlying parts of the city. They created our slums of today by selling small lots for big buildings and by preventing zoning, proper building, and multiple-family regulations. They were diabolically clever in applying to this art the shrewdness of the mule trainer, the

No man in the United States has had more to do with public works than ROBERT MOSES. He has been head of the state park system of New York since 1924, park commissioner of New York City and chairman of the Triborough Bridge Authority since 1934. He was Secretary of State under Governor Smith. He is a member of the City Planning Commission. His guiding spirit has trebled the recreation facilities of his state and city, brought into being the great metropolitan parkways and bridges, Jones Beach, and play areas from Niagara Falls to Montauk Point. At the *Atlantic's* request he speaks his mind on that stubborn problem of slum clearance.

persuasive eloquence of Colonel Mulberry Sellers peddling eyewash to colored folks at a Southern country fair, and the complete freedom from compunction of a gambler on a Mississippi River steamboat.

Everywhere these men left a slimy trail behind them which eventually had to be mopped up by public officials with money out of the public treasury. Almost every city has seen them, but I claim without pride that we had the topnotchers in New York. Even the highbinder boys of the last Florida boom were only pale reflexes and imitations of our developers, auctioneers, subdividers, title-searching guarantee companies, surveyors, architects, and other come-on men. The fact that they were often extravagantly admired and praised as pioneers by their own generation and regarded as leading citizens by the next is one of the saddest commentaries on our urban civilization. It is, thank God, an era that is over, but we still have a tremendous price to pay for it — a price we are paying every day in the form of high taxes, bad living, economic dry rot, humiliation, disease, and crime.

Real-estate operators are only just beginning to recognize their responsibilities. Back in 1927, as Secretary of State, I organized and was head of the Real Estate Bureau of New York. The licensing law was never intended to be enforced. Its aim was to give real-estate operators the status of a profession without the responsibility and standards which are supposed to accompany this recognition. More and more the intelligent and reputable real-estate men throughout the country are concluding that the time has come for statesmanship in place of irresponsible promotion.

2

WITH this sketchy diagnosis of the origin of the disease, let me go on to the happier discussion of the cure. It is safe to say that almost no city needs to tolerate slums. There are plenty of ways of getting rid of them. The only exceptions are in cities so decayed, so associated with temporary booms or exhausted natural resources, so lacking in morale and pride, so badly located as to trade, or so controlled by dirty politics, that the situation is hopeless. There are few such places in the United States.

The greatest difficulties today lie not in lack of good will, fine intentions, and public spirit on the part of most citizens, but in endless wranglings over the methods to be employed, over jurisdiction, over constitutional and legalistic interpretations — wranglings which create stalemates with perfection-

ists on one side and realists on the other. Slums cannot be cleaned out all at once except in campaign oratory and the familiar literature of social agencies. There has to be a time schedule as well as a program. There must be limited objectives. There must be compromise.

To begin with, those who advocate the abandonment of the older cities, the creation of satellite towns, decentralization by whatever name, and other revolutionary plans which in effect mean tearing up the city and reconstituting it on a different scale, must be eliminated from the picture. The revolutionaries can't win, for the stakes are too large. The vested interests, legitimate or not, must be considered. And finally, habit is too strong; sentiment for the old neighborhoods, which is pooh-poohed by revolutionaries, by the pinks and reds who never get their roots down anywhere, will continue to be a great factor in the necessity for gradual and conservative change.

Then we come to the perfectionists who are not revolutionaries but who will agree to no compromise. They say there must be a complete master plan, that everything must fit into this plan, that no piecemeal or experimental work shall be done, that those who favor and achieve limited objectives are merely tacticians and not strategists and that what they accomplish probably will be found not to fit into the great ultimate design. An editorial in a recent *Architectural Forum*, entitled "London's Little Planners," complained that the City of London is rejecting revolutionary improvements for the rebuilding of the bomb-gutted financial part of the Empire, and criticized the officials responsible for deciding on a conservative program as "choked with guineas and tradition," as "not planners but pessimists." Finally, for no apparent reason, this reference to me was dragged in by the hair: "Short-term realist Robert Moses, the Park Commissioner who has become synonymous with the 'practical spirit' of New York's patchwork city planning, would applaud the work of the 'practical men' of London."

It is a curious fact that thus far, in most of the older cities, more slum clearance has been accomplished indirectly than directly — that is, through clearance not for public, semi-public, or private housing, but for parks, playgrounds, parkways, expressways, boulevards, and other public improvements. I have made the statement a number of times in New York, and it has never been refuted, that my particular little group of demolition and building demons have without fanfare and social-worker abracadabra pulled down more old rookeries than all the housing experts and authorities put to-

gether. And the best thing about it is that we have substituted nothing for the rookeries but broad highways lined with landscaping and recreation facilities, open to the sun and the elements, and affording the very best incentive to further slum clearance and improvement on their boundaries.

It took the greater part of twenty years to persuade reactionaries, mossbacks, rural-minded legislators, sharpshooters for taxpayers' organizations, and legalistic comma-chasers that an arterial improvement, whether it be a parkway for restricted travel or an express route open to mixed traffic, is not simply a strip of pavement in a gasoline gully, but a genuine shoestring or ribbon improvement of the entire area through which it passes. It brings with it benefits not only to those who travel in cars, but to the thousands who live along it or do business or seek recreation there.

The same problem arose when I sought to put this idea across in connection with railroad grade crossing eliminations. It took three state constitutional amendments over a period of twenty years to accomplish this result, the last being one which I drafted as chairman of the Committee on Highways, Parkways, and Grade Crossings of the New York State Constitutional Convention of 1938. Even today the Public Service Commission is doing every human thing it can to ignore, negate, and interpret out of existence the mandate adopted by the people at a popular referendum, on the theory that so long as intersections at grade between the highway and the railroad are eliminated, it doesn't matter whether the community is ruined or benefited in the process.

3

NEW housing to take the place of slums must be completely subsidized with public money for persons of the lowest income; partly subsidized for the next higher income group; aided in other ways for a still higher income group, through limited-dividend schemes, FHA guarantees, or other similar devices; or left to private capital substantially encouraged if not actually financially helped by public capital. Usually a constitutional amendment is required to permit states and municipalities to enter this field. Most of the recent state constitutional amendments to clear the way for public, semi-public, and publicly aided private housing have been vague and verbose; they reflect, no doubt, the complexity and novelty of the problem, the mental confusion of the authors, and the ingenuity of the opponents who slip in those little interpolations known to the bill-drafting fraternity as "sleepers." The "sleepers"

are the gremlins who wake up at the right time to show that the intent of the law is not what it was popularly supposed to be.

Completely subsidized government public housing was going up all over the country on an accelerated scale before the war with the use of Federal, state, and local loans and grants, the exercise of the power of condemnation, and complete tax exemption. A curious feature of this public housing was that it became the common practice of all public housing agencies to omit wholly or partly the recreation, street, school, police, fire, utility, and other incidental and related improvements which should have been taken care of. These were left to chance or to subsequent municipal appropriations out of other funds.

I am a strong believer in subsidized public housing within proper limits, and have worked hard to support it, but I intend to be honest about it. The object of such housing is to have the government give the family of small income, at a rental of from three eighths to one third of what an ordinary owner would have to charge and at half what a limited-dividend or redevelopment company would need to pay its way, an apartment built according to the highest standards and wholly beyond the reach of the next higher income groups. A subsidized tenant merely pays for the janitor. Stripped of tricky bookkeeping the situation is that he contributes nothing toward amortization, interest, and taxes. The public pays these bills so that the poor in a dislocated economy may have decent housing.

Enthusiastic housing reformers have attempted to dispose of this problem by neat little formulas. For example, the late Councilman B. Charney Vladeck, distinguished East Side New York editor and member of the City Housing Authority, figured it out for New York this way: "Follow me closely, readers; the mind is quicker than the eye. There are one and a half million people who must be rehoused by means of government loans and subsidies. Each requires a room; each room costs \$2,000. Multiply \$2,000 by one million and a half and you have \$3,000,000,000. Now for the solution of the problem. If you have \$4.00 to meet interest and amortization you can borrow \$100.00. Therefore, if the federal, state and city governments each will contribute a subsidy of \$4,000,000 a year, \$300,000,000 can be borrowed annually. If you keep this up for ten years you have the \$3,000,000,000 we asked for." Mr. Vladeck was a fine man but here he fell into an error of oversimplification.

Obviously there is a limit to completely subsidized public housing, and we are rapidly approaching it. You cannot rebuild all the slums for the persons of

lowest income. This class must be taken care of, but we should not encourage more prudent and capable families to join it. The definition of persons of low income must not be constantly expanded and more and more liberally interpreted. Favoritism, bad politics, and a dozen other evils will crop up if this remedy is not kept within bounds.

One of the great difficulties with public housing subsidized by the Federal and state governments is the tendency of distant opinionated bureaucrats to insist that if they pay the piper, they must call the tunes. This hurdle is by no means insurmountable. The best evidence to the contrary is afforded by the Federal highway system and the matching of Federal and state highway moneys — a process which has been carried on without attempts at Federal domination over a period of more than a quarter of a century. The Federal government has set standards but has not attempted to dictate details. Whether such self-denying ordinances can be applied to housing still remains to be seen.

Everything possible should be done to encourage semi-public housing and the investment of funds of fiduciaries such as insurance companies and savings banks, as well as private capital, in slum clearance. The difficulty here lies in the fact that the land is almost always too expensive and building costs too high to keep the rent down to a figure within the reach of the second and third income groups. Another difficulty lies in the impossibility of acquiring numerous parcels of land in private ownership at anything like reasonable prices. As a few lots are bought and the existence of the project becomes noised about, prices rise, speculators intervene, promoters get busy, and selfish individuals figure that they can make a killing if they only hold out.

In this situation the power of eminent domain is the only salvation. Condemnation must be exercised for the private limited-dividend or redevelopment company by the city, state, or Federal government. As soon as this happens the tendency of politicians and pressure groups is to impose all manner of restrictions on the company, not only on rentals but on the selection of tenants and on freedom of operation. All sorts of extraneous issues are injected into the problem.

These maneuvers frighten timid investors — particularly ultra-conservative trustees of fiduciaries, who are not keen on assuming ownership where it is safer to take a mortgage. Private capital is discouraged from entering a field which at best is unexplored and highly speculative. An insurance company, bank, or limited-dividend company which wants to own, and not merely to lend, can buy a

big piece of undeveloped land in the suburbs from one owner or institution at a low price and build attractive garden apartments on comparatively small coverage rather than venture into an old slum, where it must pay enormous prices for land which is usually overassessed and for buildings which are worthless and have to be torn down.

For several years I have represented the mayor and governing authorities of the city, as well as the City Planning Commission of New York, in tiresome and protracted negotiations for slum clearance with officers of large fiduciaries. After months of work and argument, projects have been developed which have collapsed either because, as the companies said, they were "too thin" or because of obstacles put in their path by other public officials, laws, or hypercritical extremists.

We finally persuaded the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to undertake the greatest slum clearance project in the country, known as Stuyvesant Town in the heart of the old East Side of Manhattan, and another to be known as River-ton in the Negro section of Harlem. Only the farsightedness, courage, and influence of Frederick H. Ecker, Chairman of the Board of the Metropolitan, brought about this achievement, and it is still a source of astonishment to me that the second-largest corporation in the United States, with endless opportunities for easier investments, ran the gamut of savage mudslinging to risk some sixty-five million dollars on these ventures. I have no doubt that these investments will pan out. The point is that they represent a complete departure from conventional practice.

4

THERE remains another method of improvement of substandard and unsanitary areas, and that is rehabilitation. Rehabilitation has its dangers. It can easily become a slogan to attract landlords whose only object is to break down tenement-house and multiple-dwelling laws and to bring back into use rookeries which have been condemned as unfit for human habitation. Here again the old conflict between the perfectionists and the practical men breaks out.

The perfectionist does not want old buildings made sanitary and fireproof without changing their essential character. He says this move perpetuates the slum and gives it a new lease of life when it is about to die a natural death. He favors rehabilitation only if every third house is torn down and if the two remaining ones are completely rebuilt;

and he can show that this process is so expensive that it is hardly worth while. Yet it is a fact that in most cities plenty of old tenements and other houses can be made safe, sanitary, and fairly comfortable for a number of years at reasonable cost.

Many of these old tenements are going to be lived in anyway — because there just cannot be enough public and semi-public new housing to take their place. This situation can be measurably improved by cutting through new streets and pedestrian lanes and by establishing small neighborhood parks and playgrounds. The average brick tenement has a good deal of life left, and people can live decently in crowded quarters if they have heat, hot water, bathrooms, fire escapes, as well as light and gas.

Another reason why these old houses will have to be used is that they constitute the only practical temporary quarters for those who are tossed out into the streets to make way for new public and semi-public housing projects. Obviously, tenants of buildings which are about to be razed must go somewhere, and they often represent families which are either not eligible to go back into the new public housing or do not have sufficient income to move into semi-public projects when they are completed.

Some idea of the complexity of this problem may be gathered from the fact that in New York at least sixty thousand people are living in houses about to be demolished for public and private slum clearance projects to be constructed immediately after the war; and if Baltimore adopts the arterial program which some of us recommended recently, some twenty thousand people, mostly living in run-down rookeries, will have to be rehoused there. Under these conditions the natural tendency of public housing authorities is to delay projects or to schedule them over a long period following the war in order to minimize the difficulty of rehousing and to avoid facing it frankly.

A serious obstacle in the way of financing slum clearance lies in the unwillingness of organized labor to coöperate in any program which does not preserve its inalienable rights to hourly wages, jurisdictional disputes and strikes, and resistance to inventions and improvements in the building field. The notion that every effort to reduce building costs, every advance in building technique, is an attack on unionism and a conspiracy against the laboring man is so deep-seated that there seems no possibility of dislodging it. This attitude makes no sense, but it will not change until we deal with another generation of union officials educated in a better school.

It is unfortunate that in New York and many other cities public housing has pre-empted not the

worst but the best of the acknowledged slum areas — that is, those favorably located on parks and waterfront, where values were comparatively low because of stables, junk shops, garages, and other cheap low buildings. The public housing experts have picked up the best and cheapest land at the lowest price. They have built up or planned there new communities on these favorable properties, leaving just behind them slums which will often have even less light and air than they had before and which in many cases constituted the areas on which the public housing should have been built. In other cases the so-called public housing experts have established projects in outlying sections where there were no slums at all, and have attracted there tenants from slum buildings. These old buildings have been left not empty but in many cases half filled, not quite bankrupting the owner or tossing the property into the hands of the bank or other mortgage holder.

5

THERE is another thing to think of, and that is the prevention of more slums through the decay and degeneration of residential properties which are being shifted from single-family to multi-family dwellings. These potential slums are being overbuilt because of zoning standards purposely kept low and inadequate by real-estate promoters and their cronies in the architectural profession, in banks which have made imprudent loans, and among the ranks of the builders, Chamber of Commerce members, and other building strategists who feel it in their bones that there will be a big boom right after the war. They all want to cash in on every nickel's worth of land which can be traded, bought, or actually built on.

In New York City we adopted our first zoning ordinance twenty-eight years ago in the face of the most bitter opposition and at a time when the attitude of the courts as to its constitutionality was not known. In order to establish the principle of zoning, the proponents of the plan accepted almost every crippling amendment proposed by those who were determined that if the courts upheld this monstrous invasion of their prerogatives the ordinance would be as feeble and ineffective as possible. A few cities were ahead of us; many followed. I know of no zoning ordinance with adequate and proper standards in any large city in the United States. All of them represented enormous concessions to powerful interests like those made in New York in 1916. In many cases the execution of these ordi-

nances was placed in the hands of officials so timid, uncertain, or even corrupt as to ensure that no speculative builder on expensive land in congested areas would have much to worry about.

At the end of twenty-eight years the present City Planning Commission of New York has finally taken courage and has proposed a conservative raising of standards covering height and area — that is, bulk requirements. One would think from the cries of rage and anguish which have been raised by the real-estate people that we had proposed to ruin the city. What we have done is simply to raise the requirements in each class one peg. For example, in a so-called “one times height” district, where at present the height of a building at the curb is restricted to the width of the street, the new standard calls for a height only seven-eighths the width of the street. Similarly, in a “one and one-half times” district, the new height will be one and one-quarter times the width of the street. As to area, our lowest class, A, is given the standards of the present class B, class B is raised to class C, and so forth.

All this is characterized by powerful reactionary groups as confiscatory, socialistic, and an outrage. The leader of today's opposition is the son of the leader of the opposition to the original plan adopted in 1916. These people have even attempted to prove to organized labor that there will be no building after the war if our amendments become effective, that business and industry will leave town, and that we shall have a ghost city in a few years.

The real-estate opponents of the pending New

York zoning amendments follow the usual technique. They demand more time for consideration and an embargo on changes for two or three years after the war. To show that they have affiliations on the side of the angels, they advocate studies of thoroughgoing, comprehensive plans to reduce scientifically the bulk of future buildings. This last gesture is an invitation to extreme reformers with whom they really have nothing in common. The spectacle of hard-boiled promoters and long-haired planners riding together in one omnibus toward perfection, with orders to stop at no way stations, has its humor.

I am glad to say that five out of six members of the City Planning Commission were completely unimpressed by this ballyhoo. The new standards have been adopted by the City Planning Commission. I think our explanation will be accepted by the general public in spite of the confusion opponents have skillfully sought to create. The amendments now go to the governing body of the city, the Board of Estimate, for final action. They will become effective unless twelve out of sixteen votes in the Board are mustered against them. I am sufficiently convinced of the integrity, public spirit, and courage of Mayor La Guardia, Comptroller McGoldrick, and the President of the Council, Newbold Morris, who together have sufficient votes to uphold the City Planning Commission, to believe that by the time this article appears the new standards will be the law. If so, we shall have done something to prevent future slums.

PLOVER

by LUELLA BOYNTON

THERE is no sky now for the slender song
Remembering old lost and lovely things.
All tenderness is out of tune and wrong
Under the cloud that hides a falcon's wings.
Here, I shall hold the plover in my hand,
Feeling the rapid heart, the swollen throat.
No one will miss it or could understand
Above the clamor such an alien note.

Cover the nest. Where early wheat has grown
Cowers the speckled body of a bird.
Peace is the only song that it has known;
Love is the only answer it has heard.
Rather be held in silence till it die
Than singing in this unfamiliar sky.

FLESH AND BLOOD

by LT. LAURENCE CRITCHELL

1

IT WAS still raining outside. It was so wet that even the crows had ceased their arguments from tree to tree. The only sounds in the whole local English world were the dripping of water on the tent walls and a lonesome fragment of music now and then from the direction of the area where the enlisted men lived. Lieutenant Stack wholeheartedly missed his wife. He had been in England for so long now that sometimes the memory of her grew a little dim, like the memory of so many things at home. Missing her, she seemed very close. She was standing at the door of the tent in the dim wet gloom, wearing a white dress. He got up and shook himself. He'd do something. He'd have to do something. Walk to town, maybe. Any change at all, even town, was better than this somberness, those dripping trees, that far-off music.

He felt a little sorry for himself. An hour ago the other officers — all of them except the O.D. — had gone to a dance at the club, seven miles away. He had stayed behind because of classes for Monday. *On the retraction of the bolt, the driving spring is compressed on the driving spring rod, cushioning the force of the recoil. The remainder of this force is absorbed in the buffer plates, which, when adjusted in tension, vary the cyclic rate of fire.* He was heartily sick of that gun.

The latrine was cold. There was no hot water; the enlisted men who were detailed as firemen had gone to a Red Cross dance in town several hours before. He cursed a little under his breath. It was nine days since the rain had started; now everything was damp — the boards, the floor, the walls, even the two mirrors. He studied his face critically in the glass. Thinner and older. There were small crow's-feet around his eyes. He wondered what his wife would think of him when he got back. He remem-

bered what she had looked like that afternoon when he had come home and told her he had to go overseas. She had sat and looked at him and smiled, as she had promised to do, but slow tears came in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. Even after all these months, his memory of that moment was vivid. It warmed him inwardly as he shaved.

To be married and in love and overseas was, he reflected, a mixed blessing. At home he scarcely ever looked at other women. But over here it was different. He envied the single officers' freedom of mind. At the party tonight some Army nurses were coming down from the near-by evacuation hospital; everybody would have Scotch, brought from London, and when they returned they would have had enough excitement to keep them quiet for the week to follow — or reasonably quiet. War did funny things to men and women. If you were married and in love with your wife you could go for quite a while with just the memory of the things you did together for company. But there were other times when that solace failed, home grew very far away, the remembered intimacies dim.

Rain and work did it sometimes. He felt it strongly tonight. As he changed his parachute wings from the shirt to the blouse he wondered if when he got to town he would stay by himself. It was fairly easy to find a girl in town. The English civilian girls were friendly and the WAFS and the ATS were just as lonely as all soldiers. When he swung on his raincoat a stray passage from Charlotte Brontë came back to him out of the English gloom and the rain — something from *Jane Eyre*: that principles were only for the times when the senses ruled. Then he laughed at himself and swung out into the rain.

It was a long walk to town. He was lucky. A jeep on its way out of the area had been stopped at the gate by the sentry.

"Going to town?" he asked the driver.

A lieutenant in the paratroops serving in the European theater of operations, LAURENCE CRITCHELL, who is now in his twenty-seventh year, enlisted in 1941.

The man nodded. Lieutenant Stack climbed into the front seat. They went very fast once they were clear of the gate. The driver said he was going to the railroad station to pick up an officer. Stack lit a cigarette. He leaned in out of the wind to smoke it.

The countryside looked sodden after so much rain. The haystacks, piled only the week before, had settled down to half their former size and now were dull yellow. Save for a single woman on a bicycle, who pulled her skirts over her knees as they passed, no one was abroad. The jeep swept up onto an overpass above some railroad tracks and then for a little space ran parallel with a train, which clicked along quietly not far from them. Its smoke was whiter than the sober clouds. Hedgerows flickered by. A few houses, cobblestones, a pub. And then suddenly they were in town.

"Where are you going, sir?"

Stack named the better of the two movie houses. "You can let me off at the station," he said. "I'll walk the rest of the way."

But the driver drove all the way to the theater. "Damn!" Stack said as they came up. "I've seen it."

The people waiting to get inside looked at them curiously as they went away. On another bridge along the road a small blonde girl was talking to a soldier. She caught Stack's eye as he went past. He smiled at her. That was harmless, at any rate. But he went on thinking about her — and he was still thinking about her when the driver let him off at the Regal. *Lifeboat* was playing. He did not tell the man that he had seen this one too. He returned the salute and walked down the street.

2

BEDDINGFORD on busy weekdays looked a little like a French fishertown. It had the same bustle, the same smallness, the same kind of smells. The meat shops had the old familiar odors of raw meat and marble, the bread shops smelled like French bread shops, and one sometimes looked to see people carrying long rolls. But the queues of women lined up to get their rations of food on weekdays were not the sort of thing Stack remembered of pre-war France.

Nor were the powdered eggs in the store windows, the pitiful emptiness of the restaurants, which were almost always too cold, the ration stamp notations on the suits in the clothing stores. In the stationery places you could buy writing paper with the insignia of the ATS or the WRENS on it, but the plain

writing pads were only scratch paper and the books were almost all old ones.

The people who shopped looked shabby. The women wore no stockings. Only the younger girls had any lipstick — American soldiers had given it to them. They were cheery people but they were hard pressed for the necessities of life, and sometimes you got the impression that they looked a little weathered, like their old brown houses, the worn-down cobblestones, the eternal gray sky.

This night was Saturday. Everyone was out. As Stack walked towards the Quarter Arms Hotel, where there was a bar, he looked at the girls who passed him. His flesh was hungry. He had lost the vivid awareness of his wife. The war seemed utterly meaningless. One girl, passing, brushed against him. He jumped. Well, he thought, it served him right. He should have gone to the party, got high, forgotten everything — retractions of bolts, absorption of recoil, Monday's commitments, his wife — everything.

The bar of the Quarter Arms Hotel was paneled in wood, like the smoking room of an English club. Despite this luxury, it was still considered a pub by the men of the town, who came into it in their working clothes and stood about smoking and talking. For some reason, few women came into the place. On this evening an American WAC, a second lieutenant, blonde, plump, and rather pretty, was standing at the doorway talking to some glider pilots. She was the only woman. The room was thick with tobacco smoke. Stack pushed his way through the knots of men to the bar, saying "Thank you," as was the English custom.

A captain of his acquaintance was standing there. "Going to the dance?" asked the man.

Stack paused. "Too late, isn't it?"

"There's another bus supposed to come by in ten minutes. It's the last one."

Stack shook his head slowly. "I'll think it over," he said. Then, to the girl: "Bitters, please." She was thin and tall and not pretty.

"One, three and a half," she said, bringing him the glass. He gave her a half crown and waited for the change, swallowing the bitters in large mouthfuls. It was served in a smaller glass than the ales and had a sharper flavor; it was the only English drink he cared for. When the girl gave him the change, he moved into the center of the room. This was his last chance, he reflected. He could catch the bus and go out to the dance and that would be the end of that. He stood by a table and drank the bitters, wondering what to do. A staff sergeant beside him lifted his glass to someone across the room. Fragments of conversation came to him: "... do-

ing all right, you know . . .” and “Birdy was the jockey for the Duke of Westminster. . . .”

He wondered what his wife would want him to do. She was unselfish — she’d tell him to go. She told him that when he left. She trusted him. And that was the whole trouble: he wished he trusted himself. He knew what happened to him over here when there were women around. The war had made it that way. Friends killed, death something to be checked off on a roster, youngsters with the fuzz scarcely off their cheeks machine-gunning other men. *On the retraction of the bolt. . . .* It put you off your balance. You wanted to go out and drink and raise hell and kiss all the girls in the world and make it up somehow — you were not quite sure how. Principles were for the times — But what were principles in a world where youngsters out of high school, who should have been making love and growing up and learning a job, were busy machine-gunning other men?

He took the unfinished bitters and joined the captain. But the bus never came.

In the next half-hour he visited the other three pubs in town. They were dark little places full of smoke and conversation, where drinks were served through a little window like a cashier’s cage and where American soldiers stood around and joked with the villagers. Well-behaved, quiet soldiers, looking neatly dressed. But he could not find anyone to talk to. He wandered for a while through the back streets of town where the poor people lived and he crossed the bridge by the railroad where he had seen the girl with blonde hair. But she was gone. In desperation at last he took a place in the queue of people waiting to see the second showing of *Lifeboat*. He would go home after that.

As he joined the line, someone came up and stood beside him. It was a girl.

She wore a neat tweed suit. The collar of her blouse under her raincoat was clean and starched. Her hair was clean, too, and it had been recently waved. She wore no stockings, but that was common enough in England; her shoes were neat. He looked at her face. She was not unattractive, he thought. She looked intelligent. She had her profile to him, but he could see that her eyes were blue. She was frowning a little. He looked away. The queue of people moved up and as he followed she moved with him.

He wondered about her. She didn’t seem to be the kind of person you spoke to easily. But he liked her looks and he could tell that she was conscious of him. His wife was vague in his mind. If he had wanted someone to talk to in the early part of the evening, now, after walking through the rainy

streets of town alone, he was desperate for it. He was too far gone for argument. The right or wrong of it could come later. As he moved towards the booth he thought of how he would do it. It was simple enough. He would buy two tickets and look at her as he stepped aside, and if she followed him that would be that.

There were only two more couples to go. It was now or not at all. He fumbled in his wallet for a ten-shilling note and glanced once again at the girl. He was ashamed to realize that his heart was pounding. The last couple had gone. The girl stepped aside for him and he understood then that she would go with him if he wished. He did not think of his wife. She was far away in the background of the war, no part of this world of rain, of queues of people, of soldiers far from home.

“Two, please,” he said, looking at the girl. This time their eyes met. He looked back at the cashier. “Two and nine.” Then he stepped aside with the tickets, and the girl, after a moment of hesitation, followed him into the theater.

3

By American standards it was dark inside the theater. There were no half-lights and the exit lamps were only small bulbs. He and the girl waited in the darkness for the usher to come back. They could see nothing. He was wondering what to say to her, when she broke the silence first.

“I’ve seen this before,” she said. “In London.”

“So have I,” he answered. “In New York.” She laughed. He was pleased by her voice. It was low and rather toneless but it sounded sensible. They stumbled down the aisle in the wake of the bobbing flashlight.

Of the two cinemas in Beddingford, the Regal was the more modest. Upstairs, where there was a restaurant, you could sit in comparative grandeur, helped to your seat by a girl with a very bright flashlight. Tickets for the balcony cost as much as four and six, where downstairs they cost only two and nine. But the downstairs seats were better. The air was cooler there and — since people could smoke anywhere in the theater — clearer.

Little by little as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he could make out the audience sitting around them — two English officers of the Royal Engineers directly in front, one wearing horn-rimmed spectacles; two girls at his side and, beyond them, a very fat woman who was alone. The fat woman looked over once and smiled at them. He was pleasantly conscious of being a couple.

"Do you like her?" asked the girl, leaning close to him to whisper.

"Who?"

"Tallulah Bankhead."

"Sometimes."

"I do," said the girl, straightening up. He looked at her once and met her eyes. He could feel his blood mount a little. He was surprised how hungry he had been for the touch of a woman. Even the sight of her sitting beside him in the dimness was pleasing. Her whispered comments were critical and sensible, he decided. And he liked the fragrance of her hair when she leaned close. He tried to think of things to whisper back to her. It made him feel a little like a schoolboy. He realized that the war had done this; he was accustomed to living in the field. With the girl he felt young, inexperienced. It made him smile. When the picture ended he was so lost in thoughts that he forgot to stand still at the first bars of "God Save the King."

"It was better the second time," she said when they were outside. She refused the cigarette he offered her.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked, lighting one himself.

"There really isn't any place, you know. The pubs are closed by now," — she looked at her watch, — "and they don't have any clubs here as they do in London."

"Let's just walk, then."

"All right," cheerfully. "We can walk to where I live, if you like. There's an RAF field out there, you know."

4

HE COULD think of few things he cared less about, that moment, than the Royal Air Force. But he nodded and took her arm and they started out. It was ten o'clock, yet the sky was still bright. She was a good walker. She had the firm, independent stride of the young English girl. For the first time that evening the cold rainy wind in his face was pleasurable.

"I never know whether I like England or hate it," he said aloud, smiling.

"Why should you hate it?"

"It's the first foreign country I've ever been in that I can't leave when I want to."

"That sounds rather spoiled."

"Don't the English think all Americans are spoiled?"

"Yes," she said candidly. "Don't you?"

He nodded. They both laughed at that. He told her his name. Hers was Leslie Bean. She was mar-

ried. Her husband was a maritime lawyer in London. They had been separated for half a year. She worked for the Food Administration Bureau in Beddingford and lived with her sister and was trying to save enough money for a divorce. "It'll be a bit of a pull, I'm afraid," she said ruefully. "I make five pounds a week and that has to do for everything."

Ashamed of his own income of a hundred pounds a month, after what they had just said about Americans, he said nothing. They crossed a canal bridge and came into that part of town where the houses thinned out and gave way to trees and hedges. Shortly they passed the RAF airdrome, where it was noisy with motors and gusts of wind. He thought of where the pilots would be in a little while and grimaced. A few WAFS on bicycles, their stockings black, went by them with a ting-a-ling. This made the girl smile.

"You know," she said amusedly, "it's going to be hard for a lot of English girls when the war is over."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that a lot of them have got used to the American soldiers. You people — I don't know — you all seem so well built, physically." She looked at him appreciatively and laughed. "Then you're more direct and you talk more. Our men are so quiet. It takes ages and ages to get to know them; and even when you do get to know them, they don't say very much."

"They're talkative enough when they're together," he said, thinking of the pubs.

"They're at home among themselves."

"One thing I've found out about you," he said.

"I thought the English were shy. That's not true."

"It's because of the war. The war has done a lot of things for us."

For a while after that their footsteps on the wet road were the only sound. The rain had turned to a light drizzle. In the prolonged twilight of that time of year in England the small hills, the small fields, the great trees, looked oddly precise. It was lonesome once they were past the airdrome. He began to be conscious of her physically again. He wondered what had happened between her and her husband.

"My husband is living with another woman," she said unexpectedly. "At least I think he is."

"Oh." He was silent again. The tone of her voice made him feel a little sorry for her.

"Tell me about your wife," she urged.

"How can a man tell anybody else about his wife?"

"Try."

"She's the sort of woman who looks at home in a field in summer, in a white dress, waiting for the children to catch up with her."

"I do envy her."

"You needn't."

"D'you suppose she'd mind your being with me?"

"I guess she would," he said. "But I think she'd understand."

"You're happily married."

"Yes."

"Marriage is funny." She was quiet for a moment, thinking. "When you get married you think it's the end of everything — everything you did before and the kind of person you were, everything. And you're glad. And for a while it's that way. But when you get used to it —" She sighed. "Well, you start becoming the person you were beforehand. Which you don't want. And presently, if things don't work out too well, you wonder if you were ever married at all. It feels like a dream."

He was struck by the wretchedness in her voice. He put his arm around her waist. She seemed not to have noticed. They walked along quietly, saying nothing. The forest ended in a row of fields, ambushed behind hedges. "This way," she said, turning into a narrow country lane. Once under the trees the tardy night closed around them. There was a smell of wet flowers. The trees arched overhead, making a shelter, and in the gloom he could just barely see her moving beside him. But he was conscious of her body moving as they walked.

"How much farther?" he asked.

"To the next bend."

When they came to a rotted log set back off the road near the hedge he stopped. "Let's sit here for a few minutes," he said.

They found a flat space on the log where the rot had weathered down into a natural seat. He offered her a cigarette and for a little while they smoked and said nothing. The world of town had withdrawn. Somewhere out of sight in the fields beyond the hedgerow a cowbell clanked now and then. There was no other sound. A few gnats found them; then a breeze that sent a shower of drops down from the leaves overhead blew the gnats away. She shivered a little. He put his arm around her. They talked for a space and were silent again, musing, and finally she turned up her head.

"Funny, isn't it?" she said a moment later. She had a stick in her hand and was turning over the leaves underfoot, one by one.

He listened attentively. He didn't feel like talking.

"I mean this sort of thing," she said. "Does it seem wrong?"

"No."

"It doesn't to me, either. And yet it should be. It should be all wrong. Then sometimes you do the right thing and get married properly, just as everything should be, and everything goes all wrong." She poked a hole through a sodden leaf. "I don't understand."

"Perhaps you think too much," he ventured.

"You do, too," indignantly. He grinned and was silent. The rain had stopped. The last light of the day had not yet died outside the trees, but in the forest it was wholly dark. They smoked another cigarette and after a while she put her head on his shoulder, wearily and simply. The smell of her hair was clean and rich. "Perhaps it's the war," she said dreamily. "If the war hurts you, you get to needing someone. If marriage hurts you, you get to needing someone, too."

"I guess you've hit it," he said.

"You're an odd sort of person to be a paratrooper."

"It was a case of getting out of an ivory tower by jumping."

"Have you done it?"

"Let's not talk," he said.

They had come to the deep center of the night. In the sheltered lane under the heavy trees there was no light, no sound, no movement. Even the lonely clank of the cowbell had ceased. He had stopped wondering about anything. At other times in his life there had been things like this. It was wrong and yet it was right. He bent down to her again.

"Do you think I'm cheap?" she asked at length.

"No."

"I'm not, you know. It's just that —" She waited and shook her head. "I don't know. I don't understand."

"None of us do, these days," he said.

She buried her head on his shoulder. Somewhere out of sight a crow made a funny wailing sound, like a lost dog. Off towards London, very far away, there was a faint whisper of an explosion. He turned and took her into his arms.

5

If you hated the war enough, he thought as he tramped back along the wet road to camp, it made you love people. If you saw enough death, the love — or the desire — was just as ready and sudden as the death was. You loved the women and the men

equally — those who were involved in it. You loved those you were responsible for, even if they rejected it. You read their mail because you had to, and it broke you sometimes, the pitiful letters they wrote. You put them in the guardhouse when they got wild and did crazy things, and they looked bewildered and wretched because the whole thing from start to finish was beyond their comprehension — beyond anybody's comprehension. They were just kids, kids from home, and you didn't understand them but you loved them. And presently you had to take them across that stretch of water, and then some of them were scratched off the roll by a clerk at Personnel and afterwards you had to send their effects home. . . . Some people got hardened to war, he reflected. He didn't.

A solitary cyclist honked at him from behind. When the whickering of the tires had died out on the road the only sound was the wind in the telephone wires. So that was how it was — you loved the people who were in it with you, men and women equally. And if you needed a woman sometimes, that was because there was a deficiency in war that got into your bones, and the deficiency was simply life itself. War was just as far removed from the ordinary things of home as violence was. He remembered a young man of his platoon who had been wounded in the stomach on the morning of D plus three and who was still conscious when he undid the boy's clothing and looked at the horror of what had happened to him. The other men had torn a door off a wrecked house to use as a stretcher; and all the boy had asked for while he waited was a cigarette. He died on the way to the aid station, and when they set him down on the ground the cigarette in his hand was still smoking.

"Got any goom, mister?" It was a group of children, up late. He shook his head, smiling at them. "Got any coppers then?" they demanded. Fishing up the coppers the girl had given him in change at the hotel, he presented one to each of the smallest.

"You're a sergeant, you are," said the smallest girl with immense decision.

"He is not," said one of the others indignantly. "He's a lieutenant."

"You're a *lootenant*," reclassified the smallest girl gravely. She fingered her penny. "You got a long ways to go to get home."

"How do you know?" he asked, grinning.

"We was in *your* tent," the small girl announced defiantly. "Wasn't we, Joy? In *his* tent?"

"It's time you youngsters were in bed," he said, looking at his watch.

"We've been in an air raid," announced one of them. "In London."

"What time is it?" asked the oldest girl.

"Ten minutes after twelve," he said.

"Lum!" She was startled. "Come along, you." She shepherded the youngsters before her. "Here comes a jeep!" screamed the small one. "You can get a ride!"

But the jeep was full of soldiers who passed him with a laughing shout, "Got any gum, chum?" He turned on his way alone.

The O.D. was in the enlisted men's kitchen, cooking himself a pot of coffee. To save himself the trouble of blacking-out the windows, he had left the lights off. Stack saw the flashlight. "Help yourself," said the man as he went in. "You'll find sugar and cream over there on the shelf."

Stumbling through the room, Stack helped himself. He felt suddenly cheerful. The coffee was strong and hot and it tasted better than the coffee they cooked for the daily meals. He stood by the open door and drank it gratefully.

"Where've you been?" asked the O.D.

"To town."

"Anything new?"

"Not a thing."

He lit a cigarette and inhaled it deeply. He felt more at peace than he had felt in months. He did not understand it, but it was so. He had done what he had promised himself never to do again, as long as he lived, and yet he felt at peace. The balance had been restored. What was stranger still, he had found his wife again. Already the incident of the evening was going back into that part of his mind where he kept the memory of the flesh and the blood, the quick and the dead — those things that would never be wholly understood by him and never understood at all by the people back home. In their place had come his wife. He had her back.

Outside, a dark wind stirred through the branches. But beyond the trees, where the shower of drops set the crows to a sleepy murmuring of protest among themselves, the sky had begun to clear. A few stars were out.

THE IVORY LAB

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

Most of the excitement about “higher education” in the last three years has been about the teaching of history, languages, and “great books.” But the most serious and pressing need in colleges today seems to me to be the teaching of science. It may appear paradoxical that I speak of a “need” which everyone believes to be adequately met, but paradox disappears when the point of view changes. From one point of view, science is taught in every American college; from another point of view, it is taught in none, or very few. Looked at in a certain light, science teaching today is the most efficient, up-to-date, and worldly-wise. In another light, it is backward, wasteful, and “escapist.” Let me explain these contrasts.

Sixty or seventy years ago, science was a new academic subject. People mistrusted its power to educate, and many of its proponents seemed as if they could never be educated themselves. The tradition of liberal studies had always included mathematics, because mathematics was supposed to train the mind; but the new physical sciences were first seen as manual arts, messy and expensive, and with no more “discipline” to them than a pair of elastic-sided boots. At the time of the fight for adding science to the curriculum, the defensive position was held by Greek and Latin, which unfortunately adopted a “scorched earth” policy. I mean that they allowed themselves to be invaded by the “scientific spirit” and, in trying to compete with it, reduced their field to a wasteland of verbal criticism, grammar, and philology. Literature was relegated to a

second place, and studying the classics came to mean research into the uses of *utor*, *frutor*, and *fungor*.

Naturally the classics were exterminated, for science could beat them at their own game. A young man trained in science could on graduation get any of a hundred desirable jobs in industry. A young “scientific” classicist could only hope to teach his own subject to a dwindling number of students. That is what invariably comes of trying to put belles-lettres into utilitarian envelopes. As Dean Briggs of Harvard said when the Bachelor of Science degree was established: “It does not guarantee that the holder knows any science, but it does guarantee that he does *not* know any Latin.” When the study of classical literature in translation was reintroduced for freshmen at Columbia College a few years ago, the undergraduate department of classics was surprised to find its enrollment in beginning Greek increased 150 per cent: they now had ten students.

But the bitter joke is not on the classics alone. Having stepped into Greek’s vacated place, science now occupies its position, not with respect to size of enrollment, but with respect to educational attitude. It is now in power and it is disdainful, holier-than-thou, and prudish. Someone once asked, “What is it that our men of science are guarding like a threatened virginity?” “Oh,” was the answer, “they have a Vestal interest in their subject.”

Considered — somewhat unfairly — in the mass, science teachers may be said to contribute the greatest proportion of backward-looking, anti-intellectual, mechanic-minded members to the faculty. Characteristically, single departments of physical science have in certain institutions tried to set up separate schools, where only their one science would be taught for four years and rewarded with some kind of Bachelor’s degree. The intention was to monopolize the student’s time, cram him full of “practical” knowledge, and sell him to the highest

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bidder the moment he had clutched his diploma and redeemed his ten-dollar deposit for apparatus.

Doubtless there is a demand for such prefabricated industrial robots, and I see no reason why such schools should not function in a manner useful to the commonwealth — off the campus. But departments that once clamored for admission to university status and have had it for fifty years are unwilling to give up all the *douceurs* of the association. They would still like to profit from the university connection, to color their degree with a faint tincture of liberal teaching, — perhaps they would require a year of English and a year of history and economics, — and to boast that their own subject, be it chemistry or geology, is also one of the “humanities.” They want to eat their cake as many times over as a cow does her cud.

2

A CROWD of evils springs from this ambiguous mood in the present college curriculum. There is an undignified scramble for the student’s time, with broad hints on the part of the scientist that the rest of the program is folderol. Repressed antagonisms divide teachers of the humanities (vague, pointless, unpractical subjects — except economics) from teachers of the real stuff represented by science. Moreover, departments of physics and chemistry require mathematical preparation in strict amount and order of time, with the result that all scheduling revolves around their claims. Since most young Americans discover their vocational bent while undergraduates, the wish to qualify for a profession is a powerful lever to make everyone study science for one or two years under these barbaric conditions. The doctor, the engineer, the research man in any science must gobble up as many courses as he can; and the man uninterested in science must “fulfill the requirement.” Both are often judged on their science record, in the belief that it unmistakably reveals “real brains” or the lack of them.

The worst of all this is that neither group of students learns much about science but goes to swell the ranks of the two great classes of modern men — the single-track expert and the scientific ignoramus. Could anything more plainly demonstrate the failure of science to become a subject fit for college teaching? What makes a subject fit for the higher curriculum is surely no novelty: it is that it shall enlighten all the corners of the mind and teach its own uses. The humble three R’s begin in strict utility and end up in poetry, science, and the search for the Infinite. They can and should therefore be taught indefinitely. Men have known for three

thousand years that other matters of knowledge naturally divide themselves into special and general, that both are needful, but that whereas the special *add* to one’s powers, the general *enhance the quality* of all of them.

At a recent educational conference, the dean of a Midwestern university complained humorously that he was always being asked to give credits for impossible subjects — subjects that, he said, deserved to be called *in-credible*. A transfer student, for example, wanted “points” for seven hours of saw filing. Undeniably saw filing is a necessary art, but its merits as a general enhancer of power and personality stop accruing so soon after study is begun that it is not properly a branch of academic learning. The same is true of still more complex matters like shorthand, typewriting, and dress designing. Farther on in the series, it becomes harder to draw the line: stamp collecting is sub-educational, but numismatics is a province of history.

Fortunately there is no doubt whatever about the place of the sciences: they *are* humanities and they belong in the college curriculum. Accordingly, they should be introduced into it *as humanities*, at the earliest possible moment. How? I have some tentative suggestions to make, but first I want to stress the danger of further delay and of the continuance of our present malpractice.

The worst danger is the creation of a large, powerful, and complacent class of college-trained uneducated men at the very heart of our industrial and political system. We may be too near to judge, but it strikes me that one of the conditions that made possible the present folly in Germany was the split among three groups: the technicians, the citizens, and the rabble. This becomes persuasively plain if you consider the professional army caste as a group of unthinking technicians. The rabble together with the technicians can cow the citizenry; the technicians — wedded solely to their workbench — will work for any group that hires; and the rabble, worshipping “science” to the exclusion of less tangible necessities, is perfectly willing to sacrifice the citizen. They probably think that, if necessary, “science” could manufacture German citizens — out of wolfram.

Such principles will hardly give long life and happiness to a democracy. The only hope for a democratic state is to have more citizens than anything else. Hence technicians must not be allowed to hibernate between experiments, but must become conscious, responsible, politically and morally active men. Otherwise they will find not only that representative government has slipped out of their fingers, but that they have also lost their command-

ing position. They will be paid slaves in the service of some rabble, high or low. Meanwhile our present stock of citizens must not simply gape at the wonders of science, but must understand enough of its principles to criticize and admire the results. As for the rabble, it must be transmuted as fast as it forms, by science and morals both.

All this clearly depends on teaching our easy-going, rather credulous college boys and girls what science is. If they leave college thinking, as they usually do, that science offers a full, accurate, and literal description of man and nature; if they think scientific research by itself yields final answers to social problems; if they think scientists are the only honest, patient, and careful workers in the world; if they think that Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Lavoisier, and Faraday were unimaginative plodders like their own instructors; if they think theories spring from facts and that scientific authority at any time is infallible; if they think that the ability to write down symbols and read monometers is fair ground for superiority and pride; and if they think that science steadily and automatically makes for a better world — then they have wasted their time in the science lecture room; they live in an Ivory Laboratory more isolated than the poet's tower¹ and they are a plain menace to the society they belong to. They are a menace whether they believe all this by virtue of being engaged in scientific work themselves or of being disqualified from it by felt or fancied incapacity.

3

I RETURN to what might perhaps be done preventively and constructively. To begin with, a change of direction must be imparted to the teaching of science. The fact must be recognized that most students still do not make science their profession.² Consequently, for future lay citizens the compulsory science requirement in force nearly everywhere must be justified by a course explicitly designed for them. Such a course must not play at making physicists or biologists, but at explaining the principles of the physical sciences in a coherent manner. A "survey" of all the sciences is out of the question. It would be at once superficial and bewildering. But an intelligent introduction to princi-

ples can be given. The assumptions that connect and that differentiate the sciences of matter, of living beings, and of logical relation can be taught; the meaning and the grounds of great unifying theories can be explained, and significant demonstrations and experiments can be shown to and made by the students.

Out of such a course there would surely come a changed attitude on the part of teachers and indeed a change in teaching personnel. At present, side by side with wise men and ripe teachers in the sciences, one finds many highly trained and absolutely uneducated practitioners. One also finds fanatics of the order that Dickens described in Professor Dingo, who, being caught defacing houses with his geological hammer, replied that "he knew of no building save the Temple of Science." Many university scientists openly scorn teaching and use their appointment to boil the pot of individual research. Now a life of research is a worthy one, but no amount of worthy motive justifies false pretenses and fraudulent impersonation — in this case the pretense of imparting knowledge and the impersonation of a teacher.

In the classroom, such men usually are neither civil, nor literate, nor even scientific, for their knowledge of science is purely from inside — a limitation equally bad but more misleading than the limitation of knowing it purely from outside. "What do they know of science who only science know?" They teach it as a set of rules, and speak of the profession as a "game." Drill in manual dexterity they entrust to laboratory assistants, who are only younger editions of themselves, and for whom a good notebook or speed in performing repetitious experiments is the passport to approval. There is seldom any consideration of the students as thinking minds, of the proper allocation of effort among the many interests legitimate at their time of life, or of the philosophical implications which the words, the history, and the processes of the particular science disclose.

To offset this lamentable state of things, it must be said that two of the professions most concerned with scientific training — engineering and medicine — have lately amended their outlook and made overtures to the humanities. The medical schools have declared that cramming the student with science in college is a poor thing. He had better study other, less "practical," more formative subjects and postpone advanced chemistry and biology until medical school, where they will be taught him again in a fashion better tailored to his needs. This new policy is excellent, but it is not yet sufficiently enforced. The lesser medical schools — and some

¹ To judge by results, it would seem that the poet climbs to the top of his tower to look out at the world and write about it. Why cavil at the building material: at once durable and attractive and requiring no upkeep?

² Statistics for the Middle West, based on large freshman enrollments, show that 50 per cent of those taking Chemistry 1, 60 per cent of those taking Geology 1, 73 per cent of those taking Physics 1, 75 per cent of those taking Biology 1, and 82 per cent of those taking Botany 1 never go further into the science.

others — do not trust their own belief in the principles; they still appeal to “practical” views and judge applicants by A’s in science.

Similarly, the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education has passed splendid resolutions approving what they call the “social-humanistic stem,” by which they mean a few branches of non-engineering study — more accurately, then, the “social-humanistic fagots.” But here again, engineering thought is ahead of the engineer’s emotions. When it comes to the test, student or program is pushed around to suit engineering subject matter.

If you add to this the important fact that many young Americans choose “engineering” in the belief that this means a career of research in pure science, you may form some notion of the present anarchical mess. The would-be engineer of seventeen finds that what he really wants to work at is pure research in electricity — that is, to be a physicist. He must therefore back water, change his course, and take some new prerequisites. Meanwhile his upbringing as a man and citizen goes by the board. He is caught between two grindstones, each indifferent to the effect of its motion, just as if the boy being put through this mill were not a human being, a student of the university, and a future citizen of the nation. (Who is being “practical” now?)

Some would probably still maintain that the professional schools in contact with “the world” know best what is the practical view, and that the college is as ever utopian. But there is one curious fact to be added. It is that the scientific professional schools have a way of relaxing their jaws into a smile whenever the market demand for their product decreases: it is a reflex action. They fall in love with the humanities all over again and raise the amount they require for admission, until outside pressure once again lowers the floodgates and the frown succeeds the smile. This self-regulating action is a feat of engineering in itself — or shall I say of doctoring the supply for public consumption?

The question is not whether this is the easy way to go about marketing young men, but whether it is a responsible, grown-up way of replenishing the professional class of society. Granted that practice is the test of all schemes and ideals, is this the most practical scheme that American ingenuity can devise? I concede that, in the present state of mind of the American public, desire for vocational training takes the lead over anything else. But are the directing members of the university world to follow other people’s untutored impulses or to guide and redirect them? We may well ask when we reflect that the first victims of the system are the children of the unthinking public and the public itself.

For it is the oldest fallacy about schooling to suppose that it can train a man for “practical” life. Inevitably, while the plan of study is being taught, “practical life” has moved on. “They did it this way three months ago; now they do it this way.” No employer who knows anything about men will value a beginner because he knows the ropes of a particular changeable routine. It would be as sensible to require that newcomers know the floor plan of the factory ahead of time.³

The corporations employing the largest numbers of engineers and scientific research men are on this matter ‘way ahead of the colleges. One such firm conducted a survey last year to find out where and how its first-rate executives had been prepared. They came from the most unexpected places — including small liberal arts colleges, the teaching profession, the stage, and the Baptist ministry. It was found that the engineering schools — particularly those sensible ones that make no pretense at intellectual *cachet* — turned out a good average product but few leaders. The company’s own institutes and night courses raised the chance of foremen and district managers — but only up to a point. The survey concluded that what it wanted as material to shape future executives was graduates of liberal arts colleges, trained in history and economics, in philosophy and in good English, and likewise possessed of an *intelligent interest in science and technology*. Gentlemen, the path lies open.

4

MY FRIEND Dean Finch, of the Columbia University School of Engineering, might not agree with all I have just said, but I think he would approve of one element in my suggestions which I casually threw in. I mean the utility of history in the teaching of science. He himself is an historian of technology and offers in Columbia College a valuable course in the subject for the use of “lay” students. What is surprising is that similar courses, accompanied by others in the history of pure science, are not given — indeed required — on every American campus.

The very idea, it must be said, is shrouded in the smoke of battle. When I mention it, some of my

³ The engineering educators say: “From its very nature, engineering education operates under changing conditions which constantly challenge its processes and test its results . . . so as to adapt itself to changing needs.” This is fine and good, but it holds true of every other professional subject and most academic ones. The old belief that only a few schools are in touch with the “real world” is untrue, even if the newer belief should prove true that it is best for the world to have the school conform to every change outside.

scientific colleagues slap me on the back and say, "More power to you." They may express doubts about persuading their fellows, or finding good instructors, but they want to see it tried. Moreover, they do not feel robbed when in my own teaching of nineteenth-century history I discuss Dalton and Darwin, Liebig and Faraday, Mayer and Clerk Maxwell. Though scientists, these colleagues of mine can see that to complain of general ignorance about the role of science in modern history and to prevent historians from mentioning it is to love monopoly above riches.

Others take the view that science has no history because every new achievement supersedes previous ones. The history of science, they feel, is nothing but biographical chitchat about scientists. Or else they admit that it is useful to find out what the Middle Ages thought of natural science, but only in order to point the lesson of freedom from church authority and fight anew the old battle of science against religion.

This angry confusion about the history of science is dense but not impenetrable. Three things may be distinguished. First there is historical research into the beginnings of science — Greek or Arabic or Medieval. This goes on as advanced study and concerns undergraduates only in the form of broad tested conclusions. Then there is the biography of scientists, which is of immense educational importance — whatever laboratory men may say. Biography does not mean recounting Newton's imaginary embroilments with women or Lavoisier's perfectly real ones with public finance. It means finding out from the lives of great scientific creators what they worked at and how their minds functioned. How tiresome it is to hear nothing from our scientific departments but Sunday School homilies on the gameness of Galileo, the patience of Pasteur, and the carefulness of Madame Curie. And how uninteresting! Any man who accomplishes anything in any field is as patient as he has to be, and even little boys know that glass being breakable you have to be careful.

What would be far more significant and novel — though true — would be to teach that Copernicus gambled on insufficient evidence; that Kepler was chiefly a horoscope-caster; that Faraday probably believed more wrong theories than any man alive, and turned them to good use in experiment; that Darwin, on his own admission, made awful blunders and admired the art of wriggling out of them; that T. H. Morgan's laboratory was rather messy; that Newton could not see how his own astronomy contradicted the Bible; that scientific men have suppressed and persecuted opponents of their theories,

and that the best scientific truth can end in a rigid and mistaken orthodoxy — as happened after Newton and Darwin. The point is that science is made by man, in the light of interests, errors, and hopes, just like poetry, philosophy, and human history itself.

5

TO SAY this is not to degrade science, as naïve persons might think; it is on the contrary to enhance its achievements by showing that they sprang not from patience on a monument but from genius toiling in the mud. I leave unexplained here all that accrues from studying how we came to use atoms or devise absolute zero or to state the law of conservation of energy (including the reasons why "energy" is a better word than the earlier "force") or what steps led first to the abandonment and then to the later salvaging of Avogadro's hypothesis. A good scientist-historian would exhibit the assumptions and habits which affected scientific opinion at important turning points. He would unite science to other thought by discussing the nature of its evidence at various periods. And he would show the role of pure imagination in all great scientific work.

I know Bacon promised that science would level all the minds of its devotees to average size, and he is right in so far as drilling can make ordinary men into patient, careful laboratory workers. But science has not yet managed to get along without ideas, and these come only from men of special, powerful, and irreducible aptitudes. The chronological study of these men and ideas is the proper subject matter for an undergraduate course in the history of science.

I know the common objection offered to all this — to an historical and a synoptic account of scientific principles in place of the "regular" science courses: it is that the substitutes would be merely talk about science and not science itself. Grant this for argument's sake. The objectors miss the point if they do not see that talk about science has a place in the curriculum and that such talk may be good or bad, quite all right or all quite wrong, exactly like talk about art.

If science is one of the humanities, it must be capable of being looked at and thought about apart from direct doing — at least until we require every concertgoer to write a symphony before being allowed to take his seat at Carnegie Hall. Besides, the synoptic course I have in view would include laboratory work, and it would rest with the scientists themselves whether the students mastered enough of the operative side of true science to keep them from irresponsible talk about it. If science

teachers think that a year's drudgery in physics as now given prevents silly notions in those who take it in college, they are either unobservant or illogical.

Doubtless it is bad logic they suffer from — the usual weakness of scientists, and of the rest of mankind, who generally want to have things both ways. Take as an example a comment made on the relation of science and history in the excellent study of Lavoisier by J. A. Cochrane. The author complains that "although Lavoisier was at the time of his death and for at least fifteen years before it one of the most eminent men in France, the general historian does not think it worth while to make any mention of him. . . . Science has undoubtedly changed the face of the world, and yet practically the only credit given to it by the historian is the Industrial Revolution . . . and even then the facts are not always accurate."

This is very sound criticism, but the scientist at once reasserts his monopoly: "No doubt the historian, having no qualifications to discuss the progress of science, feels that he had best leave it severely alone, but he can scarcely claim to trace the evolution of the modern world if he omits one of the most important factors in that evolution." Which will the author have — treatment with inevitable errors or leaving the sacred objects "severely alone"? So long as we act like watchdogs over our little plots, it is obvious that we cannot have the comprehensive views that all profess to desire. Somebody has to take the first step — and suffer for his pains.

6

BUT it would be unfair if I gave the impression that the opposition to teaching the history of science to college students was universal or came only from certain scientists. At one great university near New York there was a thriving enterprise of this sort, popular with students and science departments alike. It was given by a young man, equally gifted in the humanities and in his chosen physical science — a budding *uomo universale*, whom fellow scientists were willing to aid, guide, and correct — if need be — on the remoter details of their science. After a few years this course built up a tradition, exerted an influence, reached a kind of perfection in the fulfillment of its aim.

With the war, changes came in staff and direction; the instructor left and the opposition rallied to abolish the course. It will scarcely be believed when

I say that the prime mover in this putsch was a philosopher. What inspired him, the Absolute only knows. The science course did not teach any philosophy contrary to his own; it only taught the historical fact that great men of science have employed varying philosophical assumptions to gain their ends. It taught, besides, that the several sciences do not look at the world all in the same way and that, so far as science has a unified point of view, it is not exclusive of others — the ways, namely, of art, philosophy, religion, and common sense. Lastly, the course imparted a fair amount of matters of fact and showed how wrong was the man who said: "You don't have to teach the history of science to make a man understand that water is H₂O." That is precisely what you have to teach, unless you are willing to barter understanding for mere voodoo formulas.

What more could any philosophy department want? Their students were lucky enough to be taught to think. Is there any other use to make of the four years of college? The world being full of a number of things, it takes practice to think easily about the chief ones. Does philosophy pretend to monopolize cogitation because Descartes said, "Don't doubt I'm thinking!"?

The fact is that philosophy has suffered emotionally, like Greek and Latin, from the triumph of science. Philosophy was a minor partner in the defeat of the classics, and that has left it laboring under the same sense of wrong, the same fancied need to be haughty — and even hoity-toity. In the eighties science said: "We bring you the answers. Philosophy will gradually be pushed out as we extend our certainty." Many philosophers agreed and looked for their retirement at the first outrush of some naked Archimedes shouting "Eureka!" Other philosophers, courageously holding their ground, fought as critics of science's faulty logic or extreme arrogance, just as a few classicists kept saying, "Poison gas marks a great step forward but have you taken in the meaning of Thucydides' *Peloponnesian War*?"

The time has now come for the three-cornered duel on the campus to cease. The classics, philosophy, and science are at once overlapping and complementary disciplines. No need even to adjust boundary differences. The students are well able to take care of seeming conflicts, and in truth profit from them, since opposition reinforces attention by heightening the drama of human thought. Science must be taught, and historically, too, or the people will perish.

(To be continued)



AN ATLANTIC STORY

TIME AND EBB

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

I

IN THE first floriferous days of convalescence after a severe illness, which nobody, least of all the patient himself, expected a ninety-year-old organism to survive, I was admonished by my dear friends Norman and Nura Stone to prolong the lull in my scientific studies and relax in the midst of some innocent occupation such as brazier or solitaire.

The first is out of the question, since tracking the name of an Asiatic town or the title of a Spanish novel through a maze of jumbled syllables on the last page of the evening newsbook (a feat which my youngest great-granddaughter performs with the utmost zest) strikes me as far more strenuous than toying with animal tissues. Solitaire, on the other hand, is worthy of consideration, especially if one is sensitive to its mental counterpart; for is not the setting down of one's reminiscences a game of the same order, wherein events and emotions are dealt to oneself in leisurely retrospection?

Arthur Freeman is reported to have said of memoirists that they are men who have too little imagination to write fiction and too bad a memory to write the truth. In this twilight of self-expression I too must float. Like other old men before me, I have discovered that the near in time is annoyingly confused, whereas at the end of the tunnel there are color and light. I can discern the features of every month in 1944 or 1945, but seasons are utterly blurred when I pick out 1997 or 2012. I cannot remember the name of the eminent scientist who attacked my latest paper, as I have also forgotten those other names which my equally eminent de-

fenders called him. I am unable to tell offhand what year the Embryological Section of the Association of Nature Lovers of Reykjavik elected me a corresponding member, or when, exactly, the American Academy of Science awarded me its choicest prize. (I remember, though, the keen pleasure which both these honors gave me.) Thus a man looking through a tremendous telescope does not see the cirri of an Indian summer above his charmed orchard, but does see, as my regretted colleague, the late Professor Alexander Ivanchenko, twice saw, the swarming of hesperozoa in a humid valley of the planet Venus.

No doubt the "numberless nebulous pictures" bequeathed us by the drab, flat, and strangely melancholic photography of the past century exaggerate the impression of unreality which that century makes upon those who do not remember it; but the fact remains that the beings that peopled the world in the days of my childhood seem to the present generation more remote than the nineteenth century seemed to them. They were still up to their waists in its prudery and prejudice. They clung to tradition as a vine still clings to a dead tree. They had their meals at large tables around which they grouped themselves in a stiff sitting position on hard wooden chairs. Clothes consisted of a number of parts, each of which, moreover, contained the reduced and useless remnants of this or that older fashion (a townsman dressing of a morning had to squeeze something like thirty buttons into as many buttonholes besides tying three knots and checking the contents of fifteen pockets).

In their letters they addressed perfect strangers by what was — in so far as words have sense — the equivalent of "beloved master" and prefaced a theoretically immortal signature with a mumble expressing idiotic devotion to a person whose very existence was to the writer a matter of complete unconcern. They were atavistically prone to endow

Novelist and master of the short story who writes as well in English as he once wrote in Russian, VLADIMIR NABOKOV is a staff member of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge. In an accompanying letter he gives us this amusing clue to his new story: "What the twenty-first century will look like is less interesting than what our time will look like through the somewhat exotic veil of years. You will note that my good professor remembers certain little things inaccurately."

the community with qualities and rights which they refused to the individual. Economics obsessed them almost as much as theologies had obsessed their ancestors. They were superficial, careless, and short-sighted. More than other generations, they tended to overlook outstanding men, leaving to us the honor of discovering their classics (thus Richard Sinatra remained, while he lived, an anonymous "ranger" dreaming under a Telluride pine or reading his prodigious verse to the squirrels of San Isabel Forest, whereas everybody knew another Sinatra, a minor writer, also of Oriental descent).

Elementary allobiotic phenomena led their so-called spiritualists to the silliest forms of transcendental surmise and made so-called common sense shrug its broad shoulders in equally silly ignorance. Our denominations of time would have seemed to them "telephone" numbers. They played with electricity in various ways without having the slightest notion of what it really was — and no wonder the chance revelation of its true nature came as a most hideous surprise (I was a man by that time and can well remember old Professor Andrews sobbing his heart out on the campus in the midst of a dumfounded crowd).

But in spite of all the ridiculous customs and complications in which it was entangled, the world of my young days was a gallant and tough little world that countered adversity with a bit of dry humor and would calmly set out for remote battlefields in order to suppress the savage vulgarity of Hitler or Alamillo. And if I let myself go, many would be the bright, and kind, and dreamy, and lovely things which impassioned memory would find in the past — and then woe to the present age, for there is no knowing what a still vigorous old man might do to it if he tucked up his sleeves. But enough of this. History is not my field, so perhaps I had better turn to the personal lest I be told, as Mr. Saskatchewanov is told by the most charming character in present-day fiction (corroborated by my great-granddaughter, who reads more than I do), that "ev'ry cricket ought keep to its picket" — and not intrude on the rightful domain of other "gads and summer-smiths."

2

I was born in Paris. My mother died when I was still an infant, so that I can only recall her as a vague patch of delicious lacrimal warmth just beyond the limit of iconographic memory. My father taught music and was a composer himself (I still treasure an ancient program where his name stands next to that of a great Russian); he saw me through my

college stage and died of an obscure blood disease at the time of the South American War.

I was in my seventh year when he and I, and the sweetest grandmother a child has ever been blessed with, left Europe, where indescribable tortures were being inflicted by a degenerate nation upon the race to which I belong. A woman in Portugal gave me the hugest orange I had ever seen. From the stern of the liner two small cannon covered its portentously tortuous wake. A party of dolphins performed solemn somersaults. My grandmother read me a tale about a mermaid who had acquired a pair of feet. The inquisitive breeze would join in the reading and roughly finger the pages so as to discover what was going to happen next. That is about all I remember of the voyage.

Upon reaching New York, travelers in space used to be as much impressed as travelers in time would have been by the old-fashioned "skyscrapers"; this was a misnomer, since their association with the sky, especially at the ethereal close of a greenhouse day, far from suggesting any grating contact, was indescribably delicate and serene: to my childish eyes looking across the vast expanse of park-land that used to grace the center of the city, they appeared remote and lilac-colored, and strangely aquatic, mingling as they did their first cautious lights with the colors of the sunset and revealing, with a kind of dreamy candor, the pulsating inside of their semi-transparent structure.

Negro children sat quietly upon the artificial rocks. The trees had their Latin binomials displayed upon their trunks, just as the drivers of the squat, gaudy, scaraboid motor-cabs (generically allied in my mind to certain equally gaudy automatic machines upon the musical constipation of which the insertion of a small coin used to act as a miraculous laxative) had their stale photographic pictures affixed to their backs; for we lived in the era of Identification and Tabulation; saw the personalities of men and things in terms of names and nicknames and did not believe in the existence of anything that was nameless.

In a recent and still popular play dealing with the quaint America of the Flying Forties, a good deal of glamour is infused into the part of the Soda Jerk, but the side-whiskers and the starched shirt-front are absurdly anachronistic, nor was there in my day such a continuous and violent revolving of tall mushroom seats as is indulged in by the performers. We imbibed our humble mixtures (through straws that were really much shorter than those employed on the stage) in an atmosphere of gloomy greed. I remember the shallow enchantment and the minor poetry of the proceedings: the copious froth en-

gendered above the sunken lump of frozen synthetic cream, or the liquid brown mud of "fudge" sauce poured over its polar pate. Brass and glass surfaces, sterile reflections of electric lamps, the whirr and shimmer of a caged propeller, a Global War poster depicting Uncle Sam and his Rooseveltian tired blue eyes or else a dapper uniformed girl with a hypertrophied nether lip (that pout, that sullen kiss-trap, that transient fashion in feminine charm — 1930–1950), and the unforgettable tonality of mixed traffic noises coming from the street — these patterns and melodic figures, for the conscious analysis of which time is alone responsible, somehow connected the "drug store" with a world where men tormented metals and where metals hit back.

I attended a school in New York; then we moved to Boston; and then we moved again. We seem always to have been shifting quarters — and some homes were duller than others; but no matter how small the town, I was sure to find a place where bicycle tires were repaired, and a place where ice cream was sold, and a place where cinematographic pictures were shown.

Mountain gorges seemed to have been ransacked for echoes; these were subjected to a special treatment on a basis of honey and rubber until their condensed accents could be synchronized with the labial movements of serial photographs on a moon-white screen in a velvet-dark hall. With a blow of his fist a man sent a fellow creature crashing into a tower of crates. An incredibly smooth-skinned girl raised a linear eyebrow. A door slammed with the kind of ill-fitting thud that comes to us from the far bank of a river where woodmen are at work.

3

I AM also old enough to remember the coach trains: as a babe I worshiped them; as a boy I turned away to improved editions of speed. With their haggard windows and dim lights they still lumber sometimes through my dreams. Their hue might have passed for the ripeness of distance, for a blending succession of conquered miles, had it not surrendered its plumbloom to the action of coal dust so as to match the walls of workshops and slums which preceded a city as inevitably as a rule of grammar and a blot precede the acquisition of conventional knowledge. Dwarf dunce caps were stored at one end of the car and could flabbily cup (with the transmission of a diaphanous chill to the fingers) the grotto-like water of an obedient little fountain which reared its head at one's touch.

Old men resembling the hoary ferryman of still

more ancient fairy tales chanted out their intermittent "nextations" and checked the tickets of the travelers, among whom there were sure to be, if the journey was reasonably long, a great number of sprawling, dead-tired soldiers and one live, drunken soldier, tremendously peripatetic and with only his pallor to connect him with death. He always occurred singly but he was always there, a freak, a young creature of clay, in the midst of what some very modern history textbooks glibly call Hamilton's period — after the indifferent scholar who put that period into shape for the benefit of the brainless.

Somehow or other my brilliant but impractical father never could adapt himself to academic conditions sufficiently to stay very long in this or that place. I can visualize all of them, but one college town remains especially vivid: there is no need to name it if I say that three lawns from us, in a leafy lane, stood the house which is now the Mecca of a nation. I remember the sun-splashed garden chairs under the apple tree, and a bright copper-colored setter, and a fat, freckled boy with a book in his lap, and a handy-looking green apple that I picked up in the shadow of a hedge.

And I doubt whether the tourists who nowadays visit the birthplace of the greatest man of his time and peer at the period furniture self-consciously huddled beyond the plush ropes of enshrined immortality can feel anything of that proud contact with the past which I owe to a chance incident. For whatever happens, and no matter how many index cards librarians may fill with the titles of my published papers, I shall go down to posterity as the man who had once thrown an apple at Barrett.

To those who have been born since the staggering discoveries of the seventies, and who thus have seen nothing in the nature of flying things save perhaps a kite or a toy balloon (still permitted, I understand, in several states in spite of Dr. de Sutton's recent articles on the subject), it is not easy to imagine aeroplanes, particularly because old photographic pictures of those splendid machines in full flight lack the life which only art could have been capable of retaining — and oddly enough no great painter ever chose them as a special subject into which to inject his genius and thus preserve their image from deterioration.

I suppose I am old-fashioned in my attitude towards many aspects of life that happen to be outside my particular branch of science; and possibly the personality of the very old man I am may seem divided, like those little European towns one half of which is in France and the other in Russia. I know this and proceed warily. Far from me is the inten-

tion to promote any yearning and morbid regret in regard to flying machines, but at the same time I cannot suppress the romantic undertone which is inherent to the symphonic entirety of the past as I feel it.

In those distant days when no spot on earth was more than sixty hours' flying time from one's local airport, a boy would know planes from propeller spinner to rudder trim tab, and could distinguish the species not only by the shape of the wing tip or the jutting of a cockpit, but even by the pattern of exhaust flames in the darkness; thus vying in the recognition of characters with those mad nature-sleuths — the post-Linnean systematists. A sectional diagram of wing and fuselage construction would give him a stab of creative delight, and the models he wrought of balsa and pine and paper clips provided such increasing excitement during the making that, by comparison, their completion seemed almost insipid, as if the spirit of the thing had flown away at the moment its shape had become fixed.

Attainment and science, retainment and art —

the two couples keep to themselves, but when they do meet, nothing else in the world matters. And so I shall tiptoe away, taking leave of my childhood at its most typical point, in its most plastic posture: arrested by a deep drone that vibrates and gathers in volume overhead, stock-still, oblivious of the meek bicycle it straddles, one foot on the pedal, the toe of the other touching the asphalted earth, eyes, chin, and ribs lifted to the naked sky where a war plane comes with unearthly speed which only the expanse of its medium renders unhurried as ventral view changes to rear view, and wings and hum dissolve in the distance. Admirable monsters, great flying machines, they have gone, they have vanished like that flock of swans which passed with a mighty swish of multitudinous wings one spring night above Knights Lake in Maine, from the unknown into the unknown: swans of a species never determined by science, never seen before, never seen since — and then nothing but a lone star remained in the sky, like an asterisk leading to an undiscoverable footnote.



SIGNAL: ALL CLEAR

by EDWARD FENTON

THE answer's on the tip end of your tongue:
the reply to all the baffling questions, to the lies,
the senseless terrors, the decisions: the clearing of the skies.

The streets to walk on and be young,

(the way you were before you had to choose,
before you had to pay cash in the shops, before
you paused, debating, on what lay behind a door,
before you listened to the news

with that fixed grim attention, when the sum
of this plus that was definite)

are rubble now,
and you've grown up, and the blanks have to be filled somehow.

Look for the answer. It will come.
You have it there on the tip of your tongue.

Why do you stare? Why don't you speak?
Why do you stand there dumb?

EARL SMITH: FARMERS' BOSS

by ARTHUR MOORE

1

NO MATTER what others may think of Earl Smith, the farmers of Illinois, in 1943, thought of him as the kind of man who would like a grandfather clock. His big, spaniel eyes glistening with emotion, he stood on the platform at the convention of the Illinois Agricultural Association and accepted the clock as a gift from the membership. He also listened to an extravagant appreciation of his services as president of the Association and as spokesman for the men the *Chicago Daily News* once described as the "American kulaks."

A labor leader told me that Earl Smith is the man most fitted by temperament and ability to become the John L. Lewis of American agriculture. (This labor leader was no admirer of John L. Lewis, I should add.) James Patton, president of the rival Farmers' Union, described Smith as the Farm Bureau's "one-man brain trust." Wesley McCune in *The Farm Bloc* said Smith was, "by profession, a big operator" — and in the dangerous game of tabloid characterization, that comes close to being a masterpiece.

Earl Smith is important to us all, not because of what people think of him, but because he personifies many of the corn-belt farmer's ideas about himself as a farm organization man. Farm organizations have had a hard time growing up through the brambles of individualism and isolation. Earl Smith has cultivated the Illinois Agricultural Association into the richest and most powerful state farm organization in the country's history.

In some ways Earl Smith is the Illinois Agricultural Association. No matter what Illinois farmers

think about who sits in the White House, they have enthusiastically re-elected Earl Smith to office since 1926. They believe in his leadership. Despite frequent appeals from the platform for delegates to express their thoughts, and though a dozen controversies must have been boiling in their minds, they sat for the most part silently during their 1943 meeting.

Smith believes in leadership. "I only asked for help once," I heard him tell a McLean County audience. "In the depression I asked you farmers to wire your Senators in favor of 50-cent wheat. You would not do it. I have never called on you since. When you don't like what I do in your behalf, you can replace me."

His listeners in Chicago to a man did not like the OPA — yet they heard him in silence when he said price control could not be discarded. Many must have retained their isolationist views; yet they heard without protest his strong appeal for international coöperation after the war. Many who heard him must have been typical of the low-tax rural point of view; yet they heard him plead for more money for country schools. This was leadership in action. On each point he was ahead of his followers.

He does not command their loyalty with platform tricks or oratory. He has no personal showmanship, he still owns his farm in Pike County, and farm language saturates his talk.

Smith is big, slow-moving, well-tailored, impressive. He speaks forcefully and with sincerity. He is a good businessman and thinks of himself as a businessman. He is the business ideal of corn-belt agriculture come to life and farmers love it in him. "He could get a job with any corporation in the country," they like to boast, and one gets the impression that this is very high praise indeed. He believes profit is the sole necessary attribute of successful agriculture. "Of efforts to help the poor farmer he generally disapproves," said an article in the June, 1944, issue of *Fortune* in a reference to

Editor of one of the most influential farm papers in the United States, the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois, and for ten years a resident of the richest corn county in the Middle West, ARTHUR MOORE at the *Atlantic's* insistence has written an up-to-the-minute case history of the American farmer and of his difficulty in fitting into an industrial society. His first article, "Pushing the Hog from the Trough," appeared in the December *Atlantic*; other articles will appear in February and March.

Smith. And he does concentrate his efforts on making the big commercial farmers bigger and more commercial, believing that this is the way to help all agriculture — including the poor farmers.

To help the successful farmer become more successful in terms of money profit, Smith believes in two things: political pressure and coöperatives. The benefits of the coöperatives and the service departments of the Illinois Agricultural Association range from cholera serum to life insurance. At present writing the coöperatives have \$30,000,000 in assets and paid \$2,000,000 to members in 1943. And Smith is considering plans for expansion after the war, including coöperative packing plants scattered over the farm areas.

In 1943 he achieved a long-sought goal of 100,000 members, collecting \$15 a year from each in dues. This \$1,500,000 income is the envy of every other farm leader in the country, some of whom must be satisfied with dues of 50 cents a year.

In a quick answer, I believe Earl Smith would say that the price of corn is the most important economic fact in the country. So he found it logical to oppose the sale of wheat below parity prices early in the war because of what it might do to corn.

In August, 1943, when wartime food prices were at full flood and farm income was at unprecedented high figures, there was a short-lived and minor dip in some prices. The official magazine of the Illinois Agricultural Association roundly denounced the "severe financial reverses" and the "crumbling prices" harassing farmers. To keep price increases an attractive issue in a period of general rural prosperity, the plan was to reiterate that someone else — usually union labor — was getting even more.

For twelve years Earl Smith has been the undisputed spokesman for the three "I" states which comprise the corn belt's center of gravity — Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. He has taken the two neighboring state Farm Bureaus with him on every important issue in Washington. In recognition of his corn-belt leadership, he is vice-president of the American Farm Bureau Federation and chairman of its resolutions committee. And on at least one occasion both the Republican and the Democratic Senator from Illinois called Earl Smith before voting on an important farm measure.

2

EARL SMITH illustrates a good deal about the corn-belt farmer as a joiner, but not the whole story. It is necessary to know what the farmer joins as well as whom he follows.

On the western fringe of the corn belt the Farmers' Union is strong, and in Ohio the Grange is active. But in most of the corn-belt states the undisputed leader in farm organizations is the Farm Bureau. So the corn-belt farmer joins the Farm Bureau. It sounds simple enough. But it is not.

When I came to McLean County in 1935, I thought I knew what the Farm Bureau was. After asking a few questions, I was not so sure. I made it a hobby to try to find out by asking farmers. Some said it was a government agency to which they contributed \$15 a year. Others said it was a private organization which cost \$15 a year to join. Some said it was for the purpose of educating farmers in scientific agriculture. Others said it was for getting laws passed in Springfield and Washington. Over in Iowa about this time, Milo Reno was calling it the tool of international bankers. Since then I have often heard it described by rival farm organizations and by liberal friends of the New Deal as the illegitimate child of big business. It is also attacked as the exclusive voice of the big farmer.

In town, businessmen often say it is a "coöperative racket" sustained and unfairly promoted with public funds. I talked with one of these recently. He is a paint dealer and a member of the draft board in a neighboring county. He was asked to speak to a meeting of his county's Farm Bureau about draft rules. He came at the request of the farm adviser, who was acting as an employee of the Department of Agriculture Extension Service. But before he made his talk, he had to listen to an appeal to the farmers in attendance to buy Farm Bureau paint from their coöperative. He asked me whether this was what he was paying his taxes for.

Behind the confusion is a simple beginning as a government-sponsored educational program for farmers. As the frontier was pushing west, farmers left behind on run-down soil became interested in increasing yields in order to compete with the fresh land. In 1862 the Land-Grant College Act became law and state-operated agricultural colleges began to organize scientific knowledge in the farmer's behalf. Classroom work, however, was not enough to satisfy farmers. In 1868 Kansas State Agricultural College became the first to take "correct agricultural principles" directly to the farmers by means of traveling lecturers. Illinois took a different method the next year, inviting farmers to the campus for a two-week series of lectures and discussions. This was the birth of the "farmers' institute" which was to grow into the Extension Service method of teaching farmers.

The idea of hiring a county agricultural agent to serve farmers as a full-time teacher and demonstrator began to take hold about 1910. The money came

first from private sources, often business organizations. The first county unit to be given the name Farm Bureau was started in 1911 as an offshoot of the Binghamton, New York, Chamber of Commerce. By 1914 the county movement had become so strong that the Smith-Lever Act was passed, supplying Federal funds to pay half the costs of the county agent as a teacher employed by the Extension Service. The act provides for coöperative administration by the United States Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges and describes extension teaching as "the giving of instruction and practical demonstrations in agriculture and home economics to persons not attending or resident in said colleges . . . and imparting to such persons information on said subjects through field demonstrations, publications, and otherwise. . . ." This is still the legal basis of county agent work.

The alliance between the Extension Service and the Farm Bureau came about naturally enough. Many county Farm Bureaus were already doing educational work when the Smith-Lever Act was passed. They were a natural means of carrying on education under the new Federal-state system.

In those days of innocence regarding farm lobbies and organizational jealousies, there was an open and unabashed union of the Extension Service and the county Farm Bureaus.

"The county agent has been the John the Baptist of the Farm Bureau movement," an Extension Service official said. "The agents have done many things to commend themselves to public esteem, but nothing probably greater than the unselfish devotion they have given to their brother, the county Farm Bureau." The feeling was reciprocated. "The county agent is the keystone of the [American Farm Bureau] Federation," its president said in 1921.

From that time on the story is no longer a simple one; 1921 was about the last time such sentiments could be expressed without drawing angry accusations from other national farm organizations. The complications began when the county Farm Bureaus — still strictly educational — formed state Farm Bureaus. In Illinois the state organization was called the Illinois Agricultural Association, though elsewhere it is simply called the state Farm Bureau.

The Illinois Agricultural Association and the other state Farm Bureaus in varying degree were interested from the beginning in more than education. They made lobbying and coöperatives their chief activities, thus preparing the way for the "big operator" type of leadership Earl Smith typifies.

By 1919 the state organizations had met and formed the American Farm Bureau Federation to lobby on a national scale. The government-spon-

sored adult education program at the county level had grown into what is now conceded to be the most powerful private lobby in the country.

3

WHEN Henry Cantwell Wallace was Secretary of Agriculture he saw the direction the Farm Bureaus had taken. He set up administrative rules in 1922 trying to separate the county agent's duties from the strictly organization jobs the ambitious Farm Bureau promoters thrust on him. Wallace reminded the agents that they were "public teachers" and not membership salesmen, managers of coöperatives, or editors of Farm Bureau publications. Some of the state Extension directors, disturbed by the trend, refused to work with the Farm Bureau in its new character. But most continued to coöperate, in the belief that it was the best means of reaching the farmer with educational material. They were probably right.

So in Illinois today and in some of the other states where there is a connection between the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service, this "public teacher" finds his time taken up largely by Farm Bureau members and with Farm Bureau projects. In Illinois the county agents are hired by the county Farm Bureaus from a list of applicants approved by the Extension Service. They are paid partly from private Farm Bureau funds and partly from state and Federal funds.

If the agents are not supposed to promote membership, they nevertheless attend the state membership rallies. If they are "public teachers," they also are exposed to the lobby line of the official Farm Bureau Federation at an annual meeting so private that newspapermen are not invited.

This double function — part teacher and part private organization employee — puts them in many awkward situations. For example, as Extension employees they were charged with explaining the wartime dairy subsidy to farmers. But as Farm Bureau employees they were working for an organization which bitterly opposed the subsidy.

In 1930 a study revealed that in nineteen states the public did not recognize any difference between the term "farm bureau" and the term "extension work." To cap the confusion, making it complete from bottom to top, the national director of the Extension Service is, ex officio, a member of the American Farm Bureau Federation board of directors — a fact which sends the rival farm organizations into fits of temper whenever they think of it.

Though the Grange never meets in national con-

vention without passing resolutions in opposition, it has been the Farmers' Union which has most actively fought the Extension Service-Farm Bureau alliance. It has published information showing that in Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Arkansas, Louisiana, Georgia, New York, and California the Extension Service has used the franking privilege of a government agency to call meetings of the Farm Bureau, which the Union sees only as a rival organization. The Union caught the Nebraska Farm Bureau in a particularly virulent attack on the war food program at a time when the Extension Service in that state was pushing a Farm Bureau membership campaign at \$10 per member. In the words of the *National Union Farmer*: "1 — Extension gets money from the U. S. Treasury. 2 — Extension builds a Farm Bureau. 3 — Farm Bureau kicks the U. S. program in the beak."

There is practically unlimited state autonomy in administering the Extension Service. Policies vary widely. Some state Extension directors guard carefully against mixing in the private affairs of the Farm Bureau. But none can escape the embarrassment which falls on this public educational agency when their ally in twenty-nine states also functions as a private lobby.

4

IN THE McLean County Farm Bureau office, the furniture is smartly steel and the stenographers are smoothly handsome. The Farm Bureau building is of modernistic design complete with a curved wall, glass brick, and chairs with steel runners instead of legs. On the table around which farmers and businessmen sit awaiting appointments are *Business Week*, the Kiplinger Washington letter, and some of the higher-toned agricultural magazines.

It is the biggest county Farm Bureau in the corn belt and the biggest in the country except for a few counties near large cities and one in the South where the plantation owners write all their sharecroppers down as members and pay the membership fee themselves.

There are about 2900 members in McLean County, of which fewer than 200, I am told, are business or professional men. This leaves some 1200 farmers, or about one third of those in the county, who do not belong. Asa B. Culp, who makes his living selling memberships, explained who the non-joiners are. They are the Amish sect, some of the hill farmers in the poor northwest corner of the county, some farmers who just ride along getting the benefits of legislation without paying their \$15, and a few individualists. Mr. Culp, so far as I know,

does not swear — the way he spits out "individualist," he does not have to.

A strong selling point for memberships is that the rebates and the savings from the coöperatives will return the \$15 fee, but Mr. Culp says he prefers a higher plane. He sells farmers on the importance of banding together for the good of farming, but he is ready to show that joining is good business, too.

This banding together for the good of agriculture is the crux of the criticism most often directed against the Farm Bureau. Does it attract only the big farmer and give only the big farmer a voice? And are the big farmers among the "authentic Bourbons" of our time?

"For what avail the plough or sail, Or land or life, if freedom fail?" asked Emerson. It might well be asked of agriculture in America if the Farm Bureau were determined to put the interests of a reactionary, class-conscious band of commercial farmers ahead of everything else. It would be powerful enough to wreck what it could not control. Not only food but freedom would literally be at stake.

It seems to me there are some serious weaknesses in the way farm organizations conduct their affairs. But I do not think that the Farm Bureau — in the corn belt, at least — follows a reactionary class line. My reason is that there are no rigid class differences in corn-belt agriculture.

I know about the poor farmers in the northwest corner of the county. I know they do not join the Farm Bureau because in ordinary times \$15 is too much. I also know they do not feel like driving down to Bloomington to talk to the farm adviser in his modernistic office. The farmers who need help the most do not get across the barrier of that \$15 and the feeling that they do not belong. To this extent, the system needs reform.

But do not assume from this that McLean County farming is separated into two classes, the big and the little, the prosperous and the poor, the successful and the failures, the Farm Bureau members and the non-members. Corn-belt farming is not a series of shelves with a class of poor stuffed into the lowest and a class of aristocrats living in ease at the top. Corn-belt agriculture is still the economic ladder it has always been; not so easily climbed as in the past, but still a ladder.

I saw a stranger on the street — a foreigner to McLean County eyes. His shoulders were rounded. His head hung forward from a long, thin neck, and his self-conscious grin showed black stumps for teeth. He was plainly up from the Ozarks to put his foot on the bottom rung of corn-belt agriculture as a hired laborer. Perhaps he will never go any higher. But thousands do take the next step into

tenancy. At the top, for the skillful, — and sometimes the lucky, — there is ownership.

Are you thinking it doesn't happen that way in America any more? From 1939 through 1943 the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company sold 7427 farms it acquired by foreclosure during the depression; 3873 of them were sold to tenant farmers. The change from laborer to tenant and from tenant to owner happens thousands of times every year in the corn belt, except in the most violent depression.

The Farm Bureaus of the corn belt speak for owners and successful tenants who are always making room for recruits from below. There is no scheming in the name of big corporations, as in the California fruit industry. There is no such political tie in here as in the South. What is done in the corn belt is done in the interests of a type of farming, not a rigid social or economic class.

The Farm Bureau and the Grange, where it is active in the corn belt, are conservative in economics and politics. But on the eastern fringe Murray Lincoln leads the energetic Ohio State Farm Bureau, a maverick among the state organizations and a liberal force in many national issues. On the western fringe is the Farmers' Union, another gadfly to the conservative farm lobby in Washington. Corn-belt farming still is healthy with challenge and dispute.

Urban liberals who become alarmed over the social structure of corn-belt agriculture forget that there is a difference between democratic conservatives and class-conscious reactionaries. The doctrinaires of the left will not make this distinction and they have influenced urban thinkers everywhere. But corn-belt farming in the great essentials is still classless.

When the Farm Bureau speaks it is, however, in the voice of successful farmers rather than the unsuccessful; if it is not a caste which speaks, it is at least a group of big, commercial farmers. But do not think that when Earl Smith calls the Farm Bureau directors together for a meeting he rubs his hands in anticipation and says, "How can we ruin some small farmers today?" The critics of the Farm Bureau who would have the country believe any such thing are wrong.

5

THIS is how the "big versus little" situation came about. The Farm Bureau stresses the commercial aspects of farming — the selling of produce, the buying of supplies, and the fixing of prices by political action. Therefore it is of more use to the big producer than to the small producer. The bigger the

farmer, the more he benefits; the smaller the farmer, the less he benefits. At the \$15 a year Illinois fee there is a point where a membership becomes sheer luxury to the poorest, least commercial farmers. They remain outside and the Farm Bureau program continues to coincide with the interests of the efficient and the successful. To this extent it is not the voice of agriculture as a whole. There might be things good for agriculture which the Farm Bureau would overlook — for example, rehabilitation among the unskillful and the unfortunate.

I do not mean that members of the Farm Bureau are callous to the troubles of the poor. Many seek every way to help those who need it. They simply do not consider the Farm Bureau to be a welfare agency. They would as soon expect United States Steel to go into welfare work. The Farm Bureau is "business."

I do not know what can be done about this limitation of the Farm Bureau program except to urge more farmers to join, thus taking the membership down into the lower economic brackets. Less than 15 per cent of poor farmers now belong to any organization, a *Fortune* poll disclosed, so the Farm Bureau is not alone in its attraction to the successful. The Farmers' Union, widely hailed as the spokesman for the poor farmer, has just about the same ratio of poor and well-to-do farmers as the Farm Bureau, according to the findings of *Fortune*.

The leadership of the successful is as natural in farming as it is in any other endeavor. I sometimes wonder if persons who are critical of farm organizations in this respect ever tried to organize a group for any serious purpose. Call teachers, or writers, or cooks together for self-improvement. To the first meeting come the most ambitious and, quite generally, the most able. They establish the program and the others follow. It is that way in farming.

The leadership of the successful has its weaknesses. It tends to direct farm policy toward preserving the status quo instead of shifting to meet new conditions. The already successful make the rules, and naturally they are rules to preserve the makers' own particular brand of success. Another weakness is overattention to the short-run commercial advantage, to the next season's price, or to jockeying for some commodity advantage. Concentrating as they do on the commercial aspects of farming, they are relatively uninterested in such things as land care, tenancy, and the condition of life among the poor farmers.

These are the weaknesses of the Farm Bureau and of farm leaders like Earl Smith. His ability as an organizer, his businesslike direction of the co-operatives, his able political fight for parity prices,

all have achieved positive good for corn-belt farming. But they have not prepared him to see an issue like that surrounding the Farm Security Administration except through the eyes of the already successful upper-income farmers.

6

THE one-sidedness of this type of leadership was revealed in the FSA fight as nowhere else in recent years. The FSA was the only Federal agency with a program to improve the lot of the little tenants and to help them to ownership. It was strengthening agriculture below the level of the successful commercial farmer — below the level of Farm Bureau membership. The American Farm Bureau Federation fought the FSA before Congress with a display of eye-gouging and thumb-biting rarely seen even in Washington's free-for-alls. It did have the outward appearance of a fight by commercial agriculture against the welfare of the poor farmers.

In Washington and in the South the Farm Bureau accused the FSA of being communistic, wasteful, impractical; of plotting a revolution and of trying to force toilets and red tape on unsuspecting farmers. "The Farm Bureau is very definitely opposed to the radical leaders of the FSA who have joined hands with the radical labor leaders to sell agriculture down the river to gain their own selfish ends," said one tract distributed in the cotton belt.

The FSA program in McLean County was in the hands of Yontz Bonnett, who has owned and farmed 400 acres south of Bloomington for thirty-five years. He had not heard about the revolution, but he was proud of the loans his office had made to tenants. Their production had increased and they were ahead in their payments as a group. The farmers on the county FSA committee — most of them leaders in the Farm Bureau, incidentally — were worrying over about a half-dozen borrowers who were behind in their payments, wondering what could be done for them. (The Farm Bureau's "Official News Letter" was describing the FSA as a "heartless landlord.")

Our paper, the *Bloomington Daily Pantagraph*, looked at the FSA with McLean County eyes and said we could not understand why Illinois should attack an agency devoted to the welfare of the small family farmer. In a few days we received a letter from the Illinois Agricultural Association insisting that the "Farm Bureau has no quarrel with the FSA as it is conducted in the state of Illinois."

That's what we thought, too. But because the FSA program did not increase the profits of the suc-

cessful commercial farmers, it lay outside the Illinois Agricultural Association's field of immediate interest. So the passive, negative, "no quarrel with the FSA" attitude of the corn-belt Farm Bureaus was allowed to be submerged by the red-eyed anger of the cotton-belt Farm Bureaus. It was the Ol' Massa mentality of the South that was frightened and maddened by the FSA, and that mentality was allowed to determine the policy of the Farm Bureau's national lobby.

In referring to the corn-belt farmer as the American kulak, the *Chicago Daily News* said no one need have fears concerning his welfare because he is skilled above others in protecting his property. There is no doubt that as an organization man he does strive first to protect his property. But his skill must be questioned.

He has a limited understanding of what really constitutes his property, for one thing. Sometimes he thinks it consists of some habitual, but outworn, crop pattern, and insists that it should be protected. By contrast, he has a very real stake in family-type farming, but he did not rise to the defense of the FSA as the agency devoted to creating new family farmers. He saw the FSA as something outside his own price and profit circle, and therefore he surrendered to the plantation-minded Southerners.

The corn-belt farmer also has a stake in the condition of the land. But for all his emphasis on guarding his property, for all his powerful lobbies, for all his million-dollar coöperatives, for all his practical education, the land — his land — has decreased in productivity.

He has been skillful in minor tactics, but he has not been skillful in major strategy. He has not been able to stand against the fundamental pressures of industrialism and commercialism, else he would now be practicing a permanent system of agriculture.

From the point of view of the town dweller interested in food, the farm organizations have failed in the same way that all our agricultural planning has failed. They have not protected food resources. In matters of national policy particularly, they expend their energy on second-rate issues.

Earl Smith and the men in the Farm Bureau who think as he does have taken corn-belt farmers about as far as they can go with existing programs. They have been skillful, but they must be more forward-looking if food resources are to be brought into lasting adjustment with the needs of our civilization. The next test of their skill is to keep their organizations intact while working toward such fundamentals as land care and better rural living, and away from commodity quarrels, short-run price jockeying, and attacks on rival organizations.

SQUIRE SURTEES

by JOHN SHAND

I

IN Hamsterley Hall, a seventeenth-century manor house near Newcastle-on-Tyne that once belonged to Algernon Swinburne's ancestors, hangs the portrait of Robert Smith Surtees. The painting is a half-length that shows Surtees seated at his desk, an open book lying unread before him — perhaps one of his own. The face is a sad one, stern, severe, with a touch of the old Roman in the brow and nose, but not less sensitive than handsome.

A stranger who studied that countenance might guess at first the man of action, perhaps a scholarly soldier or statesman, until he saw how the long, thin, delicate hands emphasized the highly-strung temperament already suggested by the fastidious mouth and melancholy eyes. He would then not be surprised to learn that the subject of the painting was an artist as well as a man of quality. Those who regard Surtees as a tiresome scribbler of comic sporting stories, as a novelist properly enjoyed by literate foxhunters and properly ignored by the world of letters, might well pause at sight of this fine head to wonder whether their verdict was a just one.

Surtees has never been popular, nor is he ever likely to be. His main subject was sport, which does not attract the intellectual reader; he was a satirist and a cynic, and satire and cynicism are not enjoyed by the general English public. It is true that there is a national love of sport, and a select audience for satiric writing. But Surtees did not write of sport in a way to tickle the multitude, and chose the wrong subject to please the few who would enjoy his humor. He fell between two audiences, pleasing neither the barbarians of Horseback Hall nor the cultured of Heartbreak House.

Like his own Facey Romford, Surtees was "not a

man of much blandishment." He wrote in a "take it or leave it" style; and as his satiric strokes were often sharp enough to hurt, most readers chose to leave it. He did not choose his words with conscious care; but he expressed himself in a clear, colloquial English that leaves the reader in no doubt of his meaning and reflects his tart, taciturn personality; and for his comic characters, especially for Jorrocks, he found a torrent of racy, exuberant speech.

Readers who flatter themselves that they know something about English fiction are likely to nod agreeably (if vaguely) at mention of Jorrocks; but it cannot be assumed that they have read even *Handley Cross*, in which the Cockney foxhunter is developed with superb vigor and vivacity from the first faint sketches in *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities* — a book that preceded and probably suggested the writing of *The Pickwick Papers*. *Handley Cross* is an ill-constructed masterpiece that lives only (but lives decidedly) because of Jorrocks and James Pigg; and it peters out in a couple of law trial scenes that are dismally unfunny and, when contrasted with the magical comedy of Bardell versus Pickwick, seem painfully inept.

But Surtees's novels as a whole, filled as they are with amusing characters and sardonic pictures of the Victorian scene, continue to be ignored by the critical mandarins — probably because he is pigeon-holed as a sporting writer. Art connoisseurs long disdained English sporting pictures for the same reason. Surtees is also something of a "sport" among novelists as well as a novelist of sport. That may be another reason why he is neglected by the literary fancy. For he was not a literary gentleman with an odd taste for hunting, but a hunting gentleman with an odd gift for writing. It is this that gives to his tales an individual flavor and a valuable authenticity.

The English country gentleman, like Mrs. Battle, sometimes unbends his mind over a book when

A dramatic critic and essayist, JOHN SHAND, who has been on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* since 1925, reminds us of an English author who is particularly enjoyable at the end of a long day's run, with an open fire toasting one's toes.

graver matters have been settled, but he so infrequently turns professional novelist that an exception should arouse interest if only because, in him, the mere fact of continuous authorship suggests that a special gift has demanded expression. It is true that Surtees was born a younger son and discovered he had a profitable turn for storytelling while he idled about London on the pretense of learning the law. But he early inherited the family house and acres; and though he had by then proved a notable apprentice to letters, he no longer needed to live by his pen.

Surtees had much to occupy him. He managed his estate with care and did all that was proper to his station. He married, begot children, looked after his tenants, supported agricultural improvement, helped the poor, and administered local justice not less patiently than he pursued the local foxes. He became deputy lieutenant and high sheriff of his county and escaped representing it in Parliament only because he refused to blarney the electors. It was a full life for one of normal energy. But he found time and spirit to go on writing; and having a keen eye and a retentive memory, he was able to use the rich material that surrounded him in a series of novels which, at irregular intervals, he published, completing what was in some respects his best book, *Mr. Romford's Hounds*, just before his death at the age of sixty-one in 1864.

2

SQUIRE SURTEES, of course, published without his name, being conscious that his neighbors would tolerate but hardly applaud his peculiar private recreation. When his secret became in time an open one, he strictly maintained an ostensible anonymity. He stopped a novel that was being printed as a serial, and refused to go on with it, because the publisher, Harrison Ainsworth, broke contract by advertising him as the author. The attitude of some of his acquaintance to novel reading and writing is described perhaps without exaggeration in *Hawbuck Grange*: —

"What queer books you write!" observed our excellent but rather matter-of-fact friend, Sylvanus Bluff, the other day, who seeing us doubling up a sheet of paper in a rather unceremonious way, concluded we were at what he calls our "old tricks." "I buy all your books," added he with a solemn shake of his head, as though we were begging him — "... but I don't *understand* them. I don't see the *wit* of them. I don't see the *use* of them. I wonder you don't write something useful. I should think now," added he seriously, "you could do some-

thing better. I should say now you would be quite equal to writing a dictionary, or a book upon draining, and those would be really useful works, and your friends would get something for their money."

Sylvanus Bluff is surely as real as a turnip, though his name, like the names of all Surtees's characters, is deliberately artificial. He voices a genuine English attitude to the arts. Surtees perfectly understands Bluff's point of view, and he puts it in words that suit the speaker, though in the context they have a dry, sly humor of which Bluff would not of course be conscious. There were moments, perhaps of laziness or of disappointment at public indifference, when Surtees must have been half inclined to agree with Bluff. In the same chapter he remarks that writing is at least a means to make oneself "tolerably independent of the world and the weather," and serves "to beguile an idle hour."

This would savor of almost intolerable affectation were it not remembered that Surtees lived in what was then one of the wildest parts of England, and probably felt the need of a pastime that kept his intellect from rusting. No one ever wrote tales as good as *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* or *Mr. Romford's Hounds* merely "to beguile an idle hour." No one could create Sponge and Romford, Jorrock and James Pigg, without paying the price demanded for creation. But Surtees might easily have written *Hawbuck Grange* while confined to the house by the weather, for it is so impudently casual that it scarcely passes the time agreeably for the reader, and perfectly illustrates the author's confession that he sometimes wondered how he could write such nonsense and how anyone could be rash enough to print it or idle enough to read it.

It is easy to understand why Surtees's novels failed to attract that important body of novel readers, the women of the English — of the Victorian English — middle class. They did not attract Surtees. He viewed them positively with distaste. He disliked their manners, despised their affectations, and laughed at their pretensions to gentility. His attitude towards them could not be better expressed than in the words of "Independent Jimmy," a delightful Tyneside character in *Mr. Romford's Hounds*, who drives a bus, delivers parcels, and knows all the gossip of the country. He is acidly giving an account of a local nabob who has just bought the old squire's house and set up for a gentleman, and Jimmy, in the peculiar dialect of Tyneside, thus continues: —

"As to the darter . . . she's just the impittantest, sarciest gal i' the world, arlways tossin' aboot and givin' gob. Noo, there's the Ladies Rosebud, Lord

Flowerdew's darters, when ar gans to the Castle, for any body there, they speak quite civil and plizant; 'Good morning, Jimmy! How do ye do, Jimmy? Hoo are all the little Jimmys?' ("for ar ha' thorteen on 'em," added Jimmy, parenthetically) and so on, while this sarcy thing taks had of her stickin'-out claes, and cries, 'Now, man! get out of the way, man; see, man! look, man! mind, man!' just as if I were a twoad. . . . Sink, but ar often wonders who these sort o' fondies think they impose upon. It can't be the likes o' me . . . for we know all about them; it can't be the gentlefolks, for they'll ha' nout to say to them. It mun just be their arn silly sels."

This touches home. And though these "fondies" no longer wear crinolines, they are otherwise not much altered, and one is still permitted to wonder whom they think they impose upon.

Women readers — indeed, most readers — also prefer a novel to have a story. Surtees never bothered himself much about a plot. This was a fault; but he laughed at love, which was fatal. It was perhaps only a misfortune that he lacked sentiment; but he failed to be sentimental, and that was not to be forgiven. His men (except for one ancient nobleman) never attempt seduction. They can hardly be said to fall in love. His women quite lack romance. The Victorian virgin and her matchmaking mama he depicts entirely without reverence. The one woman in his fiction for whom he exhibits any admiration (and to emphasize his interest in her he brings her into two of his best novels) is an actress from the minor London theaters, and only "tolerably virtuous." The one love scene that has a touch of passion (and it has an oddly convincing quality) is that between her and that rogue, Soapey Sponge.

Generally, Surtees shows his couples courting strictly with a view to a profitable alliance, and if they look foolish, they act with prudence; if one eye fills with feeling, calculation stares from the other, and the lawyer must consent before the priest is asked to bless. "Oh, you needn't be afraid of me, Mr. Ballivant! You needn't be afraid of me, I'm not one of the sentimental sort," remarks Miss Rosa, the heroine of *Plain or Ringlets?* when after a grand inquisition on the hero's funds and property the family attorney advises her mother "to keep Miss back a little for the present" — as if Miss were a good horse whose sale could await a better bid.

This is typical, and shows clearly how Surtees offended every canon of the circulating library. He sees the women as snobs and tuft-hunters of the first degree, and he describes what he sees with masculine vigor and almost feminine relish for detail.

3

IF SURTEES offended women readers, surely he pleased the foxhunters of his day? Doubtless he delighted some of them; but as many in proportion ride to hounds because it is the thing to do as go to the opera or travel abroad, and Surtees spared them not. As a foxhunter himself who delighted in the sport, Surtees saw nothing to ridicule in Jorrocks, the Cockney grocer whose passion was hunting. Jorrocks is comical enough, to be sure, but he holds his own in any company because his enjoyment in hunting foxes is as genuine as his love of money, because he hunts for fun, and because he is completely lacking in a sense of reverence for his social superiors. He is completely at home with everybody because he sees no reason why everybody should not feel at home with him.

Surtees reserved his sarcasm for the pretentious Jawleyford, the dandy Puffington, and all that sort of gentry who attend the meet only to speak to his lordship or to show off to the ladies. Surtees with tactless clarity showed his preference for Sponge and Romford, who cheated in order to hunt, to the respectable snobs and toadies whose very presence in the hunting field was a cheat.

As for the earnest intellectual readers of his day, it was hopeless to expect them to approve a writer who had no gospel to preach, who showed no zeal to reform the world, and in whom the pleasures of the chase, the courage of a rider, the cunning of a fox, the sagacity of hounds, obviously raised a warmth of feeling that strongly contrasted with his cynical attitude toward society. Society, indeed, only engaged his unloving attention. Surtees had sharp eyes for faults and follies. He reports details of dress, manners, meals, speech, furniture, transportation, so minutely that his descriptions are sometimes tedious for casual reading, though probably of enormous interest to the social historian.

But though Surtees disliked much of what he observed, he had too much vitality merely to yawn; and as he is never bored, he is not often dull reading. If he has no taste for the ideal, he at least enjoys the real without bitterness. If he does not see his fellows as angels walking, he does not in disappointment call them devils. If his lovers never believe the world well lost for love, it is also true that they do not believe the world well lost for any consideration. The way of the world perfectly suits all his characters. They are completely selfish, and they view unselfishness in others with high suspicion. They adore riches and despise poverty. Altogether they imitate humanity pretty closely.

Being country born and bred, Surtees views field and forest with the practical eyes of a farmer. He is quite unable to be "enthusymusy" about scenery. He takes for granted the enjoyment of fresh air and good food and the changing beauties of the seasons, and leaves to Jorrocks such a truly Cockney cry as: "Dash it, wot a mornin' it is! Wot a many delicious moments one loses by smooterin' i' bed!" It is true that when the scene shifts occasionally to London or to a holiday town, Surtees seems also perfectly at home — his London episodes are particularly amusing; but he is at his best in the country, and views its inhabitants with the penetrating knowledge of an old friend. He is "country," too, in his solid, stolid good sense, his stoical acceptance of things as they are. He never attempts pathos; neither is he ever maudlin. His characters are interested only in everyday matters. As in life, though not in fiction, money is an object of anxious solicitude. Dress is also a serious problem, and an essay on Victorian costume might be written from Surtees's exact descriptions.

Such scenes as that of the Duke of Tergiversation's ball (in *Plain or Ringlets*?) are a panorama of rural society. A shrewd sardonic pen traces all the social reverberations created by this grand local spectacle. The delicious comedy of the ducal couple drawing up the list of guests is accompanied by that of some receiving the coveted cards. The Duke and Duchess are seen including or excluding guests with all the calculation of politicians forming a government; and the complex diplomacy needed to get all the right people into the castle ballroom is balanced by that which goes on in the kitchen to get them fed. The butler must patronize the local shops if the castle credit is still good; if not, the London tradesmen — "terribly obnoxious to the influence of rank" — can always be tapped.

The fuss and bother of the guests is equally good fun. The pleasure of being invited (and of knowing who is not invited) is countered by the expense and fatigue of finding dress and carriage suited to the occasion, and the disgust of discovering that the castle has asked neighbors who ought to have been left out. (Surtees acidly observes that the ducal ball would be excessively exclusive if the guests could issue the invitations.) And at the ball itself, the spectacle of the Duchess "measuring affability" is not less amusing because her star guest is not the Italian prince she supposes him to be, but a dancing master.

Or take, for the sake of the dialogue, Surtees's report of a more ordinary country party from the novel he refused to complete, *Young Tom Hall*, at which the disagreeable rector and his wife are the

most distinguished guests. The parson, Mr. Pantile, who despises hunting, decides to annoy one of the guests whose pleasure in the chase has not declined with the growing disabilities of age; but the burly farmer behaves rather like a bull refusing to be irritated by a yapping terrier. Mr. Pantile begins the attack in a "drawling, sneering tone": —

"Well, Mr. William Bedlington," drawled he — for he did not care to come the familiar "Billy" — "well, . . . I see you still pursue the chase."

"Whiles, Mr. Pantile, whiles," replied Billy, sucking away at an orange.

"Well, but don't you think you might employ your time more profitably, more beneficially, than scampering about the country after a poor timid hare?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Pantile," replied Billy firmly.

"Life was given us for a nobler purpose, surely!" exclaimed Pantile.

"P'r'aps it may," replied Billy carelessly.

"Besides," added Pantile, "a man of your size and weight can never hope to ride up to hounds as he ought."

"P'r'aps not," replied Billy; "but ar can glower at 'em all the same."

Defeated on this tack, the parson begins to criticize Bedlington's great brown horse: —

"They say he's not good in the shafts," observed Pantile.

"Good in anything!" exclaimed Billy, adding, "That horse can draw anything."

"Can he draw an inference?" asked Pantile.

"He can draw a ton and a half," replied Bedlington, with a shake of his head.

4

ONE hesitates to give examples of Surtees's scenes of high farce, such as those which enliven the "Jorrocks books," because the infectious laughter of good farce depends on the mood of the reader and his sympathy with the general tone of the author. But it is difficult for an admirer of Surtees not to believe that a far larger audience would enjoy his books if they were better known, and it is difficult not to accuse the critics — who so thoroughly omit to recommend them — as guilty of dereliction of duty.

Saintsbury, of course, had read Surtees, as became a professor once described by Arnold Bennett as "a perfect Albert Memorial of learning," and in *The English Novel* he gave Surtees a curt "nearly always readable — and sometimes very amusing — even to those who are not exactly Nimrods." Faint praise — fainter, indeed, than at first it seems, for Saintsbury compares Surtees to his disadvantage with Kingsley's sporting novel, *Yeast*, which he

praises for its "most fascinating and real heroine" and its "accurate and real dialogue."

But Saintsbury's brief tribute might pass had he not added — like Winkle in the witness box — just those few words that made him put his foot in it. In contrast to Kingsley's "real heroine" and "real dialogue," he remarks that Surtees's "characters and manners have the old artificial-picaresque quality only" — an observation that makes one wonder if even dimly he appreciated the astonishing reality of *Sponge and Romford*, and of many other of Surtees's characters, and the fidelity with which he records "manners." Jorrocks and Pigg are another matter: they are "artificial," as all great comic (or tragic) characters are "artificial."

But *Sponge and Romford*, though amusing, are not in the technical sense comic characters; they are perfectly ordinary masculine creatures boldly and vigorously drawn. They are exceedingly life-like portraits of men moderately "on the make" who see their fellows as much like themselves — "anxious to look after Number One." But if their conduct is below that expected of English gentlemen of independent income, it is well above what is base, cruel, or criminal. They are both rather pleasing rogues (not those horrible creatures of fiction, "adorable rogues"), and though willing to deprive rich fools of surplus cash and to marry any female with money, they ruin no man and, in the special sense, "no woman neither," for as fortune hunters in fact they do not shine, because their genuine ambition is to hunt foxes.

Sponge and Romford both lavish on the chase all the cunning, courage, and concentrated purpose which, devoted to the drawing room, would have caught them an heiress in any county; devoted to business or burglary, would have made them rich; or, had they been born to the rank and wealth they pretend to, devoted to foxhunting would have made them celebrated Masters of Hounds. Being poor, but not patient, they gratify their taste for hunting at the expense of the wealthy — which, though reprehensible in those who are not friends or relatives or social superiors of those they make use of, can hardly be described as deeply villainous. *Sponge and Romford* are "real" because their creator had an enormous preference for what was true to life to what was likely to be popular; and they are likable because — perhaps in spite of himself — Surtees could not help making them excellent sportsmen as well as superb critics, by implication, of social hypocrisy.

Surtees in his own day was inevitably overshadowed by the genius of Dickens. Where he resembled Dickens, the odds were heavily against

him; and where he differed, it was a difference that did not attract Victorian taste. There was a touch of the raffish Regency in him that was not likely to appeal to the respectable reader, and a masculine attitude toward life that would have been better appreciated by the age of Fielding and Smollett. A comparison between the tours of *Sponge and Romford* and those of *Pickwick* and *Weller* would suggest, perhaps, that the books resembled each other only in the seeming ability of their authors to continue the stories indefinitely: they end only because an end must be made.

While the people in *Pickwick* are all transfigured by the golden radiance of good humor, so that Stiggins and Jingle, even Dodson and Fogg, delight no less than *Pickwick* and the Wellers, in Surtees one is reminded how Stiggins and Jingle and Dodson and Fogg would appear in the cold light of day. Compare *Sponge* going out shooting with *Jogglebury Crowdey*, with Winkle exhibiting his supposed prowess at *Dingley Dell*. The scene in Dickens is farce divinely genial; the scene in Surtees, equally ludicrous and not less well written, is farce humanly ungenial.

Winkle is a gorgeous lunatic; *Crowdey* is as Winkle would look to a real sportsman seriously out for game. The pompous *Crowdey*, with his undisciplined spaniel anywhere but at heel, who cannot hit a haystack except by accident, is seen through the cold, jeering eyes of an expert shot, who is at once spitefully amused by the absurd spectacle and intensely irritated that he is wasting his time with a fool. It is farce decidedly less pleasant than that of Dickens, but it is excellent fooling, and some palates will always relish its pungent flavor.

5

SOME of Surtees's tales have already passed their hundredth birthday — *Handley Cross* was published in 1843 — and now have a larger audience than they ever enjoyed in his lifetime. This alone suggests that they have a sturdy vitality. It is an audience small enough compared with that of Surtees's great contemporaries, Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott; but he has had to find it, keep it, and increase it without help. Collectors seek for early editions of Surtees only because of the hand-colored Leech engravings. Books and essays on Surtees are very few. Literary histories and encyclopedias briefly dismiss or do not mention him. Though it is easily discovered that he was born in Northumberland of an ancient North Country family and lived most of his time as an important landowner in County

Durham, he is described in the latest literary reference book — *The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* — as a Yorkshireman, a blunder that only a Yorkshireman mistaken for a Lancastrian could properly appreciate.

Surtees's admirers are used to this offhanded treatment of their favorite and are content to remember that at least a few good judges have highly praised him. Of his contemporaries Thackeray, for example, enjoyed his tales and found Jorrocks worth stealing from — as he himself acknowledged to Surtees; and of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* Thackeray remarked that "the Flat Hats are delightful; those fellows in spectacles divine; and Scamperdale's character perfectly odious and admirable." Lockhart delighted in Jorrocks, reviewed him at length in the *Quarterly*, and encouraged his creator to continue. Later, William Morris, not an easy person to please, considered that Surtees's comic characters were as good as those of Dickens.

Kipling, who sacrificed a story to each of his literary gods, wrote one for Jane Austen, one for Keats, and two for Surtees. Kipling clearly thought that Surtees so well understood and so precisely drew English rural types that any countrymen today may find their own friends and acquaintances in his pages. Surtees also has his American friends. According to Sir Frederick Watson, who wrote an excellent book on Surtees, there is extant a letter from the White House from Theodore Roosevelt to an English admirer of Surtees, in which the President writes: "Mrs. Roosevelt and I are both as fond as you are of the immortal 'Soapey Sponge' We have read it until it has practically tumbled to pieces." What higher praise could an author desire than to hear that a copy of his book has been read into tatters? Squire Surtees would surely have warmed to this sincere American compliment.

Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour was the first novel of Surtees to be illustrated by John Leech. It was a lucky coincidence that Surtees's most popular tale had the additional entertainment provided by these excellent drawings. Thackeray brought the two men together. Surtees had invited Thackeray to illustrate *Mr. Sponge*, a proposal Thackeray politely declined on the grounds that he could draw well enough for his own but not for anybody else's stories. He added: "You would find my pictures anything but comical, and I have not the slightest idea how to draw a horse, a dog, or a sporting scene of any sort. My friend Leech, I should think, would be your man — he is of a sporting turn, and to my mind draws a horse excellently."

Thackeray was right: Leech was the very man for

Surtees. The partnership proved as fortunate as that of Carroll and Tenniel. They became warm friends, and thereafter, without any of the usual bickerings between author and artist, Leech illustrated the three novels that followed — *Ask Mama, Plain or Ringlets?* and *Mr. Romford's Hounds*. Luckily, Surtees also persuaded Leech to provide drawings for *Handley Cross*, though the novel had already been published without illustrations. In his preface to this new edition the author proudly announced: "Mr. Jorrocks, having for many years maintained his popularity, it is believed that, with the aid of the illustrious Leech, he is now destined for longevity."

Some have maintained that but for Leech the novels of Surtees would be dead. The artist himself is not in agreement with them. When he saw a proof of the preface to *Handley Cross*, he protested. "The 'illustrious' is a leetle too strong," he exclaimed in a letter to Surtees. "It looks as if you attributed J's longevity to the illustrations, which I for one cannot on any account admit." That Leech's drawings are the most valuable part of these books is a point of view to be excused only in bibliophiles who collect early editions of Surtees chiefly for the sake of the hand-colored plates; as literary criticism, it is merely stupid.

Leech, by the way, would be surprised at the modern passion for woodcuts colored by hand. He might even prefer a good mechanical reproduction of his drawings in the colors he designed for them. This may sound like heresy to the connoisseurs; but Leech complained more than once to Surtees that he was at the mercy of these journeymen colorists, who altered his color schemes as they pleased. "I assure you," he wrote, in a letter quoted by E. D. Cuming, in his book on Surtees, "the colourers are troublesome customers — a green horse or a blue man would not at all shock them if they imagined that there ought to be, for the sake of variety, those colours in a picture."

Surtees had equal cause to complain, for he was meticulous in describing costume, and it cannot have pleased him to find that a lady he had dressed in green appeared in blue on the plate. But he was always delighted, and with good reason, with Leech's pictures. The artist was a man after his own heart, who loved hunting almost as much as he did. When Leech modestly required Surtees to correct him if, through his imperfect knowledge of the sport, he made any mistakes of detail, Surtees answered that he had never seen anything he could amend. Nor can we. Leech and Surtees are an ideal pair; and our only complaint can be that Leech did not illustrate all Surtees's novels.

NEW CROPS FOR THE NEW WORLD

by SAMUEL ZEMURRAY and JOHN TERRY

1

THE Japanese had just hit Pearl Harbor and the Philippines when a representative of the United States government came to see me in our Boston office of the United Fruit Company. He said: "All the Manila hemp for hawsers needed by our warships, auxiliaries, transports, and merchant vessels comes from the Far East — or did up to December 7. The supplies we have on hand will last for a while, but from now on we'll not get any more where it has been coming from — not for a long time. You know the need. What can you do?"

The need? Liberty ships were soon to go down the ways and out to sea by the score. Our navy was tripling its pre-war size. Yet, for a century, American vessels had been wholly dependent on Far Eastern sources for Manila hemp, which makes the finest cordage. Ninety-five per cent of the supply came from the Philippine Islands and the rest from the East Indies. At the time of Pearl Harbor our supply was limited to coiled lines on ship decks or what was stored in warehouses.

Something could be done, as the government knew when its representatives came to see us. In 1925 we had worked with the United States Department of Agriculture in a ten-acre planting of abaca (the banana-like plant from which Manila hemp is produced) in the Almirante district of Panama. By 1940 we had 2000 acres planted, all on an experimental basis. There, in the Middle American Republic of Panama, was the only supply of abaca seeds in the world available for American use at the time when our normal supply was cut off by the Japanese.

On January 3, 1942, less than a month after Pearl Harbor, we entered into contract with the Defense Supplies Corporation to plant from 7000 to 30,000 acres of abaca, and to supply fiber to the

government. On our own stipulation, the contract provides that we receive not a dime of profit.

Last August, Almirante was producing 50,000 to 60,000 pounds of dry abaca fiber weekly, the equivalent of six miles of eight-inch-circumference hawser. As I write, the latest weekly report shows a yield of 173,520 pounds from the same fields. Today abaca plants are growing on 29,000 acres of rich Middle American tropical soil. Plants in Guatemala came into production in August, 1944. A mill in Honduras started stripping fiber in October. By the end of the year, two plantations in Costa Rica, and one each in Panama, Guatemala, and Honduras, were producing fiber at the estimated rate of a million pounds a week.

For the first time since the early days of whaling, American ships are being moored by hawsers of all-American production, at berths from India to the docks of Cherbourg. Never again should the Americas be cut off from this vital material.

In abaca, one of the great crops has moved nearly halfway around the earth and has come to the Americas, where it will stay. What has happened with abaca can happen with many other growing things, for in the republics of Middle America and the northern part of South America are the soil, the sun, the rain, and the people to grow crops which heretofore have been the almost exclusive monopoly of the Far Eastern tropics.

I am convinced that various crops of the Asiatic tropics can grow as well or better in the American tropics. For strategic reasons they should be developed in this hemisphere, so that never again can an enemy fleet cut us off from such indispensables as rubber, quinine, and fiber for rope.

That is not all. The crops of the East, replanted in the Americas, where in many instances they originated, can offer new peacetime employment and industrial opportunities for the Americas.

What we call Middle America comprises much of Mexico and all of the six republics of Central

As president of the United Fruit Company, SAMUEL ZEMURRAY speaks from long and intimate experience in Latin American countries. His collaborator in this paper, JOHN TERRY, was fatally wounded on October 26, while he was reporting the American landings on the Philippine island of Leyte for the *Chicago Daily News Foreign Service*.

America — Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama; the three Caribbean island republics — Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic; Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands; and the British possession of Jamaica. In those countries live about 40 million people, some of them our own citizens.

Such, geographically, is Middle America. But if the criterion is one of tropic climate, we should properly include in that designation lands and additional millions of people in the three northern republics of South America — Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela — and whatever tropical lands lie still farther to the south — certainly part of Brazil. The enormous agricultural importance of this region has long been overlooked. Japan's invasion of the fertile lands of Southeast Asia has brought the American tropics into the lives of all of us. The war has made Middle America a reservoir of manpower, food, and other needs vital to our common well-being; the peace must do no less.

2

ABACA is only one example on a long list of commercially valuable trees and plants and grasses that grow untended in the jungles and uplands of Middle America, or are now cultivated in experimental gardens under the eyes of agricultural scientists.

Since the 1880's the United States has imported millions of gallons of palm oil annually. By the time of Pearl Harbor, virtually all such oils used in this country came from Oceania and tropical Africa. Yet it is common knowledge that many varieties of oil-bearing palms can be grown successfully in Middle America — notably the African variety, for which the field as a new Middle American crop is almost unlimited. I predict that in ten years copra will be scarce as a result of the disease known as bud rot, which is attacking coco palms of the Pacific tropics. African palm oil is just as good as coconut oil. Such oil is required in vast bulk for chemical and industrial uses, and is critically needed in peace and war. It furnishes food for man as well as for livestock, and it makes a valuable fertilizer.

A powerful and efficient organization was operated by the Dutch in the manufacture and distribution of quinine, which is produced from the bark of cinchona, the "fever tree," much of it on the islands of Java and Sumatra. To get quinine for the treatment of malaria, the world went to the Dutch. Early in 1942 the Japanese took over. But cinchona, a tree native to Middle America and

transplanted years ago to the East Indies, can return to the land of its birth, where its systematic cultivation as a product of Middle America can free malaria sufferers everywhere from dependence on a virtual East Indian monopoly. Perhaps more than a million and a half cinchona trees are growing wild in the forests of Guatemala today. One great lesson of agricultural history, however, is this: wild crops can never compete with the same crops in farm production. Today the systematic planting of cinchona in Middle America has begun.

What Japan's southward sweep did to our rubber supply is only too well known. By heroic effort we have developed a notable synthetic industry. But there is no doubt we shall have a continuing need for natural rubber. If the Middle Americas could supply 100,000 tons a year or better, — and there is no question that the finest rubber can be grown there, — it would seem to me that the United States could readily absorb that amount.

There are the essential oils, basic in the manufacture of menthols, perfumes, and insect sprays, produced from citronella, vetiver, and lemon grass. Thanks again to the necessity imposed by the Japanese offensive of 1942, these grasses are beginning to win an important place in the trade and agriculture of the Middle American tropics.

Many commercially valuable trees thrive in the rich tropical soil of Middle America. Among them is teak, which supplies a splendid timber used in ship construction. Heretofore our teak has come exclusively from the tropics of the Far East. Teakwood seeds have been imported from Siam and Burma, and the young trees are now thriving in experimental growths in Panama, Costa Rica, and Honduras.

Mahogany, balsa, tropical cedar, rosewood, and lignum vitae are other tree crops that can be developed over wide areas of the Middle Americas, and can find markets in this hemisphere and in Europe. Bamboo furnishes still another example of a plant for which we have looked in the past to lands across the Pacific; yet bamboo, useful in construction of furniture, can be a worthy addition to the crops that can be grown profitably in our own tropics of the Americas.

Rotenone, a powerful insecticide produced from the root of derris and similar plants, is needed in multi-million-pound quantities to protect crops of the United States from ruinous insect enemies. Two million pounds of rotenone powders were recently allocated to our military services by the War Production Board. Derris, already growing in Middle America, is capable of great expansion.

The list could be extended indefinitely — spices

historically associated with tropics other than American, the oil-bearing seed of the manaca palm and the tung tree, fruits, and a vast array of commercial and subsistence crops, among them the soybean. The Middle Americas are fast becoming the food laboratory of the world.

In realization of this, the United Fruit Company recently established a Department of New Crops. The department has as its unfettered function the investigation of every possibility in the development of new crops. It is to learn what new products can be raised economically and marketed advantageously in the interest of Middle American agriculture, the people of Middle America, and consumers wherever they may profitably be reached. Promising results of experimental plantings on a 2000-mile stretch from Honduras to Ecuador are already visible. Governments of the Middle American republics and the United States are showing keen interest, and their research organizations and ours work in close coöperation.

Superior productivity of Middle American soil, shorter lines of transport to American markets, and application of advanced scientific technology are the factors which favor agriculture in our own tropics.

Under the abnormal economy of wartime it is possible to develop new crops in Middle America even at wage levels far above East Asian rates. On the other hand, the post-war restoration of competition will pose serious questions. Reasons of hemispheric security should compel the continued cultivation of the strategically valuable crops we have neglected in the past. Likewise there is need for greater crop diversification in the interest of a balanced Middle American economy. Can these objectives be retained after the war without some modification of competitive free trade? That is a question which calls for careful calculation and statesmanship.

3

TO GROW the new crops successfully and to maintain the old ones will require more and more technical knowledge. As one response to the need, Escuela Agricola Panamericana — the School of Pan-American Agriculture — which was formally opened on Columbus Day, October 12, 1944, has come into being. Early in 1942 the National Congress of Honduras authorized establishment of such a school in the beautiful Zamorano valley, twenty-five miles from the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa, on lands purchased out of an original appropriation of \$500,000 by the United Fruit Company. (Since

then the company has added another \$300,000 and has guaranteed the permanent maintenance of the school.)

Some months later, in September of 1942, we opened the school experimentally in response to urgent needs. At that time seventy-four carefully selected students moved into the new red-tiled buildings to begin their study. They were representative of Middle America, coming from Mexico, Nicaragua, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, and Panama. We planned for a capacity enrollment of 160 students.

The course covers three years of intensive study, with a fourth year of specialization for students who have displayed outstanding proficiency. No tuition is charged, and classroom and laboratory equipment, lodging, and other necessities are supplied without cost.

A Pan-American faculty has outlined a course of study designed to develop native agrarian leadership in whatever fields of agriculture the students may choose — independent farming or agricultural extension service. The school is entirely divorced from any personnel requirements of our company and is recognized as a Middle American institution serving Middle America's students. Its curriculum includes modern training in soil analysis, land survey, the building of roads, irrigation and drainage systems; physiology and hygiene, with emphasis on treatment of common tropical diseases; forestry, crop rotation, animal husbandry, blacksmithing, practical farm engineering, carpentry, orchard culture, and marketing.

Dr. Wilson Popenoe, whose reputation in the field of tropical agriculture is international, is the head of the school and its professor of horticulture.

Dairy barns, stables, plant propagation sheds, greenhouses, a creamery, a splendidly equipped carpenter shop, together with classroom buildings, a dormitory, faculty residences, an emergency hospital, and a dental clinic, have been built. Work in the classroom is matched by farm work in the field. The school will also publish information of value to farmers everywhere in Middle America, on new crops that can be grown for cash income, on improved methods of cultivating the old crops, on public health, on producing better and more varied foods for home consumption.

Education in the past has too often had the effect of separating the ablest Middle American youth from the soil. But it is from the land that the strength and the ultimate well-being of the people must come.

Commenting on the development of new crops in Middle America and the establishment of Escuela

Agricola Panamericana, Vice President Henry A. Wallace recently said: "The United Fruit Company in the future intends to bring to bear even more than in the past the full force of modern technology on the production of crops which will diversify the agriculture and improve the standards of living of tropical America. Above everything, the school in Honduras interests me. Would that every corporation had such precise plans for expanding its activities in terms of the welfare of the common man and his children!"

4

THROUGH a gap in the Montaña del Mico Quemada — the Burnt Monkey Mountains — the Comayagua River flows out to join a larger stream, the Ulua, which, as it meanders toward the sea, forms the 65-mile Ulua valley of Honduras. In October the heavy rains of the tropics drench the watershed, swelling the Comayagua and Ulua to flood. Through winter months the rains continue; and for decades past, the Ulua has swept through the valley, destroying planted fields and discharging its excess waters into pestilential swamps and jungles characteristic of much of the Middle American lowland.

Some twenty years ago our engineers sought to tame the Ulua. They began with swamp drainage, a task which called for flood control. Permanent spillways and levees were built, holding the river in check here, guiding its floodwaters there, in channels that spared the cultivated fields.

When the Ulua is in flood, it carries perhaps 20 per cent silt in suspension. It occurred to us that, valuable as drainage and flood control had proved in the preservation of existing agricultural enterprise, these two processes could be utilized to accomplish a third result: the building of new land where crops had never grown before. So the waters that poured over the spillways in the rainy season were deliberately swung back and forth across the western side of the valley, and the silt gradually settled over the drained swamps year after year, in depths ranging from six inches to ten feet. No richer soil exists on earth.

Conservative estimates indicate that more than 15,000 acres of land have been built up in this fashion. With the extension of this program to the eastern side of the valley, we believe another 35,000 acres will become available in time. Similar methods were employed by the Egyptians along the Nile, but the process is new in Middle America, where the ancient Mayans moved to new land when old land gave out.

I mention the Ulua River development because, while silting itself is an exceptional process that can be utilized in few areas, the making of new land is characteristic of the banana industry in Middle America. Bananas are not planted on lands which the natives have developed; rather the plantations have been developed on soil that had literally been created from jungle and swamp. As the new lands have come into productive use, diseases have been fought back by specialists in tropical medicine, and healthful, productive plantations flourish in regions once given over to malarial swamps.

The fight against pestilence has meant the expenditure of enormous sums, and science has not always won. For instance, Panama disease, known as the wilt, has attacked several of our plantations where the Gros Michel banana once flourished.

Because the wilt has forced banana plantations to move to uninfested areas, some critics have jumped to the conclusion that banana culture robs the soil of its fertility. Inasmuch as the banana industry is of tremendous importance in the economy of Middle America and in our relations with these republics, I will quote — with utmost emphasis — one of the most respected authorities on tropical agriculture, Dr. Lewis Knudson, professor of botany at Cornell University, who says: —

"Panama disease (wilt of the banana) is caused by a specific fungus which will live in the soil for many years after the land is no longer used for the production of bananas. Such an area replanted to bananas will not be productive of bananas because Panama disease reoccurs. The fungus causing the disease is specific for the Gros Michel variety and various other species of bananas but does not cause disease in other crops. Since Panama disease may occur in very fertile soil the question arises, can such land be reutilized for crops other than bananas? The answer is definitely yes, for the organism causing Panama disease in no way decreases the fertility of the soil."

The United Fruit Company has not surrendered without a fight. Obviously we are reluctant to abandon any producing properties brought to bearing after much time and expense. For many years we have conducted the most thorough research in the hope of combating the disease, which, nevertheless, remains the great unsolved mystery of banana agriculture. If we find the answer, the cure will be made known to every agricultural company and every individual Middle American who grows the Gros Michel for sale or for his own consumption. That we have already done in the case of another banana blight, the Sigatoka disease.

If the hope of conquering Panama disease is

not realized, however, the company is determined to use its resources and organization to help work out methods whereby lands which can no longer produce bananas successfully may be planted with other crops on a commercially profitable basis.

For all other crops the fertility of the deep alluvial soil remains unimpaired. The infested areas total only a minute fraction of Middle America — approximately 100,000 acres for the United Fruit Company. At least 68,000 acres of that land are now growing healthy crops of cacao and abaca. Perhaps another 100,000 acres cultivated by other companies or private farmers may be unavailable for bananas because of Panama disease. We see the problem not as a lack of fertile soil but as one of getting more of it into production for the benefit of more people. Our thoughts have not been directed exclusively or especially to lands suitable for banana cultivation, but rather to all productive soils.

5

ON THE afternoon of June 2, 1944, a rising wind blew in from the Pacific over the west coast of Guatemala. As it mounted to gale proportions, banana plants loosely rooted in rain-sodden soil started to fall. The top-heavy weight of hundred-pound stems of bananas pushed against the nearest plants, and these fell in turn, pushing against the next row. So, like collapsing cards, the plants went down. After one afternoon and night of such wind, we surveyed the damage at our Tiquisate division.

Nearly a million and a half "available" banana plants (those with fruit at or nearing the harvest) were destroyed. Another 2.3 million, not yet "available," were down. Strewn like green straws over 18,000 acres of plantation lay a total of 3.7 million plants, either bearing or soon to bear a valuable food product.

Unusual? Not at all. Banana cultivation not only faces natural enemies such as wilt, but is subject to all the hazards of agriculture. Drought, flood, hurricane, or even a fairly high wind can wipe out whole sections, as I have just related, while plantations elsewhere go unscathed. So far it has never happened that all our crops have been destroyed in any one year.

I mention this because it has a bearing on the size of companies engaged in the banana industry of Middle America. Limited to a single division such as Tiquisate, a producer would be wiped out by a blowdown like that of June 2. If disaster comes to one producing region, there must be others to make up the deficiency. If ships cannot load in

one country or can obtain but a partial cargo, there must be others where they can load or fill out the cargo in order to maintain the economic flow of supplies.

Our fruit is consumed in the United States, Canada, the British Isles, and normally in continental Europe, as well as in Middle and South America. Transportation to a world market of a tropical food product such as bananas requires a fleet of fast, specially designed, refrigerated ships. Distributing this fruit calls for an organization that can handle a perishable commodity in any kind of weather.

Some figures may be helpful at this point. In normal times we operate a fleet of about a hundred merchant ships, plying between the important harbors of Middle America, eighteen ports in the United States and Canada, and others in the British Isles and Europe. At the moment, of course, practically all these vessels are in government war service.

Keeping our farms in effective operation requires the maintenance of 1425 miles of railroad built and financed by the company. Our various operations require a quarter of a million acres of improved land, bearing the year around. The normal complement of employees totals 70,000 persons, 90 per cent of them residents of Middle America. The greater part of the proceeds from the sale throughout the world of bananas, sugar, and cacao, returns to the countries of production, in the form of taxes, payrolls, and the purchase of native commodities. In the past ten years our operations have left for such purposes the total sum of \$385,160,000 in the lands of Middle America as compared with net earnings of \$125,904,000 from all operations within the same period — an average return of approximately $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on amounts invested.

Such operations require extensive housing and a dozen hospitals to care for employees, their families, and other people living in the neighborhood of the plantations. Out of our medical activities have come important results in the field of tropical medicine. The incidence of malaria has been drastically reduced. In the year 1925 at our hospital at Banes, Cuba, a sugar-growing district, 2924 patients were admitted after primary diagnosis of that fever, a ratio of 523 employees out of every 1000. In 1942 the admission for malaria at Banes had dropped to 10 in the entire year, or one employee in each 1000.

Just as our agricultural research staff and experiment stations work in constant coöperation with the United States Department of Agriculture and similar agencies of the Middle American republics,

so our medical organization works with other private and government agencies in the field of tropical medicine, including the medical staffs of the United States Army and Navy.

Modern tropical agriculture is a major undertaking. To conduct it on a scale adequate to grow and transport food products to great markets, to pay good wages, to banish deadly human disease, to conduct research in the never ending war against plant enemies, to carve new land from jungles and swamps, to develop new crops for the betterment of farmers big and small, requires sizable enterprise.

6

MORE than earnings are involved today when major business activities move back and forth across the boundary lines of nations. The time was when my thinking was concentrated mainly on United Fruit Company profits and prosperity. Even though I believe in profits and prosperity, I nevertheless thought we were headed for trouble, but I did not see the answer then. I did not see it until war proved what should have been obvious all the time: that the great tropical crops that grow on the other side of the world can and must grow in our own tropics, to provide a balanced economy for Middle America and to free the New World from dependence on the East for strategic materials.

The economic and social evils of a one- or two-crop economy must not be fastened on Middle America. The lessons of World War II point to the path of agricultural variety and abundance, not only in cash crops which the farmers of Middle America can sell, but in subsistence crops for their own food, freeing them in considerable degree from the worst effects of fluctuations in world markets. Should the price of palm oil drop, those same plants can furnish rich edible fats which the farmer can eat until the market is restored. So it can be with other crops.

It is worth noting that the old crops of Middle America and the new ones which can be introduced are not suited to the climate of the United States and Canada and therefore present no competition with agricultural production in the United States and Canada. Furthermore, where Middle America is essentially agricultural, we of the north are in large measure industrial. Fortunately for relations between Middle and North America, each of us produces what the other needs and does not produce.

In the past, when Panama disease infested one of our plantations and wilted the bananas, we moved out. We tore up the railroads. Behind us we left

fertile land clawed out of the jungle. We moved out, and the people left the land and followed us.

I felt guilty about it. We should have had the sense to say, "Hell, we're staying here," and to have replanted those fields in new crops for the New World. We are doing that now. To our employees who are interested and qualified we are prepared to say, "We will help you to become established as independent farmers. Here is land for you to cultivate while you are still in our employ. Because it takes capital and scientific training to grow crops well, we will get you established. It may take five to ten years for you to make a go of it on your own, with mature crops to sell and with subsistence crops for your own family. We will buy your crops or you can sell them elsewhere."

Details of this plan have been entrusted to our Department of New Crops, which will determine how large these independent farms should be. Forty acres may prove to be the most advantageous size, or thirty or fifty.

In 1942 the directors of the United Fruit Company adopted a statement of policy which gave formal expression to the program of utilizing the company organization and tropical resources to assist the native population in growing diversified food products "without expectation other than good will from friendly neighbors" in the interest of a balanced Middle American economy based on a contented, prosperous agricultural population.

To recognize the necessity of growing new crops in the American tropics is not to forget the East Asian tropics, with whose peoples we must live and trade in this shrinking world. Surely no sane program of crop migration can envisage the enrichment of one hemisphere to the lasting injury of another, nor can it be permitted to foster demoralizing competition between agricultural regions. Actually, rigid limitation of crops to a few similar varieties can produce the most ravaging sort of competition, whereas a wider diversification reduces the chance of head-on collision.

It would be foolish to expect miracles in a program of new cropping. There will be setbacks and disappointments, and the overall progress may be slow. This sort of thing will not just happen: it requires work, thinking, planning, large-scale organization and small, and farsighted coöperative effort between private companies and government agencies. Granting the inevitable delays, a place is left for imagination; indeed, an essential place. It is a great thing, this that we are looking at, and it can be a historic thing. For it is nothing less than the deliberate intercontinental transfer of the great tropical crops, directed by man, for man.



BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING

by T/SGT SAUL LEVITT

I

THE instant between sleeping and waking was like nothing else. Waking, he was just another soldier in a bed, a pain surrounded by a body.

The cold, wet stick of thermometer was pressed between his lips. He was now wide-awake. It was chilly in the ward. It was clear this morning, too. It was so clear that any minute now there ought to be that sky-filling drone of engines over the roof — though it didn't necessarily follow that if the weather over England was good, it was also good over Hamburg or Kiel. He waited for the sound of engines. He had lots of time, lots of slow minutes of time, from morning to morning.

With the thermometer in his mouth, with the chill, with the planes at last roaring over his head, the design was all filled in — it was morning for him in an Army hospital in England. He could hear the sound of the planes and he could judge the sound, not thick and packed at one point, but loose as the planes were loose and not yet in formation. About three thousand feet, he guessed. The weather was probably perfect for Hamburg.

And now that they were gone, there was this matter of the pain in the leg to be considered. He almost had the pain timed now. It was almost under control, but not quite; it sometimes went off the deep end without regard to the schedule of the pain pills. But if he got the first pain pills about ten o'clock, then it would feel easy and the throbbing would go away and not come back until evening.

At breakfast he didn't eat much.

The chaplain came around and said good morning to everybody. He was young and healthy-looking, with very broad shoulders. He said, "Good morning, Charlie. How are you this morning?"

"I'm all right, Chaplain."

A native of New York City, T/SGT SAUL LEVITT entered the war as a radioman on an American bomber. He flew from England, came unscathed through his quota of missions, and after being grounded was assigned to the editorial staff of *Yank* in England.

"Now, Charlie, you want to eat that food. Don't you want to fly again some day?"

The throbbing of his leg seemed to increase, like the sound of a clock to a sleepless man. "I'm not hungry," he said. He thought, "Why doesn't he call me Sergeant instead of Charlie?"

"He's not hungry," said the chaplain merrily, looking around the ward. The soldiers leaning on their elbows or flat on their backs smiled faintly. "Now, listen to the boy. Don't you know that the stomach digests food even if you don't like it?"

"I'm not hungry, Captain," he said, knowing that the chaplain liked to be called, above all, "Father."

The chaplain's smile remained, definite and yet not all there. "Now, you eat that food, Charlie," he said again, and he turned down the aisle.

With a glance at his watch, the sergeant tried to do some figuring. It was a game like solitaire. About now the planes were at the rendezvous point somewhere on the coast. From any hatch in the plane a man could see other planes coming up over the horizon, wheeling and wheeling in big circles until wedded to the formation. Perhaps clouds in patches, in broken patches and breaking up in the early morning wind off the water. And on their left wing was Benton, and in front of them was the major's ship. . . .

"How about that back rub this morning?" asked the day nurse. He considered her carefully. She had a full, pale face; she was heavy with that hopeless heavy straight fall of body to the ankles that was immune to diet.

"I'm very busy this morning," he said.

"Heh — doing what, if you don't mind?"

"I'm flying to Hamburg this morning."

"No back rub?"

"No back rub."

"Come, now, you've been this way for a week."

He knew by the expression on her face that she

had been plainly told that she wasn't beautiful, and that this was unfair. But it didn't matter to him if it was unfair. He wanted her to be beautiful, that was all. Fair or unfair, to hell with it. And he asked her for his pain pill and she said in a little while, but he knew it would be delayed. He had been brutal in a way that was the height of brutality to a woman, and the hell of it was that the pain would rise and rise now in his leg.

On the other side of the aisle the soldier with the bad back who had snored most of the night was now moaning. After a while the needle went into the arm of the soldier with the bad back, who then fell asleep and snored all over again.

Looking at his watch again, he figured them over the North Sea now, and the formation tight, the clouds gone, the water ten thousand feet below, remote, a gray color on a map. At the left waist Bub was asleep and wrapped in his heavy jacket. And at the right waist was the guy who had replaced him. The new guy was waking Bub up. The order over interphone was to test-fire guns. They fired into the impersonal cold sky, the tracers curved through cloud masses, and all around were the puffs of smoke from the guns of other ships. Now the climb, with the cold sifting through the heated suit in places. Oxygen level. Here faces disappeared, replaced by the gray oxygen masks. The little red ball went up and down, proving at least that lungs inhaled and exhaled.

The ward boy, deftly balancing a bedpan on his shoulder like a waiter with a tray, asked, "What do you see up there — about eighteen thousand feet?"

"Not a hell of a lot. See if you can dig up those pain pills for me — or does that nurse first have to contact General Eisenhower?"

The ward boy came back with the pills and asked, "Is the flak worse or the twenty-millimeter?"

"It depends," he said meaninglessly. He took the pills down in a glass of water. After a while his body relaxed. He dozed, wanting to stay awake, but it was never possible, because the nights were too hard — the nights were the worst of all.

The ward boy woke him at dinnertime — the time for them to be over the target at least, or maybe past it on the way back and the fighters coming over the horizon, far off in the sky like specks on a windowpane, but only seconds off in the time it took for them to come in with the edge of their wings blinking red eyes at you.

After dinner they wheeled him out on the stretcher to the operating room, to drain some more, scrape at a whittled-down bone, and replace the cast. The medical officer, Captain Henley, told him he would

feel better with the new cast on. When he came to, he was in the ward, with the captain bending over him.

"How is it?"

"It's O.K., Captain."

"No pain?"

"None. Did you hear any planes, Captain — I mean a lot of them?"

"Not in the last couple of hours, no."

If they were not back yet, it wasn't Hamburg or Kiel, but something else deep into Germany, and those who'd got hit were going down low, with a prop feathered maybe — going down to low level just above the sea or the land where the Focke-Wulf wouldn't dare to dive. Fighting for time now. And in other ships, at the guns, were the lucky ones, the safe ones, the ones who had run the gauntlet once more, as the ships came across the water, with the men watching for the friendly English landfall. From tail to nose they were smoking and watching the sky, Whitey on interphone wanting to know when they'd hit England and Lieutenant Walton from the nose answering. Just minutes to go. . . .

He timed it. He tried for the life of him to stay awake long enough to hear that returning drum of engines but fell asleep. And when he did open his eyes, the C.O. was there, at the foot of the bed.

2

MAJOR FLEMING looked very tired, but he grinned. Then the grin was gone. He looked like an Air Corps flying major, very young, around twenty-five, and his face round and fair and without quite the grim finish to be seen in veteran officers of ground warfare.

"Hello, Charlie," said the major.

"Hello, Major. How did it go today?"

"Not bad, not bad — they got Benton."

"How about my boys?"

"Nobody touched." Fleming smoked, and his eyes wheeled distastefully down the aisle of beds.

"We went deep this time, and they were on us all the way from Brussels. They were sharp, came right through the formation. Benton's number two caught on fire and he sideslipped to the right trying to blow it out — and bang! . . . Probably flak first, and when we made the turn he couldn't stay in and they jumped him. . . . I meant to drop over day after you got hit, Charlie —"

"That's all right, Major. Just get me out of here in a hurry."

"Aren't they treating you right?"

"I could lie around the barracks, hang around

armament, something like that." He forced himself up a little, feeling the leg beginning to pulse again.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't like it here."

"If they don't treat you right —" said the major, looking down, his voice puzzled and waiting.

The sergeant was quiet. He could count the gentle, insistent throbbing in his leg. He said at last, "I'm getting scared here."

"I'll try," said the major, turning his head around the ward, his eyes gloomy. "Besides the Purple Heart," he said, "we're putting you in for the Silver Star." The major brought up a grin again. The sergeant lay flat on his back and blew smoke softly at the ceiling in continuous puffs.

"All right," said the major. "Don't I know it? Anyway, they give the medals out and we take 'em. Then you can send 'em home or stuff 'em in your barracks bag —"

He said, "Major, just get me out of here in a hurry, that's all."

"I'll try," said the major gloomily.

The afternoon was very quiet. Even the man with the bad back only moaned for a little while and then, for a change, fell asleep without snoring. And outside, the branches of trees bent in the wind.

"Soft," said a voice over his shoulder, "very soft."

It was the pilot, Lieutenant McClellan. The lieutenant was handsome, with heavy brown hair brushed back on his head and cheeks very pink — the face of a choirboy; and the voice, deep and musical, was the voice of the choirboy grown older.

"No flak, no fighters, just bedsores — greetings, Commander," said the sergeant. "Commander, I am informed by Intelligence that you were in London last week — and the pickings, Commander?"

Lieutenant McClellan sat down in the bedside chair, picked an old envelope and pencil out of a pocket, and began to sketch something before he answered. "You know how I do it, Charlie," he said.

"Just some quiet heavy drinking." The sergeant seemed to grin with his mouth turned down. They were talking in low, confined voices, and familiarly, because there were things between them, including crash landings and conversations kept private in the noisiest barrooms.

"You still play it the same pure-hearted way — Salt Lake, San Francisco, now London. No change. Still looking for something out of this world — which might come along any fine morning."

The pilot had finished his sketch. Now he was looking at it with the air of a man trying to be objective about his own handiwork.

McClellan said patiently, "We have been over this before." He handed the sketch over, and the sergeant said, "I can see myself pretty good. It looks like me right down to my turned-down mouth." He flopped down flat in the bed. "I give up," he said. "Listen. Even if it's Piccadilly, you can forget it with a good shower the next morning."

McClellan sat there without answering. He seemed to be weighing something on an extremely delicate scale against something else. "I've got nothing to say about what anybody else does," he said patiently. "If Bub needs to tomcat down every alley in London, that's all right with me — provided he can climb into the waist next morning without breaking his neck." He added with the mildest reproof, "We've been over this before. . . . The longer I'm in this thing, the more I seem to want something first-rate — and if I don't get it, that's all right too," said McClellan in his soft, unemphatic voice. "Does that mean anything at all?"

"No," said the sergeant sullenly. He could feel the pain rising in his leg. He was, suddenly, no longer interested in talk; he wished he could sleep now. He asked, "Did you see Benton go down?"

"No," said the pilot, getting up and dusting his pinks off carefully. "Benton flew this job as if he were selling insurance, as if there were a future in it. There was a man you could feel sorry for."

He took an orange out of one pocket and a letter out of the other. "I forgot these — the orange is with the compliments of the mess sergeant. By the way," said the pilot casually, as if he had just thought of it, "if you can get out soon, I'd like you on the crew again." The sergeant was silent, feeling a flush rise up from his throat.

3

WHEN the sergeant awoke again it was near evening. There was an occupant now in the one bed across the aisle which had been empty. He guessed that this was someone off today's raid. The new man across the aisle came to, asked for water, and, in the objective manner of hospitals, received instead another jab of morphine in the arm and went to sleep again.

Because of the new addition the ward was quiet. The blackout curtains were drawn. The radio played low. Across the Channel in Calais the energetic Germans kept to the air, serving up jazz, German waltzes. By this time the sergeant thought he knew one voice from Calais, a very melodious tenor. He had also figured out something about this tenor — he was big, with curly hair and a paunch.

"A little on the fruity side," thought the sergeant.

The letter from home that McClellan had brought lay on the bedside table, waiting to be read again. He had read it once and had fallen asleep. And now it waited to be read again, as if there were something in it that he hadn't perhaps quite understood. Yet it was clear enough — his uncle had died, and his sister had had a baby. He crumpled the letter and threw it into the basket below. "Love," said the letter, like all letters in the end.

Someone had turned to BBC news and the score for last night was given by the announcer: "Seven of our aircraft are missing." He turned on his back a little to ease the one spot that was always so painful. Somebody was now talking over the air about post-war automobiles that would run on less petrol. From down the ward a voice called desperately to the ward boy, "How about some goddam music?" "O.K.," said the ward boy, glaring down the aisle. "How about you taking care of the ducks then?" He held up the urine bottles, and he said, "You guys sure gang up on me. Why don't you give it out to the day man?" He kept going down the aisle.

"They ought to give the guy one stripe at least," said somebody.

The sergeant puffed on a cigarette. He tried to read but the lights were dim and his eyes hurt. Bub came in after supper.

"I haven't got much," said the sergeant. "How much do you want?"

"Five pounds'll do," said Bub briskly. He was dressed for town, with the wings and the decorations. Also he was extremely young, beardless, and the skin red along his jaw where he had searched for faint hairs with a razor. "Promoting something big in town tonight," he said, his eyes following the night nurse down the aisle. "I run into her in a bar in town yesterday — just like that, five minutes after I get off the bus."

"I thought you could make connections in two minutes."

"I hadda go to the can once," explained Bub. "If them mild and bitters don't do nothing else, they sure flush the kidneys. Five minutes, that's all. She ain't no baby, you know what I mean — about twenty-three — you don't have to teach her a thing. She thinks I'm twenty-four. You gotta give 'em the impression you're older. The way I manage it —"

"I know how you manage it."

"I get them to tell me *their* age first," finished Bub complacently. "How you feeling, Charlie?"

"O.K."

Bub said restlessly, "Well, so long, Charlie." He turned down the aisle and from behind his back looked very frail and slim and young.

"Bub," he called.

Bub turned around, impatient, swinging back and forth on his legs.

"Just be careful, Bub," he said.

"What's that?" said Bub, puzzled. "Careful? Careful about what?"

"Just careful, that's all," he said.

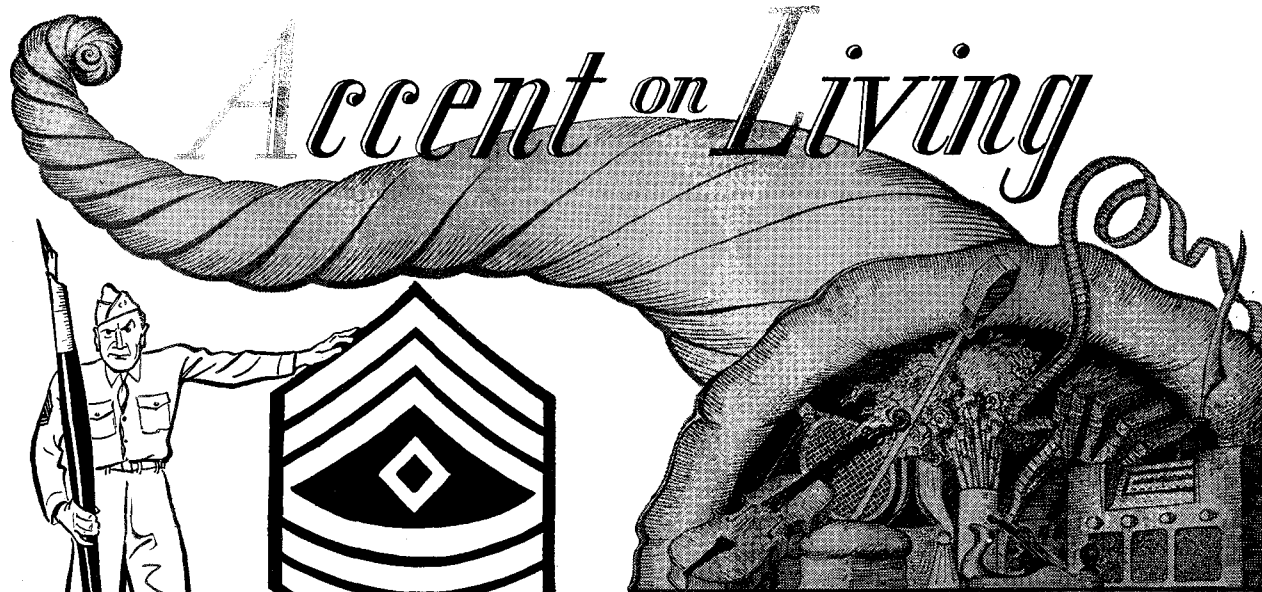
"Careful — if you mean this English stuff," said Bub contemptuously. He turned and kept going down the aisle, swinging his shoulders.

After a while the lights went out. In the darkness there was a droning of many engines overhead. The RAF had spread its wings again, and the thunder remained for a long while in the air. He fell asleep, and sleeping he again dragged himself to the escape hatch, with young Bub checking his chute at the very last instant, giving him the last push out into the cold, the wind blasting back over the wing, to fall through the racing white clouds, yelling, into nowhere. He turned, blacking out, and somewhere pulling the ring. At last the swinging, his back hurting, the other chutes blossoming, and off in the distance one more, the last one, which was McClellan's, showing small and above and ahead. . . .

Awake, he groped for a cigarette. In the night chill the sweat was cold on his forehead. When he lit the cigarette he could see the night nurse standing near-by. In the puffs her face showed, quiet, and she whispered, "You were yelling again." He was silent. "Is there anything you want?" He could smile openly and unseen and in a straight leer in the darkness. "A glass of water," he said.

When she went for the water he bent over the side of the bed, fishing in the basket for the letter from home. His leg hurt, but he kept at it until he had the letter. It was very quiet in the ward, except for the man across the aisle who was snoring, but it was a low, gentle snore now. He smoothed the letter out. Maybe what the letter said was real, and what a man in an Army hospital three thousand miles from home thought about was not real. Possibly there was even a future in spite of the guys who talked about it, and his newborn nephew would in that future be someone to reckon with.

He smoothed the letter out and put the glass on top of it. You could write a letter back expressing sympathy on the one hand and pleasure on the other, even if you weren't sure that you meant it. His leg was throbbing full tide now. Even though he'd ask for another pain pill in a minute, the leg would go on throbbing anyway, his purple heart would go on throbbing slowly and steadily in the dark till morning.



In Defense of First Sergeants

By JOHN C. MOYNIHAN

WHAT does the first sergeant do for a living? According to Private Hargrove, the public's ambassador to the military, his principal duty is to cruise the company area with black book and pencil in hand, appointing every other yardbird he meets to some noisome occupation. As a matter of fact, our dubious hero rarely stirs from his orderly room from reveille to retreat. He gets less ultraviolet than Grandma, and his chronic dyspeptic look is born of the noxious chemical mixture that passes for air within his sanctum.

Imprisoned in this little cell sits the first sergeant from 6.00 A.M. to 6.00 P.M., six days a week. He even works on Sunday when he cannot maneuver his faithful tool, the company clerk, into doing so.

His principal duty is to supervise the clerical machinations that make his company tick. He winds the primary red tape about the private's official being by all manner of accounts, correspondence, and records. He connives to make the company correspond, on paper, to its ever changing status in actuality.

The three chief means to this end bear the innocent names of morning report, sick book, and duty roster. The morning report contains a record of the events of the previous twenty-four hours. *The Army Clerk* says the record is "both analytical and his-

torical" — which is about as lucid as *The Army Clerk* ever gets.

Once upon a time, when armies still fought with spear and broadsword, a record of events gave a clear and even readable summary of the day's events. An entry — professionally called a "remark" — might read that "Pvt. G. I. Joseph, who used to be over in A Company, was assigned to our outfit and arrived for duty a little while before noon chow. Capt. Mole, down at Personnel, sent him to us because he knew we needed a good general mechanic."

As the years went on, the Army found that such a remark was too clear and simple for its tastes — in fact, that any old fool could compile a record like that. In fright at such an unmilitary denouement, it decided to make the morning report as cryptic and mystifying as possible. This was done, first, by inventing an ironbound phraseology for the remark; second, by designating an inviolable sequence for the various elements in it; and third, by abbreviating every other word.

The modern remark on the said Joseph would therefore be: —

Joseph Geronimo I 30987654 Pvt
Asgd & jd 1100 Co A 987th Sig Obsn Bn Post
par 89 SO 124 B & SC ASFTC MOS 325

There is thus only one way to remark on an experienced mechanic's being switched to one's own company from a similar organization on the same Army post. If he were a recruit mechanic, or a recruit carpenter, or an unskilled recruit, or a specialist, or an officer; or if he were coming in on trial; or if his last station had been a military prison, a hospital, an induction station, or an Army post some-

A graduate of Boston College, JOHN C. MOYNIHAN gave up newspaper work in Andover, Massachusetts, to enter the Army. He is now a Signal Corps corporal in a Missouri camp, but tells us: "My present position is 'Acting First Sergeant' — another misdemeanor committed by the Army on us civilians in uniform."

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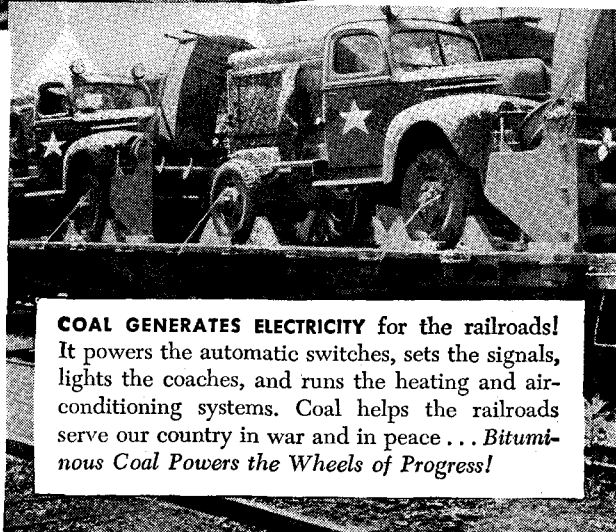
Last year, for railroads, electric utilities, home, factory, and farm, the coal industry produced over 600 million tons... more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history! And the industry is hard at work to make your post-war coal for home heating in more uniform sizes, practically dustless—cleaner than ever.



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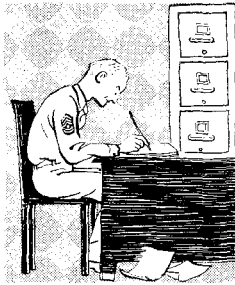


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★ Powers the Wheels of Progress! ★

where else in the country, the remark would be entirely different.

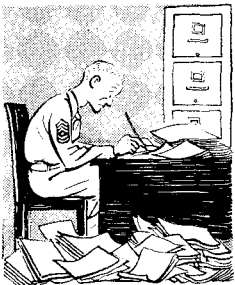
If the top sergeant booking the said G. I. Joseph was old and wise, he would immediately pluck the correct remark from the files of his elephantine memory. If a little less experienced, he would telephone personnel and battalion headquarters and at least three other top sergeants, read the pertinent Army Regulation at least ten times, and analyze his proposed remark word by word, syllable by syllable, and eventually letter by letter.



During all this hocus-pocus, of course, he would be falling-out the company, explaining a fine legal detail to the company commander, overseeing the clerk's preparation of a transmittal form, bestowing company punishment on an unhappy drunk who had missed bed check, announcing the uniform of the day to four barracks chiefs who, naturally, would appear before him separately and at the most awkward moments. He would also be discussing with Lt. Hammerhead the whereabouts of the half-empty fifth formerly reposing at the bottom of Lt. Hammerhead's locker; expressing doubt to Pvt. Goldbrick that the latter's mother now lay on her deathbed only three weeks since his last emergency furlough; and expostulating to the sergeant major that he could not possibly spare twenty-five men for six days to weed the garden at battalion headquarters.

Come hell, high water, or the Inspector General, he would have finished his morning report at 8.00, lest battalion, regimental, and personnel headquarters ring up to beat down his ears at 8.03.

By 7.30, he would have completed his sick-book entries for the day. Thus he must have been compiling the sick record at the same time he was slaving over the morning report, telephoning, commanding, wheedling, and supervising. The traditional one-armed paperhanger is a sluggard compared to a first sergeant from 6.00 to 8.00 A.M.



The sick book, the second most important company document, is as simple as Superman compared to the morning report. It merely pretends to be a record of the visionaries applying to the infirmary for medical aid, and the men presently confined to the station hospital. But, as with any other record dealing with the activities of 200 men, it can become snafu while one blinks his eye.

For the sick book is the most meticulous of documents. The Army Medical Corps is more cautious than Aunt Carrie's cat in a water-front dive. If Pvt. Harry Epidermis suddenly develops gangrene, there is a distinct possibility — to the Medical Corps alone, of course — that a perfectly healthy Harry Epidermis, somewhere else in the vast cantonment, may manage to get his leg sawed off.

When Harry Epidermis goes to the hospital, therefore, his name is promptly set down in the sick book with such interesting memorabilia as his rank, serial number, and the moral status of his injury — that is, its reception or non-reception in the line of duty.



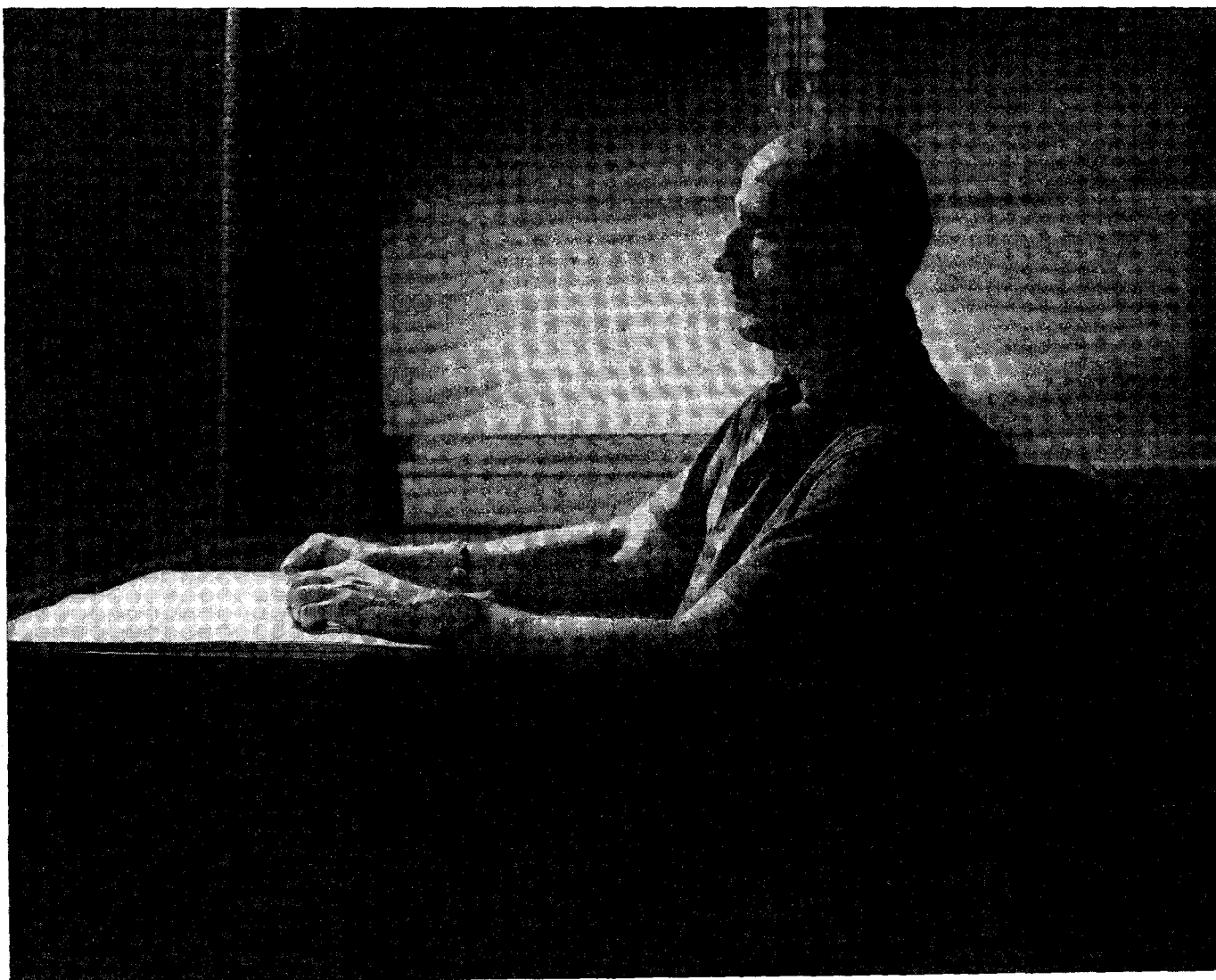
Anywhere but in the Army, it would be sufficient to record the data on Harry Epidermis when he entered the hospital, and again when he left its precincts. The Army, however, fearing he may be lured from his cool white bed to return unannounced to his former duties as latrine orderly, meticulously annals his case in the sick report every day, whether he remains hospitalized a week, a month, or forever.

If a company has 20 men in the hospital for the whole month of June, it follows that there are 600 entries in the book. To them are added the names of the men vain enough to apply to the infirmary for relief from minor ills.

It is because of his interminable hospital list that the first sergeant is impatient with the unhappy Joes who stumble into the orderly room, by the dawn's early light, to report their headaches, blisters, and dysentery. To the overburdened top kick, such audacity is the equivalent of digging a divot at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The topper finds it inconceivable that a soldier can be really annoyed by anything less than a fractured skull.

Of course, our many-striped dervish has a few things on his mind while making out his sick report. He must explain to Pvt. Perldiver why his government insurance does not pay for damages suffered by his car in a hurricane in East Cornbelt, Iowa; tell Pvt. Brownnose that he cannot possibly have a blister for the seventeenth day in a row; remind Cpl. Hupp that he will be happy to listen to his experiences at the harvest frolic when he has an idle moment; find a new barracks orderly to replace Pvt. Overhill, who went happily AWOL during the night; crank the creaky





Symphony at Sunrise

Mitropoulos Arose Early—As Always, When Great Events Portend

In all the history of recorded music, had there ever before been a moment quite like this?

It is dawn, and at the window sits Dimitri Mitropoulos, distinguished Greek conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, his face strongly outlined by the first rays of the ascending sun.

This is just as Mitropoulos had wanted it. "Let us have the audition very early in the morning," he had said. "That is when the mind is clear, when every sense is keen. Then my judgment of the Meissner will be most accurate."

☆ ☆ ☆

Now an attendant pressed a button, and Mitropoulos watched as Meissner's automatic record-changer performed its agile marvels.

"Ah, that velvet touch!" he exclaimed. "How many of my own precious records would thus have been saved!"

As he spoke, the final words were caught up in the music of a glorious symphony—gloriously reproduced. Mitropoulos sat almost spellbound as record followed record. At last, when the room was bright with the risen sun, the great director could no longer restrain his enthusiasm:

"The people at Mt. Carmel have done a wonderful thing. This music from the Meissner . . . it is so clear, so buoyant, so perfect! Never would I have believed such reproduction possible!"

Dimitri Mitropoulos had just been listening to the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence—the laboratory model perfected before war turned all of Meissner's skill to the manufacture of vital war equipment. The instru-

ment is now on loan "for the duration" to Mt. Carmel high school in Meissner's home community.

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legal engine that will bring Pvt. Overhill back to the toils and terrors of a summary court-martial; apply for a GI auto registration for Pvt. Goldust; make sure that all his 200 men fall out in helmet liners, leggings, fatigues, and cartridge belts instead of the garrison caps and suntans announced five minutes ago; compute the number of shots the infirmary can give his men in the only fifteen minutes available during the day; wonder, with Lt. Hammerhead, if his dissolute supply men could have made off with the rest of that fifth; telephone regiment about OCS application forms for Sgt. Beaver; and admonish Orders and Billeting that he knows far better than they whether he has a Pvt. Julius Sinkstacker in his company.

That done, and having summoned the company clerk back from the mess hall, — where he has practically exhausted the supply of tomato juice and black coffee, — he turns to the duty roster.

The duty roster is the most detailed commentary in the Army's famed system of double-checking records. It proposes to show that every single man in the outfit has been busy at some definite assignment every day of his tour of duty with the company; and to prove that the company's work has been equitably divided among its personnel. This is done by writing tiny numbers in a pageful of blank squares. It is something like playing chess without the chessmen.

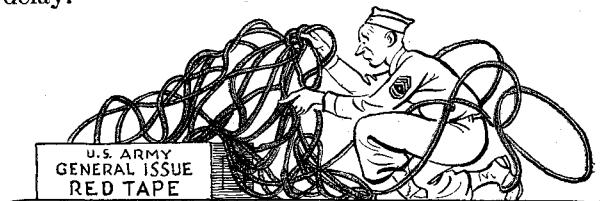
Even then the duty roster might be relatively simple if it were not being continually kicked around by the eternal change inherent in mortal institutions — by departures, by promotions, by sicknesses, by furloughs, by special assignments, by limited-duty statuses, by changes in schedule, and by plain errors or omissions.

But in all this the old Army rule holds true: by however complicated a procedure a first sergeant arrives at a mistake, the discrepancy is as apparent to a casual observer as if it had been branded on his hide. The eagle-eyed lieutenant from the inspector's office can spend five minutes on the first sergeant's records and then acidly opine that Pvt. Jerck could not possibly have been AWOL on 29 June as the morning report stated in its mystic way, if, as the sick book had it, he was groaning on a hospital bed, or, as the duty roster implied, he was blithely scrubbing pans in the mess hall.

While he is preparing the duty roster, naturally, the top kick wrestles, one-handed, with a few other gripping problems. He discovers that he detailed Pvt. Jughead to do KP in both his own and the officers' mess, and that neither mess sergeant is willing to relinquish the excellent Jughead's services. With his men scattered from here to Helingone, he is requested by Payroll Section to pick up the month's

roll and have it completely signed by 1500 that afternoon. The new medical officer, completely taken in by the guile of the company's ace sick-book rider, decrees that that obvious faker shall have "light duty" for six weeks. A heated argument arises from the circumstance that Cpl. Tuff stood CQ for Sgt. Nasti on the 26th, that Cpl. Tuff understood that he was properly recorded as serving that detail, while Sgt. Nasti understood that the corporal took his place merely out of the goodness of his heart, and that subsequently Cpl. Lowd took CQ for Cpl. Tuff under the impression that he was serving the interests of Sgt. Nasti. Since none of the combatants will budge an inch, the first sergeant, with judicial impartiality, must study out a decision that will be equally unpopular with all.

There may be more thankless jobs than the first sergeant's, but not on Planet Earth. There is harder work than his, but it is done by horses and machines. There are, perhaps, brave, sturdy soldiers who aspire to be first sergeants sometime. These should consult the post psychiatrist without delay.



The Yearling

By GEORGE SCARBROUGH

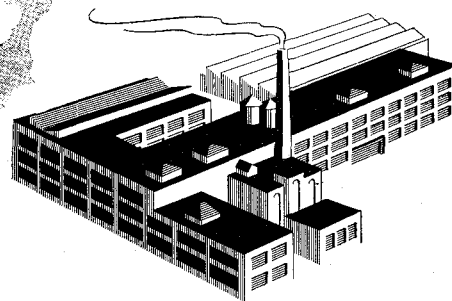
REMINISCENT of deer, the pale white yearling poised
Out of a corner of mist. There in the pasture,
Early as dawn, her polished feet had noised
Around the repute of her miniature disaster.

Stones were not fired by the loping heifer-thrust
Of legs as slim as willow when the branches fell
From the honey-locust tree, though as heifers must
She ran from the young pricked hide, fled from the
warm blood-smell.

The watering place held the thickest mist of her
manor,
An excellent place for her hiding. Reluctant dark,
Though, made her flee where the first faint light
might fan her,
And the wood between suffered her bright foot-mark.

Out of a corner of mist, on a knoll less dark than she,
The pale white yearling scotched her hooves with
flint,
Poised in her question, unaware of me,
Asking the highest acre what the stinging bough
had meant.

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The State of Washington has men . . . machines . . . materials . . . markets . . . a superabundance of great natural resources that stimulate even the most reluctant imagination. Washington invites you to investigate *unsurpassed opportunity* for industrial development after the war.

This is your chance to join those who will stake out their industrial claims in Tomorrow . . . in Washington!

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SKILLED LABOR—intelligent, responsible, fair in its dealings with management.



LOW TAXES AND CONSERVATIVE FISCAL POLICIES—definite, statutory limit on property taxes . . . no state income tax . . . no general obligation debt.



UNEXCELLED TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES—by land, sea and air . . . in all directions . . . deep-water harbors.



ABUNDANT, CHEAP HYDROELECTRIC POWER FOR INDUSTRY—vast, interconnected hydroelectric systems.



NUMEROUS BASIC INDUSTRIES—provide materials for processing.



DIVERSIFIED AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION—fruits, grains, livestock, vegetables, dairy products.



PLEASANT LIVING—a temperate, healthful climate, ideal for both working and living.

Scholar's Adjustment

By N. B. FAGIN

SCHOLARS are timid souls. I believe that every scholar feels more or less as I do about the ordeal of listening to learned papers. In their classrooms, where the audience is either docile, or afraid, or both, scholars let themselves go and perform with a certain amount of poise and, on occasion, with charm.

But once they appear at a philological, scientific, or idea club they feel inhibited and painfully awkward. When their turn comes to take the chair at the head of the table they turn pale or crimson, they perspire, they clear the throat as though they were about to utter news of an embarrassing nature. And most of them read their papers in a low, dull monotone which, in a crowded and smoke-filled room, is decidedly conducive to sleep.

There is, of course, ample justification for the trepidation with which scholars perform on such occasions. They know the habits of their colleagues; they know their own habits when they act as listeners.

Everybody presumably tolerates the paper for the delight of destroying it when the time comes for discussion. When the reader timidly raises his eyes and notices that Professor Meticulous has been jotting down something on the back of an envelope, he returns to his paper, but in the back of his mind is the demoralizing certainty that he must have committed some scholarly misdemeanor. Was it the date of Savonarola's birth? He had written it from memory as 1452, but he should have checked it. It may very well be '51 or '53. Or was it his reference to Pareto? He had not read all of Pareto, and if Meticulous should raise questions it might prove embarrassing.

But whatever the justifications on either side, the problem of how to undergo the ordeal of listening to scholarly papers remains. We all know that look of apprehension with which we appraise the manuscript in the hands of a speaker about to begin his performance. It isn't always easy to estimate the number of pages it contains. For one thing, it may be onionskin paper. For another thing, what if the typing is single-space? No, it is never possible to estimate with any exactitude what we are in for.

But it is possible to adjust oneself to the inevi-



table. After all, the mind, we have been told, is its own place and is capable of accommodating itself to any situation. For myself, I have developed a technique which has made my attendance at scholarly meetings much less uncomfortable. In fact, each session has become somewhat of an adventure, so that, instead of dreading the approach of the speaker, I now anticipate it with delightful curiosity.

As the speaker ascends the platform, or deposits himself in the central chair, and pulls out his manuscript, I note carefully whether it is flat or folded. By now I know that if it is folded twice, like an advertising circular, it is likely to be short; if it is folded only once, it is lengthy but still not formidable; if it is flat, it behooves me to settle down to doodling or other inconspicuous time-consuming occupation. Of course, there is always the possibility that the manuscript is an onionskin affair, so that even if it is folded twice it may still be too long for ease of mind. But then there is also the possibility that it has been typed triple-space with wide margins and short paragraphs.

Then I note how long it takes him to read the first page and what he does with it after reading. If he turns it over and lays it aside I feel a surge of elation, for I shall have little trouble in observing the approach of the end. If, however, he fails to turn it over, but merely slips it under the unread pages, my task will be complicated.

In either case I watch his hand as he lifts the first page. If it trembles, the speaker belongs to the cowed and nervous type and will probably not dare to raise his head to add extemporaneous comment which will prolong his performance. Sometimes he may be nervous at the beginning but will somehow acquire daring as he reads on. But you can always make him go back to his paper by a judicious cough, thus conveying to him the idea that he is not playing quite fairly. When the speaker turns over his pages and lays them aside, there is the added fascination of watching him build a pile of discarded sheets and of comparing its size, from time to time, with that of the pile still in his hand.

Simple as this procedure may seem, it is effective in that it leaves no time for watching the clock on the wall or, surreptitiously, your own wrist watch. Naturally, in being thus preoccupied, you lose the thread of the thesis and the evidence which supports it; but then, very likely you would have lost it anyway after a while.

A member of the English department at the Johns Hopkins University, N. BRYLLION FAGIN is the author of several books and a contributor to many periodicals.

Eggs and Omelets

By HENRY NOBLE HALL

GIVE me half a dozen eggs, a few spoonfuls of gravy and as much cream, with a little butter and a handful of bread-crumbs, and I can get up a good luncheon." So wrote Marion Harland seventy years ago, and she added, "Eggs are the cheapest food for the breakfast or lunch table of a private family. They are nutritious, popular and never an unelegant dish." She might have added that they offer infinite variety, for there are more than two hundred ways in which they can be prepared.

The frugal French, who really understand the artistry of life, invented the omelet. It is the best way to cook eggs, because three eggs do the work of four and their food value is increased by the incorporation of fat, in which the egg is slightly deficient. It takes only two minutes to make a three-egg omelet, but every motion has a reason of its own. This is how and why.

First beat three eggs just enough to break up the whites and mix in the yolks. Twenty sharp beats with a fork will do it. Then heat your frying pan or skillet. When it is warm, put in a good lump of butter. As soon as the butter is melted and begins to sizzle, pour in the beaten eggs. What happens? The moment the eggs touch the hot greased pan, they begin to coagulate and form a thin pancake on top of which the uncooked egg floats.

If you left it alone your omelet would scorch before it cooked. To prevent this, raise the handle of your frying pan and with a fork throw over the film of cooked egg into the center of the pan, allowing the uncooked egg to run down in its place. Repeat this performance two or three times and you will have in the center of your pan a mound of semi-cooked egg impregnated with butter. When nearly all the uncooked egg is thus absorbed, take the pan from the fire and fold the two sides of the omelet over the mound in the center, and roll it onto a hot oval dish. It should be unbelievably light, smooth, rich, unctuous, and of a delicate golden color. The French say that a perfect omelet is *baveuse* — it should drool goodness.

If the omelet scorches, the fire was too hot; if it



sticks, not enough butter was used. I have eaten many omelets in this country, but none to compare with those served in the humblest French *auberge*. The American omelet is cooked too slowly and no attempt is made to incorporate as much butter as possible in the cooking process. Too often it is merely fried beaten egg, folded over. Also any old frying pan is used. In every French family a frying pan is kept sacred to the use of omelets. It is never washed. Water ruins frying pans. They should be wiped thoroughly,

while still warm, with a wad of paper.

For a savory omelet, a heaping tablespoonful of finely chopped chives, tarragon, and parsley leaves, mixed with the egg before it is poured in the frying pan, makes a delicate dish. All other stuffings for omelets should be cooked separately and added only after the frying pan has been removed from the fire and the omelet is about to be folded.

One of the most nourishing, and a great favorite with the hardy peasants of sunny France, is the potato omelet. Cook together small cubes of fat pork and cold boiled potatoes and add them to an omelet which has been made with lard instead of with butter. This is a grand dish. Skinned and cooked tomatoes, peppers, and mushrooms also make wonderful omelets, and almost any leftover of chicken or ham can be cut up fine, heated in a little butter, and used to stuff this wonderful dish.

Another good way to cook eggs is to scramble them, but here again the American scrambled egg is a very poor imitation of the real thing. No matter what the cookbooks say, the only way to scramble eggs to perfection is over hot water. Always use a double boiler with a top receptacle having a rounded bottom. When the water is approaching the boiling point, put two ounces of fresh butter to melt in the top of the double boiler and then pour in five large or six small eggs thoroughly beaten. Mix well with the butter, using a wooden fork, and continue to stir till the eggs are done.

At the end of about four minutes the eggs will begin to coagulate. Then lower the heat, since the water in the double boiler must remain just below boiling. Continue to stir, being careful to detach any egg that may coagulate on the sides or bottom of the receptacle. Just before the eggs are cooked, add a tablespoonful of rich cream and remove from the heat. Stir well and bring to table. Anything

For his findings on cookery, HENRY NOBLE HALL can draw on the experience of a newspaper career which took him to Paris, New York, London, New Orleans, and most of Europe, South America, and the West Indies.

It's all in knowing how



As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. And our country has always encouraged the boyhood knack of making things — especially things that work. That's one reason why America is rich in stories of men who could do the hard wartime jobs — such as the one told below.

For many years before the war, General Motors men kept busy making more and better things for more people. They had learned through endless research and experiment how to improve the quality of these things, while at the same time producing them in large volume.

They reduced complicated mechanisms, like an automobile, to their simplest parts — made these parts exactly alike in great numbers — then assembled them into complete units. This cut time and costs so low nearly

everyone could own a good car — and most people did.

But the war brought problems that promised to stump even the experts in volume production.

For example, the famous Oerlikon gun, a piece so precisely made it seemed that only slow handwork could ever duplicate it.

But General Motors men took it on. They redrew blueprints from metric to English measure. They devised new machines and new methods that produced to ultra-precise limits.

The production skill acquired over many years was quickly focused on this task. And soon our ships began to bristle with thousands of those quick-firers that rip dive bombers to pieces.

Spitting 400 shells to the minute, GM-built Oerlikon guns barked notice to the world that American methods were as adaptable to making guns as to producing automobiles.

This is just one wartime example out of many hundreds that shows how America is benefiting from its peacetime mass-production "know-how" and its manufacturing skill.

Ability to make things in great numbers is as useful in protecting our American way of life as it was in enriching that life before war came.

And when total victory is won, it will be ready in peace to provide more and better things for more people.

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For 63 years, without interruption, the name Matson has stood for progressively improved *transportation* between the Mainland and Hawaii. When its present war tasks are done, and the needs of peace are faced, Matson aims to be ready with the most modern transport facilities known to man.

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added to scrambled eggs — asparagus tips, mushrooms, sweet red peppers, chicken livers, ham — must be cooked separately and added just before the dish is served.

There are only two great systems of cooking in this world, the French and the Chinese. Neither owes anything to the other; both are entirely different. And so with Chinese scrambled eggs. The dish is simplicity itself, but rich and very nourishing. Pour two or three tablespoonfuls of peanut oil into a frying pan and when the oil is hot, but not smoking, pour in five or six well-beaten eggs and whip them up in the hot oil. In less than no time you will have a mound of fluffy scrambled egg which will have absorbed all the oil. It is something to eat on hot toast.

Here is a striking egg dish for a formal luncheon. Separate the whites and yolks of as many eggs as you expect guests, putting aside each yolk in its half-shell. Beat the whites as stiff as possible and place them in a buttered dish, smoothing the top with a knife. Now in your beaten whites make as many holes as you have yolks, and into each hole pour a raw yolk. Salt lightly and sprinkle heavily with grated Parmesan cheese. Cook in a hot oven for eight minutes or less.

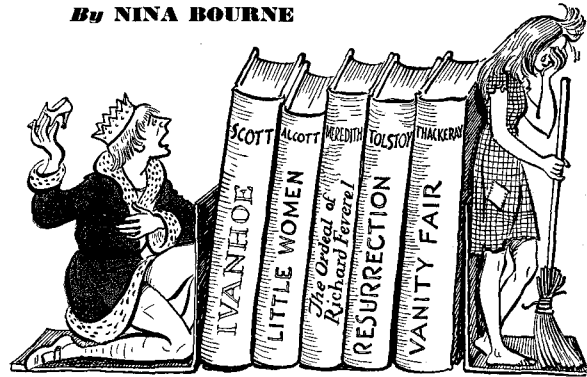
Of all hot desserts, an egg soufflé is the best. To make it, beat up six yolks of egg with six ounces of crystallized sugar, and keep on beating until, when you raise the fork, the mixture falls away in a ribbon. Then fold in the whites of eight eggs beaten as stiff as possible. Use a wooden spoon and as few motions as possible so as to prevent the air you have beaten into the whites from escaping. Pour the mixture on a well-buttered shallow dish. It should be stiff enough to form a mound. Sprinkle it well with sugar and set in a hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes. It must be brought straight from the oven to the table, for after three minutes it begins to fall. A soufflé never waits for the guests; the guests have to wait for the soufflé.

Two other egg desserts are the rum omelet and the jam omelet. For the first, make your omelet in the usual way, sprinkling it with lots of sugar before folding. Then sprinkle again with sugar, pour over it half a cup of hot rum, and light it so that it comes to table burning like a Christmas pudding. The jam omelet is merely made by heating any kind of jam and using it to stuff the omelet. But be particularly careful, when making sweet omelets, to salt the beaten egg as usual; otherwise the omelet will lack tone.



An Address on Certain Subversive Literature Used in Our Schools

By NINA BOURNE



I OFTEN lie awake at night
And ponder the alarming
Tendency of authors to deny Cinderella her in-
alienable right
To marry Prince Charming.

I begin arbitrarily with that insidious baronet, Sir
Walter Scott.

Did he allow the lovely Rebecca (a commoner) to
marry Sir Cedric Ivanhoe? He did not.

(Rebecca qualifies as an example not through pen-
ury — for she was surrounded by financially
solid kith —

But because she was a victim of the twelfth-century
version of the Hitlaryan myth.)

Next on my proscribed list is William Makepeace
Thackeray because in fine

He prevented another Rebecca (insolvent and lovely)
from wedding the distinguished and wealthy
(though possibly elderly) Lord Steyne.

I admonish in passing the authors of *Richard Feverel*
(Meredith) and *Resurrection* (Tolstoy) — each
a literary Nero

Who forcibly prevented his poor and/or proletarian
Heroine from marrying his rich and/or aristo-
cratic Hero.

Another book that is tainted by this perfidious non-
sense

Is *Little Women* by Alcott, Louisa M., who was, in-
cidentally, a daughter of Bronson's.

In this book, as you will remember, when the rich
and socially irreproachable Laurie pops the
question, Jo

Says, "No."

Simply because Alcott, Louisa M., thought that for
some reason mystic

A marriage between them would be inartistic.

Gentlemen, the flower of our Youth is exposed to
these books, and it makes me scream

To see their faith in Democracy crushed by such
denials of the American Dream.

At 2:30 Sunday morning, November 12, Corporal Herman Glick attached to a U.S. Signal Corps company in Italy tuned in 880 on his dial and heard the last 15 minutes of *The Hit Parade* (CBS-WABC, Saturdays, 9 to 9:45 p.m. EWT). He heard Mark Warnow's orchestra, Frank Sinatra, and Joan Edwards singing the first-place tune of the week, *Dance With The Dolly*. Glick made a log of the show and sent it V-mail to WABC. Normally WABC's broadcasts are heard in 14 states on the eastern seaboard; exceptional conditions above the atmosphere sometimes carry the signal to many more. Glick reported nothing weird about the atmosphere that night. Just normally ominous.

★

A lecturer, according to Lt. John Mason Brown (USNR, inactive) "does not try to replace the library, but to lead listeners to it, and...to their own reading and discoveries."

Every Saturday at 2 p.m. EWT Lt. Brown entices millions of listeners into libraries during his amiable and revealing conversations with current authors on CBS' *Of Men and Books*. As one of *Atlantic's* jolliest lecturer-writers, Lt. Brown is probably the only lecturer who has spoken from the pilot house of an American battleship. Under fire and over the ship's public address system he gave the below-decks crew of Vice Admiral Kirk's flagship, *Ancon*, a running narrative of the assault on the Sicilian beachhead, working in frequent literary analogies. He did the same job on the *Augusta* when it sailed for Normandy.

★

Last Christmas CBS sent approximately 700 fuelless cigarette lighters to its employees in the service. Each lighter was equipped with an extra wick. One of the recipients, a lieutenant-colonel who declined, for security reasons, to be identified, recently walked into the CBS offices from overseas. He reported that the lighter

stayed in excellent working condition throughout his front line experiences but he had used up the extra wick as a fuse for an explosive charge to blow up an enemy bridge.

★

People who write (roughly, everybody) might do worse than heed some of the general instructions circulated by the CBS Program Writing Division among its staff writers. For instance:

"...In introducing classical compositions (music)...the writer's function is to inform rather than rhapsodize. That *Schubert wrote many of his greatest compositions during the final years of his life* is an informative statement. That *the ill-starred but immortal Schubert, conscious that he was not long for this world, accelerated the outpourings of his genius*, is gobbledygook. Lay your facts on the line..."



The staff writer is also urged to avoid using the standard "dialect" or minority-group characters.

"A little ingenuity in devising new types of characters will not only save you from the serious offense of fostering group prejudice; it will also benefit your writing."

"Every radio station and every network has a clear responsibility to avoid the dissemination of material contrary to the welfare of the nation. Among things which fall under the heading...is the encouragement of animosities toward sectional, racial, religious and other types of minority groups."

If you've heard less of this kind of material on CBS programs, here is one of the reasons.

★

Paul Draper waited for his music cue offstage on CBS' Television studio to start his dance. It was part of the Sixth War Loan program broadcast on November 30 by WCBW, CBS New York television station. Against a pictorial background Frances Fuller,

the actress, was reading a poetic interlude about a battle scene. Entering into the spirit of the thing, a 5000-watt flood lamp overhead suddenly exploded and showered Draper with glass. There were 10 seconds left for his cue. A property man rushed on stage with a broom and swept it partially clear. Then Draper got his cue; grabbed the broom and began dancing. As he danced he swept.

Back in the control room Ben Feiner, the director, breathed again. Draper finished the improvised portion of the dance, threw away the broom, went into his prepared routine. When he finished he took off his shoes and examined them minutely. They were all he was worried about.

★

At the suggestion of the Surgeon General, Norman T. Kirk, Major General, U.S. Army, 400 general and station hospitals in the country are now tuning in twice weekly the programs of CBS' *American School of the Air* as part of their reconditioning program. A letter from a midwestern hospital says in part:

"Here at this army general hospital we're faced with the problem of helping a large number of ambulatory and bedfast battle casualties to spend their recuperation as constructively as possible. Needless to say, the *American School of the Air* is a welcome addition to our curricula."

These are the same programs which go to millions of fighting men overseas over the 400 stations of the Armed Forces Radio Service as well as to 5,000,000 U. S. school children.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

These books, I maintain, may be Literature, or Art,
or Whatever, but THEY ARE NOT LIFE —
For it is an established fact that every year number-
less Polo Players, retired Corporation Execu-
tives, Harvard Men, Motion Picture Direc-
tors,
Police Inspectors,
Senators, Kentucky Colonels, Brookline Squires,
And Department Store Buyers
Take comely hat-check girls, lady-welders, dicta-
phone virtuosos, and registered nurses
With empty purses
TO WIFE.

Thus

I submit that the above-mentioned publications are
dangerous to American Youth,
To American Ideals of Marriage and Democratic
Breeding,
And should therefore be expurgated ruth-
lessly from the List of Required Reading.

The Snipe's Nest

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

MY LONDON friends tell me that I, as a farmer, am a fortunate fellow, seeing life in terms of cows grazing in lush meadows, of green corn springing from arable fields, of the wind on the heath and the sun shining over the hill. That is the background, certainly; but it is often no more real to the farmer than the backcloth of a stage play is to the players. The countryside is there, but the farmer seldom sees it plain or clear.

His grazing cows are to him, by necessity, milk-yields involving the filling in of forms for the Milk Marketing Board. His seed corn requires more forms; so do his fertilizers and the yield of his harvest. His tractors require further forms for petrol; so does his car. His men are man-hours, each with its separate income-tax calculation. The barbed wire that keeps his cows from the cornfields means an extra form to be filled in; so does the wood to repair his gates, and coal for threshing. Several sets of certificates are required for the purchase of new implements. Nothing moves in or on British land without many written words and orders preceding action.

In this, the farmer is like any other businessman serving the government and the community. And how he dreads all those details, which are as verbal weeds choking his very life! Even a general in battle

Ever since he was first introduced to the *Atlantic* by John Galsworthy in 1927, HENRY WILLIAMSON has been one of our most valued overseas contributors.

has his staffs; and certainly he is not worried by also being his own Quartermaster General. The farmer is all these things, and his battle, continuing day and night for all his life, is visible only to himself.

Such thoughts were with me as I went to see a cow, my best young Ayrshire heifer, which had been shot accidentally by soldiers firing across our meadows. A pair of snipe was nesting somewhere on that meadow, which had a rushy depression which we cannot drain, as the river-bed is higher than the meadow just there. As a small boy, it was my ambition to find a snipe's nest; I searched for years every spring, but was not successful. My boyhood, and the search, closed down in 1914, and though I tried to carry it on in 1919 where I left off, I found that the world of enchantment, in which wild birds

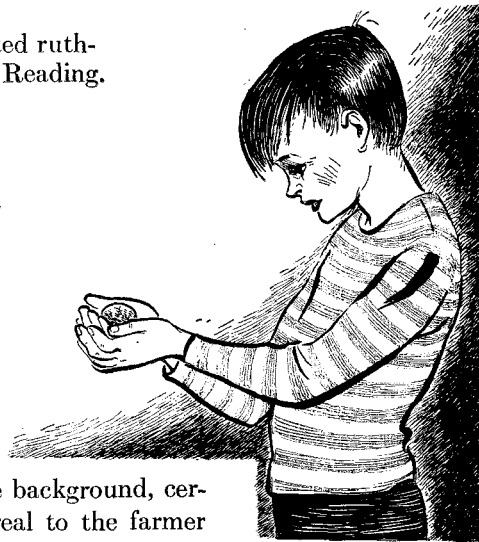
were part of a marvelous and thrilling life, was gone, it seemed forever, from my life.

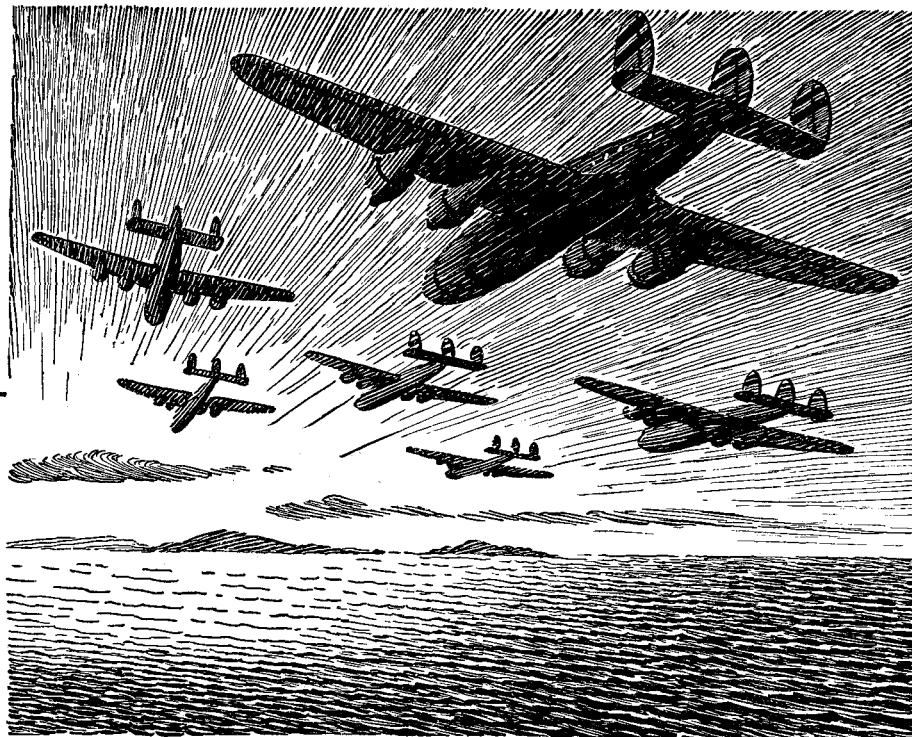
The Ayrshire heifer, such a gentle creature, so docile and shapely, reared by us from a little calf costing only seven shillings in the market, and giving over four gallons of rich milk a day after her first calf, was thrown, and then given an anesthetic on the meadow, before the probing for the bullet began. It was a bad wound: a ricochet had spun into and through the milk bag. I was the more furious because the troops

had come on my farm without authority and without notice; bullets had cracked through the woods, smoke bombs had fallen near haystacks, gates had been left open, and even tank-busting grenades had been abandoned, the split pins unsplit and loose, in the grass.

That evening we supped with a grenade on the long refectory table, as a warning to the boys of something that should on no account be touched, should it be found. It remained there after supper, for the youngest boy had not appeared for the meal.

Afterwards, more work, more forms for the farmer to fill in, for a casualty heifer to be transported to where it would become beef quickly. I had thought to take the evening off, but no, work was piling up and must be done. So I sat me down in the little barn converted into a studio, with its unread books and unused fishing rods, its hoes and scythes and paintpots, its little bags of seed and small oaken "bottles," or barrels, for cider which we would make "one day," when the piles and piles of forms had disappeared.





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Over vast horizons travel America's air liners, shortening the time and distance between our own and all countries . . . facilitating new contacts and the finding of new markets. Through its cooperation with the air transport industry and

the extension of loans and credits, The New York Trust Company is fostering the expansion of trade lanes and the development of world commerce. Thus our services are being adapted to meet the changing business conditions of the day.



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While I was sitting there, a shadow fell across the open doorway. A small boy came silently into the room. I looked at him as he came slowly towards me: at his large brown eyes and sun-burned face, the scratches on his knees and hands, the tears in his old jacket — a hand-me-down jacket from three older brothers and a sister. One of his hands was closed, but not tightly. His eyes glowed with his thoughts. A strange, solitary little boy — quite different from the other children.

He came right up to my table, waiting to see, before speaking, if I were busy. For this little boy is, in his way, an artist; he draws with pencil and crayons on paper, and his concentration while he draws, sometimes for two hours and more at a table, is such that none of us dares to interrupt him while he is at work. He knows, from knowing himself, that it is not good to interrupt others at work. He is not very old; indeed, only last year he told me that his status at the village school was "First-class Infant."

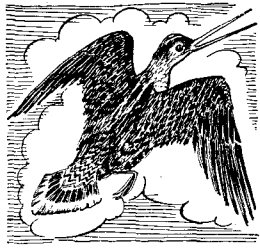
"Dad," he said, very slowly, and by that I knew he was most excited. "Are you busy?" I shook my head.

At this he drew a deep breath.

"I know," I said. "You have been under fire in the woods? You have found a bullet? You have seen the poor heifer being taken away, perhaps?"

"Yes, I did find a bullet," he replied, "and I did see the poor heifer being taken away in the lorry, but it's ever so much more than that, Dad."

I waited while looking at the keen little face of my youngest child: this strange little solitary creature



who wandered off alone, for hours, filling his wide and luminous eyes with the mysterious life all about him.

"Look, Dad," he said. "I have found a snipe's nest!"

He held out a brown mottled egg in his hand. Outside I heard a cuckoo calling, and the swallows twittering as they dived through the woodshed door, to the rafters where they nested every year. Were they the same birds, year after year, crossing the Libyan desert to return to the place where they were born? Or their children, perhaps? Other birds were singing, too; chiffchaff and willow wren, skylark and blackbird. The green valley was filled with bird song. I heard them all suddenly — I saw the faithful English spring — as I looked into the face of the little boy.

English Perversification

By MARK IDEN

SINCE you can sleep and say you've slept,
And wake and say you've woken,
Why can't I peep and say I've pept?
Why don't I say that birds have chept
And felt themselves forsoken
In trees the rain has shoken?

Though you may win and say you've won,
Or get and say you've gotten,
The clouds may thin, but haven't thon;
And, though I grin, I haven't gron
At frocks the rain has wotten
On pretty girls I've potten.

If you can dream and say you've dreamt,
And if you freeze you're frozen,
Why can't I say that frost has gleamt
On icy fields where crows have screamt
And winter winds have whozen?
Why don't I say I've snozen?

Since you can sit and say you've sat,
And rise and say you've risen,
I'd like to speak of drinks I've splat,
And tell of times when care has flat
Away quite unsurmisen.
But no — I'd be chastisen!

Perhaps you think (perhaps I've thought
While writing what I've written)
I link for spite these words I've lought,
To hoodwink some. But who's hoodwought?
And who, I ask, is spitten
By what I've just inditten?



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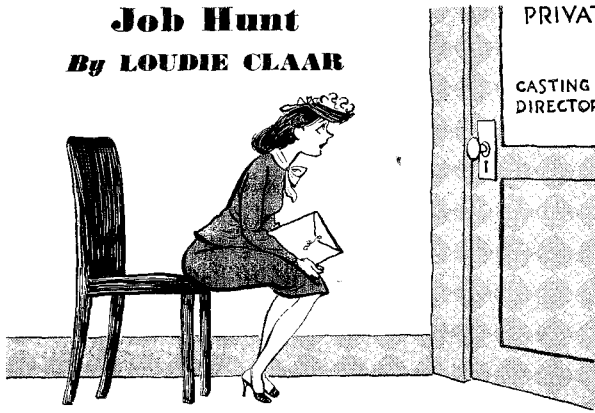
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Job Hunt

By LOUDIE CLAAR



ANYTHING can be done in Hollywood if a person has initiative. That was my reasoning. You have to make your own opportunities in this lackaday world. Refuse defeat. Carve out your own destiny.

I resolved to write such a clever letter to every casting director in the motion picture industry that he'd have to see me. He'd chuckle, and rub his chin, and say, "Well, any girl that can write as clever a letter as that certainly has something on the ball. Have her come in Monday." Or roughly that.

Intoxicated by this idea, I sat down and began to compose. "You don't know me from Adam's off-ox," I began cleverly. And I went on, pouring out gem after gem, and striking just the right tone. My Broadway background sounded pretty irresistible in retrospect, and I finished off modestly with "I am twenty-two and not a hag."

I have begun to wonder about the latter. (The former I *know* is a lie: I'm twenty-three. Imagine falsifying it by one year! That's what Hollywood will do to you.) In New York you get to feeling that you're rather pretty. This may be because there are an awful lot of Communists around who never comb their hair, so if you come from a good bourgeois background and learned early to brush your teeth, and you know how to fold a hat over your right eye, you can really look slightly terrific. Out here it's different. Everybody knows that. This is Hol-ly-wood, as C. B. DeMille puts it. Every third drive-in waitress is a cross between Hedy Lamarr and Madeleine Carroll and in just the right places. So you get to spending an awful lot of time looking yourself squarely in the mirror. But still I did think that "hag" would leave me a safe margin, so I left it in.

In double-quick time, I had replies and appointments with everyone I had written. I was touched,

LOUDIE CLAAR was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and set about her stage career at the age of sixteen after leaving high school. She is described by her husband as "wife of Private Claar, United States Army Signal Corps, radio operator, 22 w.p.m. (words per minute), enlisted June 22, 1943; battles, skirmishes, and engagements — none; decorations, service medals, citations — none; wounds received in service — none; now on way overseas; character — excellent."

naturally. It meant so much more than just the appointments. It meant simply that Aimee, and Father Divine, and Eddie Guest were all right, that if you played the game honestly and imaginatively, you were bound to win, that I wasn't a maladjusted human being.

In a lather of joy, I approached my first interviewer. I wrung his hand in an *intime* way and said, mentioning the letter, that I had written him a letter and was simply astounded that he had been so kind as to answer my letter. This was surely as good an opening to compliment me on the letter as he could expect, but he only winced and rubbed his hand a little and told me to sit down. He was the most morose young man I ever hope to see. I thought, a little uncomfortably, that my soufflé wit had probably been wasted on him.

Then he spoke. He said, "We answer all requests for appointments here. That's our business." Just at that point, I caught sight of my chef-d'oeuvre on the desk in front of him. "Adam's off-ox" leaped out at me and looked incredibly silly with that long, sober face above it. Near-by was a pile of neatly sensible letters — "Kindly grant me an appointment at your convenience" — and they, too, had got replies. I wanted to recall all my precious documents. I felt pretty beaten.

"I guess all the dope's here," he continued. "How tall are you?" "Five feet four and one-half inches," I said. He wrote this down. Then wrote: Eyes — blue; Hair — brown; Ingénue. I started to protest but at that moment he rose and said, "Have you any pictures?" I handed him my eight-by-tens sheepishly, knowing it was pretty silly as they don't like to look at any professional photographs out here that are under three feet high and two feet wide. He shuffled through them like a pinochle pack and said gloomily, "Come on, I'll have you meet a couple of the boys."

Nobody was in the first boy's office, and the first boy was in the second boy's adjoining office with the door open. He was talking about his income tax with another couple of the boys. My man went over to the door and said his name grumpily. He paid no attention to him but went on arguing with the other boys. My man spoke again.

He still ignored him. I wished I were spending the afternoon in Macy's toy department. Finally my man yelled right out, "Come on, fellow! Get busy and meet some people, will you?" At this the boy rose lazily. "Meet the people," he began to sing. "Meet — the



pee-pul," and he trucked on into his office and flung himself up onto his desk. For some reason he hadn't looked at me.

I stood there like the little tin soldier while my man began to quote my background from the letter which he still held in his hand. Suddenly the swine reached out — took it from him and began to examine its pearls himself. Then he calmly put it down, reached into his pocket for a file, and began to clean his fingernails. This activity had some logic to it because they were dirty. It was obvious now that he was never going to look at me and it seemed sheer folly to go on standing there like a posture chart, stomach sucked in and pelvic arch well under, so I relaxed.

Then my man led me into the adjoining boy's office and told me to wait for him, he was in the projection room. I waited two hours. When he came, he was moist, dapper, and scented, and he sat right down and grabbed my letter and read it.

"Stand up, please." I did so. "How tall are you?"

"Five feet four and one-half inches," I answered.

"Oh, no," he said, "you're five feet six," and he wrote that down. Then he wrote down: Eyes — blue; Hair — brown (I was glad his files would agree with his associate's at least on these points), and then he said, "Go ahead. Talk. Just say anything. I want to get an idea of your voice. Just talk."

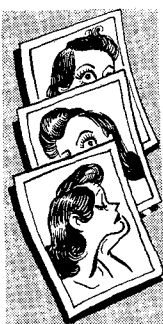
In that instant I knew how a night-club worker friend of mine used to feel when the evening would get dull and the boss would call him over and tell him to "go out on the floor and say something funny." Try it sometime. It's hideous.

I croaked out a few phrases in a voice I'd never heard before and have never been able to produce since, so I don't know what he can have written down on the card, unless it was perhaps: "Consult Gaye's Lion Farm about new phenomenon." And with that he filed me away.

Nothing daunted, I got out my sexy black dress and *femme fatale* hat, swept them off, swathed myself in the veil, and went to my next appointment. This interviewer looked Irish and a little more hopeful, so I promptly gave him opportunity to comment on the charm of my note. "My letter," I began, to the point. He brushed me aside. "Never see 'em," he said. "Secretary answers 'em all." (Granting everyone an appointment, I may add.)

"Well," he said, "what are we going to do with you?"

I began a recital of my particulars, but he didn't let me get far. "You know," he said, "it's not acting experience we want. You don't have to know



how to act for pictures. Personality's the thing. You know? I don't care how good you can act. They don't want Helen Hayes out here, you know."

Now this is something that you just can't say to showpeople and come out unscathed. "Oh, come now," I said, with vitriol, "please don't try to tell me that. I happen to know of the film offers Helen has refused in the past year." (Helen will probably be glad to have me go on record here as saying that the closest I've ever been to her is still two enchanted balconies away—but we all call her Helen in the theater. And we'd all expect her to understand and approve of it, too. She is one of those seldom people whom you can love unashamedly and no bones about it—and after all, it does make you know her in a way.) Anyway, it had to be said, and said quick, and with sock. And it was wonderful. It worked.

"Oh, well," he said hastily, "not her, perhaps. She's made such a big name for herself touring and all."

I met this with a tired smile.

"Well," he concluded, "I'll keep you in mind. You might be good for those hard, bitchy parts." It's a word you get used to hearing applied in Hollywood. Getting used to hearing it applied to yourself is something else again. But *c'est la guerre*. Anyway, loyalty to Helen at all costs.

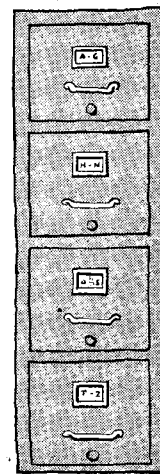
To another studio I wore my sweater backwards (because I was tired to death of wearing it frontwards) and this resulted in my being filed away as "good for young mother roles." Another man told me I would be only good for "those helpless kind of parts" and I finally traced this to the fact that I was wearing new spike heels and wobbled quite a lot.

Then, quite recently, the worst blow of all. A casting director told me that I would never get a job. I was good for that heavy, dramatic stuff—but only stars got a chance to play those roles, so I would have to get to be a star first. This seemed unanswerable, so I left without answering it.

I have one more appointment—and also a baby-blue ribbon which I'd like to wear in my hair. But I'll probably refrain. I don't want to be limited to a one-role career—and that Alice-in-Wonderland.

Now if they'd only all get together and compare notes, they could not help but find that they are overlooking an actress of alarming emotional range. Meanwhile, I've exhausted the field, and I'll have to hack out some new philosophy of attack.

As Bob Hope puts it with a shade of pique, I'll think of something.





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN DISTANCE this war is at least three thousand miles beyond the imagination of the American civilian. Our record of these years will be the composite of thousands of writers, recorders, cameramen, employing every new technique available. Units of our Psychological Warfare Division and units of BBC, armed with their sensitive recording equipment and mounted on jeeps, followed after the American, the British, and Leclerc's tanks; and as French town after French town was liberated, they made recordings of the FFI, of anguished wives, of the twelve-year-old boy who cut the German mines and saved the only bridge in Rennes, of the French workers newly escaped from the slave camps, of a widow of 1870 as she saw the Americans come down the Champs-Élysées.

These American and British records have been pooled: one copy of each goes into a new *sound library* at the Library of Congress. In time to come, I hope Congress will appropriate the funds to make reproductions available. Think what these records will mean to classes studying French and modern history.

The cameramen have been just as alert as the recorders, and even more exposed. *Desert Victory*, *The Memphis Belle*, *Tunisian Victory*, *V-1*, are clas-

sics which were made at the cost of blood and which will be reshowed for twenty-five years. From the millions of feet taken by the Signal Corps for the Army's edification, the newsreels give us glimpses of the photographic history which will emerge when the need for security is no longer. After the Civil War, Brady's photographic plates lay neglected for decades in the attic of the War Department. Juvenile clerks used to skim them the length of the loft for the joy of the crash. That won't happen again.

From its 138 stations overseas the Armed Forces Radio Service has been preparing and sending broadcasts to the Army and Navy. Some of these originate on the spot, so close to the lines that in one case a German plane trying to escape from American pursuits narrowly missed the antennae. Some of the programs come from an amazing library of thirty-minute disks, and some are relayed from the Army's Los Angeles studio — special broadcasts alive with the Army's humor and nostalgia. I wish you could hear the Command Performance for Christmas week. The American Expeditionary stations are running eighteen hours a day. The story of how the Army has used the radio in

fighting and in relaxation will be fascinating to read.

History on the spot

Combat artists like Lieutenants William Draper, Dwight Shepler, Mitchell Jamieson, and Griffith Coale, all USNR, have gone out in destroyers, transports, planes, and battlewagons to paint their impressions. And for many months

past, the best of our younger historians have been making notes, quarrying that source material on the spot. Commander Samuel Eliot Morison, author of

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HERMAN MELVILLE • BY WILLIAM ELLERY SEDGWICK
Reviewed by A. C. Watson

IMMORTAL WIFE • BY IRVING STONE
Reviewed by Eleanor Ruggles

EIGHTEEN POEMS • BY JAMES BOYD
Reviewed by Elford Caughey

The Maritime History of Massachusetts and *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* and now the official historian of our Navy, has seen action in the African invasion, in the Murmansk run, in the North Atlantic, and variously in the Pacific. In London, Professor Bruce Hopper has been laying the groundwork for the history of the Eighth Air Force. James Phinney Baxter, president of Williams College, has been designated the historian of Psychological Warfare. David Cohn is overseas gathering the material for his study of our Army Service Forces. Oliver La Farge has long been observing the Ferry Command. Railroad men will want the story of the Army Transportation Corps, and scientists the record of Chemical Warfare. These are but a few chapters of the most prodigious story of our times.

The peak of publishing

Fascinated and bewildered as we have been by this immensity, it is no wonder that as a people we read and distributed so many books last year. Never before has there been anything comparable to this earnest consumption of print. Like the British and Russians before us, we found that books were a necessity, not a luxury, in warfare. Note how the demand increases for non-fiction. The sale, rushing swiftly into the hundred thousands, of titles like *The Time for Decision*, *I Never Left Home*, and *Yankee from Olympus*; the outpouring of reprints to civilians (Pocket Books, the New Home Library, the Modern Library); and the distribution of paperbound books, a million a month, to the men overseas sum up an all-time high. Is this the peak of book publishing? Or will soldiers and sailors who got their first serious taste of reading in the Armed Services Editions — as thousands of them have — continue the habit on their return?

No telling how far this zest would carry us were paper unrestricted. There is plenty of it uncut in the Canadian woods, but the men are not there to fetch it — nor will they be till a year after Germany's defeat. Meantime publishers do with what they get — and improvise with lighter paper, more words to a page, scant margins, and chapters run together. A copy of *The Robe* this Christmas consumed 50 per cent less paper than the first printing of October, '42. The next step — England took it long ago — is to limit the sale of best-sellers. "We'll have no more paper for Bob Hope," Dick Simon told me with a grin, "after we've printed the millionth copy of *I Never Left Home*." In 1945 the limitation will be much sharper than that.

Books for men and ladies

I should pick *A Bell for Adano* by John Hersey as the best war novel of the year. But only a few

strokes behind it are a foursome, each one of which is informed with a close knowledge of what the fighter goes through: *A Walk in the Sun*, that novelette of the Italian invasion by Sergeant Harry Brown; *Lost Island*, which follows the conflict to Polynesia, by James Norman Hall; *Pastoral* by Nevil Shute (Commander Norway), a charming, authentic story of the men and women teaming together on a British bomber station; and *Fair Stood the Wind for France* by Squadron Leader H. E. Bates. Men take to these books, I know; but as for the women, I am not so sure. For I surmise that what used to be the feminine majority of novel readers are now finding a chatty relief in those fat and more or less amorous romances like *Forever Amber* and *Green Dolphin Street*, which are relaxatives with no aftereffect on the mind or morals.

I also surmise that in revulsion to war books, and in contempt of romance, certain rather lofty book reviewers have been driven to excesses of another sort. When Glenway Wescott concludes his praise of Katherine Ann Porter's short stories with these words: "Given a good plot, I can imagine her writing a sort of *War and Peace* for us; . . . as if she were a little daughter or granddaughter of Tolstoy, in her styleless style which is rather like translation by an angel," or when Louise Bogan, after examining Marianne Moore's new book of six poems, calls her "our most distinguished contemporary American poet," thus dismissing Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Archibald MacLeish, and Edna St. Vincent Millay as in any way contemporary, you must remember that these people in their quest for style are indulging in cult talk which simply does not apply to the general reader.

No soft soap

Neither cult talk nor the gleaming syrupy phrase so sweet to advertising was characteristic of the *New York Times Book Review* during the two decades of J. Donald Adams's editorship. He took command at a time when, with the exceptions of Mencken, Canby, and Stuart Sherman, book reviewing in New York was in low health, when publishers were in the habit of "suggesting" reviewers to whom the new book might appeal, when back-scratching was the rule, not the exception. Sanely, firmly, and with eminent good temper he removed the *Times* from this tea party and held it up as the indispensable authority of the book trade.

Mr. Adams's judgment, his Scotch-grained integrity, and the play of his sympathies are well displayed in his volume of essays, *The Shape of Books to Come*. A man of middle years, he is here concerned with the novelists, poets, and

critics whose work has flourished since the turn of the century. A man of the middle of the road, he identifies his touchstone of literature and tells what he means by "realism" (his definition is borrowed from Bliss Perry: "realistic fiction is that which does not shrink from the commonplace or the unpleasant in its effort to depict things as they are, life as it is"). He shows us his respect for Dos Passos, Wolfe, and Farrell, his distrust of Joyce and Stein; he is incisive in his scrutiny of Hemingway and optimistic as he reports on the sweeping away of the mood of negation and the new note of affirmation — he dates it with *Eyeless in Gaza* — which he thinks will usher in a renaissance post-war. Honest and unspectacular, he conveys without pedantry or pretense the pleasure and response which he has had from his books. My only criticism may be a boomerang coming from a fellow editor: I feel that he has edited himself as he edited the *Times*, suppressing in his fairness some of the animation, the laughter, and the garlic of good opinion.

Anything can happen

George Papashvily is a Russian from Georgia who came to this country in the steerage and who, by a happy combination of honesty, resourcefulness, and good temper, landed on his feet and kept going. Midway in his progress he met and married an American girl, and I suspect that it was she who first encouraged him to set down the embellished story of his adventures in democracy. *Anything Can Happen* is the fresh, lighthearted odyssey of a Russian greenhorn bouncing from job to job, from friend to friend, from state to state, with a buoyancy and protective innocence delightful to watch. His wife Helen first heard these stories and perhaps she suggested that they be set down in the broken English which gives them such a natural accent. The result is comedy rather than a social tract — and like most comedy, the first two acts are the best, the humor palling somewhat as it is prolonged.

In his new short novel, *Cannery Row*, John Steinbeck has written a water-front fantasy. He has woven together a happy-go-lucky collection of short stories which give us snatches of life in the sardine district of Monterey, California. The loose design and the partial philosophy are very much what you will find in his first book, *Tortilla Flat*. Here are the same good-humored interest in sex and alcohol, the same small-boy delight in shocking the elders, the same surpassing capacity for catching the reckless humor of brawls, the same philosophy that the best people are bums and loafers and that nothing is more delightful than to watch how they get along. For my money, the good stories

in the book are the frog hunt, Doc's expedition at low tide, and the parties at the Western Biological Lab. The best-drawn characters are Doc, with his passion for beer, music and undersea animals; Mack, the mayor of the Palace Flop House; and Lee Chong, the wonderful Chinese. The book for me is irresistibly gay reading, and if you are minded to complain of the coarse nature and dirt, please remember that it is clean dirt, with none of that titillation and sniggering which have recently crept into the romance for ladies.

The Navy's voice

The Navy has reason to be fond and proud of John Mason Brown. How much his presence has meant to the ships' companies with which he has served, the men can tell you better than I. His cheerful talents as a speaker, when dedicated to a ship's intercom, resulted in many a tonic description of the Sicilian and Normandy invasions; his unshakable good humor made him the friendliest of censors ("I have been the static in your husband's letters," he said to the bride of a young fellow officer); and as I compare his new book, *Many a Watchful Night*, with its predecessor, *To All Hands*, I find that what I most respect in John is the skill with which he brings out the reflective side of men in action. It is good that men in constant touch with death should be reminded of what has been imperishable, should be reminded of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth* and Falstaff, of what Voltaire and Rabelais and Mistinguette meant to France.

John Brown is a reflector. He is removed from the savage action, the comedy and pathos which Ernie Pyle was there to see. John felt rather than saw the tension between the British and Americans working in double harness to prepare for the French invasion, and this leads him to some wise and friendly reflections on Anglo-American relations. He reflects the close amenity of life aboard ship; he reflects the Navy's pity for the casualties brought on from shore and the amazement at the German prisoners; and on one memorable visit to the beach-head he reflects what men of any rank feel at the sight of death: —

"In his loneliness by a foreign roadside, this man or that ceases to be Government Issue. He once again becomes man's issue, and woman's too. He is one life cut short and scarcely tasted; with something of that life written on the mask which is now his face; with more written there than the form telegram can hope to express which will leave his family disconsolate, with a sorrow beyond remedy, and the world how much the poorer no one will ever know."

Peabody of Groton

By FRANK D. ASHBURN

+ + +



F. D. ASHBURN

OLD BOYS understand him best. When the joyous tempest arose in the school-room, that step of his in the corridor had in it all the finality of the last Trump. They can still hear their own heartbeats when "by request" they knocked at his study door. They do not forget the controlled anger with

which he spoke of impurity in deed or word, or the strong sympathy he would show in their perplexity or distress. The figure of that militant autocrat following his Master with an humble heart sticks steadfast in the memory.

It is not comfortable to write the story of a man during his lifetime. Not that any suspicion of change lingers about the Rector; but it stiffens the wrist to write about the man who may read your words. Yet in this *Life of Mr. Peabody* the author is wholly candid. From his record it is easy to gather a whole series of limitations and to compile a list of desirable qualities which Mr. Peabody has not. Here is a teacher who is not a scholar, a schoolmaster who thinks the intellectual life comes second; a searcher for the truth for whom the Testament's single phrase "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise" establishes the certainty of eternal life; a student indifferent to science and skeptical of art. All this is recorded in the book. Any reader is free to draw an indictment, but of the original the picture in his mind will be a travesty.

Among human mechanisms a school is one of the most intricate. If only pupils were parentless, graduates not vocal, and masters blood-brothers of the Head! Mr. Ashburn is a schoolmaster himself. He knows the varied problems. Not a practiced biographer, but without pretensions, with infinite pains and a passion for accuracy, he has undertaken this labor of love — a love too honest to be blind. Groton broke new ground in American education, it created a fresh conception of boarding school as a vigorous extension of family life, and this record is a book for many doubtful fathers.

It was another era than our own in which Mr. Peabody built. There was a Hamiltonian strain in his tradition. His ideal was the gentleman — by which he meant the Christian whose manners were in keeping with his life. Always in his thought Christ was "the first true gentleman who ever breathed." If boys of his were to grow toward this ideal, their hands must be clean as their hearts, and their manners, which he interpreted as their attitude to others, must be considerate and kind. Snobbery is an incongruous epithet to throw at such an attitude of obligation of the more fortunate to the less, and I recall the puzzlement of the Rector when Miss Jane Addams, whom he greatly admired, showed resentment at his motto of *Noblesse oblige*. She wanted no distinctions, and this Century of the Common Man seems likely to obliterate them. It is no longer fashionable to leaven the lump.

Yes, Old Boys understand him best, but it is good that others, too, should know him. Every man, every boy, recognizes character when he meets it, and knows in his heart that for this there is no substitute. And whatever else you may say of him, Mr. Peabody is character incarnate. In the long history of schools, Chiron was the best schoolmaster. He turned out only heroes. That is beyond the Rector's power, but every boy who has known him has had at least the chance to know what a hero ought to be.

A few hours after this review was written, Endicott Peabody died. *Coward-McCann*, \$5.00.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

Prejudice

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

+ + +



C. McWILLIAMS

A HELPLESS minority of 100,000 persons of Japanese origin was the immediate butt of American resentment after Pearl Harbor. Although three fourths were native-born American citizens, concentration along the Pacific Coast and ancestral ties to our enemy drew suspicion to the group as a whole. An unreasoning hatred, whipped up by sinister special interests, restricted personal freedom by one measure after another, produced a mass deportation unjustified by military necessity, and led to a system of detention in camps and relocation unprecedented in American history.

The origin and development of this movement furnish the subjects of this excellent volume, *Prejudice: Japanese-Americans, Symbol of Racial Intolerance*. Carey McWilliams writes as both thoughtful student and practical administrator. His conclusions will furnish Americans with food for much thought as to the limitations of their democracy.

Two points emerge from the study with particular clarity. Race prejudice is an indivisible unity whose infectiousness is not limited by space or color. Demonstration of a clear connection between the lily-white Southern agitators and the anti-Oriental movement of the Far West positively refutes the arguments of those who insist that the Negro is a regional problem only. Hatreds built up against one minority are easily transferred to another; much anti-Japanese feeling, for instance, eventually found release against the Mexicans in the zoot-suit riots.

Nor is this prejudice purely an internal American affair. In the last half-century at least, it has been closely intertwined with foreign policy and with our relations to the non-European world. Those who fanned the flames of race hatred in California served perfectly the plans of Japanese militarists seeking expansion in areas inhabited by colored nationalities. Here was the perfect issue, used to detach first the people of Japan and then the people of East Asia in general from a traditional respect and ad-

miration for the United States. And the question is still alive. For our treatment of the colored minorities in our midst may well determine the degree of confidence which Asiatics and Africans will place in our promises in the future.

Mr. McWilliams is too civilized to ascribe prejudice to biological differences. He recognizes that conflicts come from external social causes. But he interjects another factor that weakens his argument. The emphasis upon differences in "racial ideologies" as a source of the anti-Japanese movement creates a dangerous pitfall. The weakest section of the work is that which tries to define these ideologies or mores.

Actually, the traditions and habits of the Japanese-Americans seem little different from those of many other minority groups of peasant origin. The sentiments of the second-generation Watanabe might as well have been expressed by Studs Lonigan. And the very same arguments used against the Orientals, as Mr. McWilliams knows, were also used against the Anglo-Saxon Okies. The roots of intolerance lie not in the innate qualities of the peoples involved, but in a diseased social environment. *Little, Brown, \$3.00.*

OSCAR HANDLIN

The Gentlemen Talk of Peace

By WILLIAM B. ZIFF

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W. B. ZIFF

MR. ZIFF is noisy and intemperate. He will not allow two adjectives to do where four can be squeezed in. His book abounds in slickness and generalities. And he exaggerates grossly and pulls some factual boners.

Yet the impact of all his accumulated fact about the state of the world today is undeniable. Most of it is right and so is most of his interpretation. If occasionally his history looks a bit vulgarized and he sounds as though he were subscribing to the devil theory of wars and history, there are quiet moments when he observes that rulers, taken as a whole, reflect the underlying will of the people; that the eradication of Hitler and the Nazis will leave the world little better off — and ready for the next Hitler and the next bunch of Nazis; that the world needs a new set of conditions if it is to have peace.

The world is sick, and not from the Nazi Party alone. Mr. Ziff points to all the dangers — from Britain's loss of her export balance to our own almost impossible reconversion problem.

We may try to postpone the day of decision, he says, by yards of diplomatic treaties, much protocol, even plans for security police against aggressors; yet all these are valueless so long as they stand opposed to the political and economic realities of today. Either we solve these

problems or we go to war to preserve the inequities and anachronisms that exist.

The British Empire is cited as a prime example. American power is dedicated to the preservation of Britain; yet Britain is unquestionably in a state of decline, her economic power terribly sapped. At the same time she still possesses many things other nations covet. Her desirability plus her vulnerability is an invitation to war.

Shall we spend the rest of our lives fighting to save this remnant or the many others that Mr. Ziff cites? Or shall we reconstitute the world and remove the economic and political tensions that lead to war? Mr. Ziff is emphatically for the latter course. He would divide the world into five great areas, each with access to adequate raw materials, each with adequate markets, decent climatic conditions, enough space, and enough people — the factors necessary for a self-regulating, workable economy.

Then, and only then, he concludes, will the world have peace. Agreed. But how to get it? *Macmillan, \$3.00.*

SAM HALPER

Herman Melville

By WILLIAM ELLERY SEDGWICK

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W. E. SEDGWICK

IT HAS been unfortunate for Melville's reputation, in one respect, that his writings were not limited to his lovable sea-remembrances and his majestic *Moby Dick*; for even many serious readers have hesitated to become acquainted with an author about whom so much has been said of gloom, torment, and failure. Yet Melville's writings as a whole, considered wisely and tolerantly, are a treasure-trove for critics of psychological or philosophical interests.

Mr. Sedgwick's book, posthumously published, is a successful, convincing biography of Melville's mind, written with a fine appreciation of the curve of its philosophical struggles and development. Practically all biographical material of an external nature is omitted, and only occasionally does Mr. Sedgwick indulge in artistic criticism. Such elimination helps the reader keep the path, and it also tends to de-personalize the story and to give to Melville's own mental experiences that element of universality which is Mr. Sedgwick's basic aim. *Taji*, *Whitejacket*, *Ahab*, *Pierre*, and *Captain Vere* are all Melville at different stages of his development, but they are also man in those intellectual moods that try to lift him above, or try to fit him into, the world of every day.

The universal element in Mr. Sedgwick's book, suggested in his subtitle, *The Tragedy of Mind*, makes it a philosophical treatise in its own right. This element concerns the natural idealistic yearning of the human mind to solve the eternal riddle of the universe, to carry all analysis to that cold, logical finality where no axiom, no element of faith, remains. There is "terror" in the thought of a mind desperately facing what the ages have demon-

strated to be certain disaster, and there is "pity" in the thought of the fruitless nobility and the loneliness involved.

Melville's own quest, as Mr. Sedgwick relates it, has a dramatic rise and fall. After the tentative efforts in the earlier books, *Moby Dick* appears as the bold triumph, with Ahab as the gloriously defiant failure. Then comes the period of *Pierre* and *The Confidence Man* — a period in which bitterness has weakened the grasp. Then the "slow process of recuperation and rehabilitation." Here Mr. Sedgwick is at his best; he warms up to what is undoubtedly the most difficult period in Melville's life to understand, and his writing becomes felicitous and enthusiastic. He attaches great importance to the little-known poem of *Clarel*, and his analysis of it is most illuminating. He stresses Melville's effort to reorient himself, to externalize himself. And — still with that idea of universality to the forefront — he leads us to the philosophy of acceptance in *Billy Budd*, in which Melville, now in the role of Captain Vere, lets his loyalty to human affairs and interests dominate over higher though less practical truth.

Mr. Sedgwick has made an outstanding contribution to the appreciation of our literary heritage. *Harvard University Press, \$2.75.*

A. C. WATSON

Immortal Wife

By IRVING STONE

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IRVING STONE

JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT was the wife of John Charles Frémont, soldier, pathfinder, visionary, and political idealist in the America of a hundred years ago. Jessie Frémont believed that the true and greatest destiny for a woman is to stand "shoulder to shoulder and brain to brain" beside her husband, as partner and comrade. She had opportunity to prove her principle. Frémont faced death in the Sierras and court-martial in Washington; amassed a fortune in California and lost it on the Hudson; rose to national fame, then slipped back into obscurity. Jessie shared his adventures — often in actuality, always in imagination and sympathy.

Her story, as Irving Stone tells it, is an absorbing one. The reader who follows it moves from mining village to Senate Chamber to battle-encampment. He meets the men of the day: Buchanan the compromiser, and the uncompromising Horace Greeley; young Bret Harte whose creative energy was so vigorous that he wrote his stories "not with pencil but with galley type"; Abraham Lincoln — a towering figure, "dark, brooding." He becomes familiar as well with a thousand careful details — the parlors of the White House are lighted by wax tapers and decorated with camellias and laurustinus; Jessie does her hair "in the new Polish fashion with a braid of

nine strands, a small bunch of flowers and leaves. . . ."

Supplementing Mr. Stone's more reliable data are a great many "reimagined" conversations, reveries, and emotional exchanges by the main characters. One or two incidents are reconstructed where the author is convinced only of their "probability." This fictionalizing will be acceptable to readers who can enjoy the book wholly on the author's terms as a biographical novel. Yet Jessie Frémont lived within the recall of many of us, and the greater part of her life is documented. Readers who feel that the plain biographical facts are more fascinating than fiction, and most fascinating when set forth without twist or padding, will be disturbed by the question: How much of the material in this book belongs to Jessie Frémont's own story, and how much to the imagination of Irving Stone?

Both as biographer and as novelist, Mr. Stone lays his emphasis on Jessie's creation of her marriage into a third entity that could bind and yet transcend the individual identities of husband and wife. His treatment of the theme is impressive, and most impressive when least rhetorical. It is in his account of the decline of the Frémont fortunes during the last years of Jessie's married life, when, having much ground to cover, he tells his story succinctly and with little embellishment, that his narrative and his heroine seem most fully to merit the title he has chosen for them. *Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00.*

ELEANOR RUGGLES

Eighteen Poems

By JAMES BOYD

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ADMIRERS of James Boyd will welcome this collection of his few poems. When the war came, he turned to poetry as an outlet for emotions which no other medium could express. Mr. Boyd brought to this last phase of his writing the same high artistic integrity that distinguished his novels. But he brought also skepticism. Doubt mingles with his hope that the horror of this war will not have been in vain. The poems have immediacy and Mr. Boyd speaks eloquently for the many whose minds are uneasy about the future world.

The collection is first and last fine poetry. With some of the magic of de la Mare, Mr. Boyd weaves a wonderful atmosphere of night and sleep in the unforgettable "Song for the Silent" that moves to a powerful and unexpected end. It is a poem which might well be read and pondered by all makers of the peace. "To a Butterfly," far from being pretty lyricism, tells of the young scientist who discovered a new butterfly and who now lies buried on a coral atoll. The usual scientific language in which the young man told of his discovery reminds the poet of the platitudes we give "our tall boys" as they go out to die. If their fate be in vain, then once more the world will be back where millenniums ago the butterfly fluttered in a world without men. *Scribner, \$1.75.*

ELFORD CAUGHEY



GABRIEL GALLOWAY

by MARY LAVIN

SUMMARY. — This is the story of three generations of an Irish family. In the small, crumbling village of Castlerampart, with its gray, ivy-grown ruins, its thatched cottages and turbulent little river, the most prominent man is Theodore Coniffe, the village landlord. He is indubitably a man of wealth, as the somber quality of his clothes and his house in Clewe Street give proof. Theodore is as penny-pinching as his wife Katherine is vain. Their two daughters, Theresa and Sara, grow up to be young ladies of property, if not of good looks. But their chance for sociability and courtship is cut short by their mother's sudden death while they are still in their teens. Katherine dies in giving birth to her third daughter, and little Lily becomes the timid Cinderella of the household. She is sixteen years younger than Theresa, and the bossing and discipline she receives from her oldest sister threaten to drain the youth from Lily's not very robust character.

The household is upset when a stranger, young and not bad-looking, appears in the village. Cornelius Galloway is a young lawyer; and having tested his shrewdness, old Theodore sees in him a potential son-in-law. Cornelius divides his attention between Theresa and Sara until, on an enchanted evening, he discovers that it is really Lily who has captivated him — which is mortifying to the spinsters.

15

UNDER normal circumstances, it might have been advisable to delay the wedding of Cornelius and Lily indefinitely, on account of her extreme youth, but because of the sense of strain in the house in Clewe Street, the wedding date was settled, and the ceremony took place two weeks after Lily's seventeenth birthday.

The young couple left by train for a brief honeymoon. When they returned they were to take up residence with Theodore for a short time, until a suitable house could be vacated for them in the town.

It was assumed that they would return by train as they had departed, but on the morning of their arrival Theodore got a note from Lily to say that they would arrive sometime in the afternoon, and that they were coming by road.

"They are hiring a coach!" said Theresa. "This is only the beginning. You mark my words, Father, that man will give himself luxuries with the money that you could hardly be persuaded to spend upon necessities."

"We mustn't jump to conclusions, Theresa," said Sara, gently. "They may have borrowed the coach."

"I don't see why they couldn't travel in the train like normal people."

"Now what difference can it make to you, Theresa,

whether they come by train or by coach?" said Theodore testily.

"It doesn't make any difference to us, Theresa," said Sara, timidly. It was to Sara that Theresa turned.

"If they were coming on the train, there would be plenty of time for us all to sit down to supper together before Benediction; but if they come by coach, there is no knowing what time they will arrive, and I for one am not going to stay at home from the church to cater for the inconsideration of others."

"Please yourself," said Theodore, "both of you. But whether you're going or staying, be sure to have a good meal laid out for them. And you'd better start getting it ready now, because it may not be after the train that they'll arrive, but before it."

The evening train came in, however, before there was any sign of the coach, and Theresa and Sara, having given the finishing touches to the supper table, left Mary Ellen and Theodore to welcome home the travelers, for when the hour of Benediction came and there was no sign of them, they felt it their duty to set off for the church.

Theresa and Sara had not long left Clewe Street and were hardly in Church Street when old Theodore, who had an ear for sounds even when they were two miles off, went out into the street to confirm his conviction that there was a coach coming into the town. He stepped back into the hallway, and calling out to Mary Ellen announced that the bride and groom would be into the town in another minute. Then he ran back to the door, with Mary Ellen after him; and by this time even Mary Ellen was able to hear the sounds of horses trotting at as festive a pace as would be expected of horses that brought home a young couple from their honeymoon.

A daughter of Irish parents, MARY LAVIN spent ten years of her childhood in Walpole, Massachusetts, before returning to Eire. The author of short stories, whose talent has been signalized by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, she has been working steadily for the past three years on this, her first long novel, of which the *Atlantic* is proud to publish related episodes. Now in her early thirties, Mary makes her home in Dublin, where she divides her time between her husband, — an Irish solicitor, — their year-old daughter, and her manuscripts.

"They are passing under the town arch now," said Theodore, as the sounds deepened for an instant, being augmented under the arch with their own echoes. "They are turning into the square," he said a moment later, when a cloud of sparrows flew up towards the steeple of the church from their more humble perches on the market-square cross. "They're coming!" he shouted, as the horses' hoofs began to be less distinct in the mixture of sounds that accompanied them all the time, but which were too faint to be heard until the vehicle was near — a rattling of trappings, a flick of a whip, and a rhythmical creaking of straps that proclaimed the vehicle to be well and lightly sprung.

The next minute it appeared in sight at the corner of Clewe Street, and traveling at such a neat pace that the horses took the curve in a wide sweep, showing off the entire flank of the carriage as well as the frontage, which alone would have been revealed had they kept close to the curb.

The carriage was black, in the main, but the wheel spokes, the door panels, and the shafts were painted with so light and so bright a shade of yellow that, although it was laid on with no more than the intention of relieving the somberness of the black body, it struck the eye at once and gave the impression of a very fancy, very out of the way, elaborate carriage.

From this carriage, out of each window, one at either side of the vehicle, there was a hand extended, waving already in acknowledgment of the waving that they expected would welcome them. Theodore threw up his hand and waved and ran forward to meet the coach.

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BEFORE it was rightly brought to a standstill the carriage door opened and out jumped Theodore's youngest daughter, clothed in all manner of capelets and feather boas and wearing upon her finger the band of gold that would make such a difference in the distribution of authority between herself and her sister Theresa.

"We're back, Father! Just think of it. We're back!" she said, and she hugged him. "Where are Theresa and Sara? Let me kiss them." And she kissed Theodore again, and running back in an afterthought to the other side of the carriage, from which Cornelius was not yet alighted, having engaged himself with putting out Lily's hat boxes and dressing cases before alighting himself, she kissed him too, as if this affection for those whom she had rejoined might not be supposed to make her forget that she now had another and more immediate claim upon her love. Then she ran into the hallway, her voice coming back like a bell.

"We're back! We're back!"

Theodore, meanwhile, had gone around to the other side of the carriage and begun to pile up in his arms the dress boxes and hat boxes that Cornelius was handing out from the carriage interior.

"I'm glad to see you back," said Theodore to Cornelius, and he put out his hand.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," said Cornelius.

"Can I help?" said Theodore. "Give me that parasol."

"Thank you, sir," said Cornelius, and he handed out the parasol. Then he looked at it more intently and seemed to hesitate. "I don't think my wife ever uses that except when she is driving," he said, looking at it reflectively, as if trying to ascertain which, out of a great number of fairly similar parasols, this particular one might be. Making up his mind, then, with a determination all the stronger for the amount of reflection spent upon it, he took the flowered broolly out of Theodore's hand and threw it back again on the seat of the carriage. "We can leave it there. She will have it to hand when she needs it."

Theodore was startled. "But if someone else hires the carriage before you need it again, won't there be a danger of its being stolen?" he said, and he looked with perilous dread at the flowery parasol.

"Oh, there's no fear of that," said Cornelius. "No one will hire the carriage."

"What makes you think that?" said Theodore.

Cornelius coughed, and put his head into the carriage again to take up another armload of boxes.

"There won't be anyone using this carriage but ourselves, sir. I forgot to tell you that I thought it just as well to buy it. What was the good of paying for it in pieces, by hiring it every other day, as we would be doing, and yet this time next year, although we would have paid for it twice over, we would have no more right to stand on the footboard than if we had never put pen to paper to the tune of a penny! No, indeed, that's not my method. The carriage is ours, sir." And putting his hand on the top box to steady the lot as he passed in the doorway, Cornelius swung around so that his tailed coat spun in a curl as tight as a pig's tail, and disappeared into the open door of his new home in Clewe Street.

When Theodore recovered himself sufficiently from the surprise of his son-in-law's revelation, he made a tour of inspection from one end of the carriage to the other, and there wasn't a strap, spring, or panel in the entire wagon that he did not open, wrench at, or otherwise test to his satisfaction; and as for the door, he tried it three or four times to see if the handle was working properly. When he had tried the handle for the fourth time, a field of further investigation presented itself and he stepped into the interior and sat down on the seat, from which place he not only examined the floor, the ceiling, the woodwork, the cushions, but examined as well every button upon every cushion to see that all were tight to the leather, firm, well-sewn, and, furthermore, unlikely to alter their condition of perfection for many a year.

Every button was tight. Every splinter of the bodywork was perfection indeed; and having failed to find a flaw in the carriage, old Theodore decided that it would be somewhat churlish to find fault with the man who, having had the recklessness to purchase a carriage, had still the good sense to choose one that was flawless and irreproachable. Theodore sat in it a few minutes more wondering at the temerity of his son-in-law in having spent so much of his father-in-law's money without con-

sulting that father-in-law. And he wondered if perhaps he had misjudged the indications of Cornelius's thin face and had married into his house a man with more tendencies to spend than to make money.

But his final feeling was one of pride. Here he was for the first time sitting in a coach of his own. It was a thing that he would never have contemplated buying, thinking that to do so would be to put himself above his position and make himself a cause of laughter to his contemporaries. But it was a quite different thing altogether for his married daughter and her husband to have bought such a vehicle. And so old Theodore swallowed his last misgiving on the price paid for the article, and upon the independence of this son-in-law in buying it without consulting him, and gave himself over to a last review of the coach, viewing it now, not as a critic, but as a fond possessor; and gradually the smile that had covered his face while he was waiting for the return of the couple came over his face again, and leaping down from the coach as lightly as his youngest daughter had leaped from it a few minutes before, he went into the house to hear news of the festive tour.

17

AS THE Misses Coniffe turned into Church Street, Sara thought for an instant that she heard a carriage echoing under the arch of the toll tower, and she mentioned the fact to Theresa.

"I think I hear a coach," she said, slowing down a little in her pace.

"What if you do?" said Theresa, without slackening her pace. Sara hurried to make up the lost inches.

"I thought that it seemed impolite to be out when they returned."

"I thought that we went over all that this morning," said Theresa, "and that we made our decision."

"Oh, yes," said Sara, "but don't you think it makes a difference when they are *within hearing*?"

"I don't," said Theresa, "and anyway the church is *within sight*!" They were just nearing the church gate. "I know that I wouldn't turn around at the church gate and turn my back on the altar for anyone. But you may do as you please. You may feel differently about things. All consciences are not the same, I understand!" And Theresa turned in the gravel path to the side-aisle door.

Sara hesitated, but only for an instant. Then she set after Theresa once more at a brisk pace, and by the time they reached the side-aisle door, she had put all her scruples behind her, and upon her face, which was lifted eagerly forward from the frill at her neck, there was the same expression of satisfaction as that which had been upon Theresa's face since they set out from Clewe Street; and as they both reached out their hands for the holy water in the cold stone font, it could be seen from the vehement way that they sprinkled the water right and left that they were not putting much penance upon themselves by this attendance at church.

The fact was that their nightly visit to the church

constituted a major pleasure in the lives of the Misses Coniffe. This habit of churchgoing had developed long before the arrival of Cornelius, but there is no doubt that after the disappointments of his advent they threw themselves into their visits as into the only consolation available. Although both to Theresa and to Sara religion compensated in great measure for the fact that they were unmarried, yet for each one of them that compensation took a different form, and corresponded almost exactly with the pleasure that each would have derived from the state of marriage.

The strong example by which Theresa would have upheld a husband and family was not lost entirely for want of them, because as leader of the Women's Sodality she was tireless in the standard she set for the rest of the congregation in such matters of devotion as the strict discipline of the eye, constant and rapid activity of the lips, and above all, in the inflexibility of her adherence to an upright posture while kneeling — a posture that allowed no modification either in the way of resting the arms upon the back of the pew before or in allowing the hips to lean for support upon the seat of the pew behind.

Miss Sara, on the other hand, had she been married, would never have had time to think of setting an example, so busy would she have been with small fussing cares for the physical well-being of her family. This fussing care was not lost, however, any more than the upright example of Theresa, for as chairwoman of the Altar Society, Sara had taken upon herself, to the infinite relief of the town matrons, the laundering, darning, and general repair of all the altar linens and cloths. Upon this duty she lavished great zeal and devotion, and with the residue of her zeal she emptied and filled the flower vases, polished the brass candelabra, and occasionally gave old Luke Humphries, the sacristan, a hand with straightening the pews when they had slipped out of line.

In consequence of these duties, the Misses Coniffe were privileged to remain in the church each evening when the rest of the congregation had been reminded that it was time for them to depart, by such hints from the sacristan as the rattling of keys, the shutting of the side doors, the removal of flowers from the altar, and finally the quenching of every candle except the one in his hand. When the church doors were shut, Miss Theresa repaired to the sacristy and sat there at work upon the membership list for the Sodality, and Miss Sara busied herself with going from pew to pew with Luke, collecting all beads, prayer books, and mortuary cards that had been lost during the day, and placing them on the high window ledge, where they could be seen and identified by the owners on the following Sunday.

On this particular evening Miss Theresa was in the vestry, working upon the Sodality list, and beside her on the table were a roll of red silk ribbon and a box of medals. The ribbons were to be cut, and a medal sewn to each strip, to make ribands for the new members of the Sodality before Miss Theresa left the vestry. Therefore she did not pay much attention to the fact that Miss Sara was unusually long. Once she lifted her head as she

heard someone speaking to Sara in the chapel, but their voices were lowered in whispers and she could not distinguish them. She picked up another ribbon.

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THE new voice was that of Mrs. Molloy. Under her arm she carried a large prayer book, further enlarged by the insertion between its pages of hundreds of holy pictures and mortuary cards.

It was one of these mortuary cards that Mrs. Molloy had lost and which she now came back to retrieve. It was astonishing that she could have missed one out of so many, but to Mrs. Molloy nothing was astonishing, nothing inexplicable.

"I've lost poor Lottie's mortuary card!" she said, calling out to the indistinct figures of Sara and Luke as she sailed down the center aisle of the darkened church. "I missed it before I reached the gate," she said, standing up on the front pew and groping on the dusty window ledge. "I wouldn't wish for the world to lose it," she said, retrieving a worn card, edged with heavy black paper lace, bearing numerous descriptive particulars of the deceased and a number of indulgenced prayers.

"But, do you know—" she stepped down from the pew under the window and advanced towards the high altar, in front of which Sara was standing, having lacked the presence of mind of the sacristan, who darted away in the direction of the side confessionals and who was busying himself with some obscure occupation that necessitated the banging and rebanging of the confessional doors—"do you know it's most extraordinary the way I missed it. I was walking along and I was looking at the way the gates of the churchyard are peeling for want of a bit of paint and I thought to myself that it was a wonder Father Drew didn't put a shade of paint on the gates. Now there are people who would say that the origin of a thought like that might be found in the fact of my daughter marrying a painter, but if you were to pause to consider the construction that would be put on your words in this town, it's seldom or never you'd get occasion to split your lips apart at all, and you might as well have them sewn up, as my poor mother, God be good to her soul, was always threatening on me when I was a child. Well! As I was saying—I was thinking it would be no harm at all, and might be said to be a good thing, if Father Drew was to hire some young lad, not meaning my own son-in-law, you understand, although it's my opinion that more is lost than is gained oftentimes by people being too backward about praising their own, and when it comes to a fine point, if you don't do it yourself, others won't either, and if it comes to that, Miss Sara, your own poor mother that's dead and gone might have done a bit more than she did in the way of throwing out a hint about the fortune that would be left to you and your sister, Miss Coniffe, for if she did, you might both be married now and the fortune not rusting below in the vaults of the bank, although indeed, it won't rust for long when your new brother-in-law comes back from his tour,

by all I hear. But that's beside the point and no concern of mine, although I wouldn't wish you to think by my saying that, that I regret having given you a hint in that direction, but only a hint, mind you, because he's a fine straight-standing man, and your sister Lily is lucky to have got him, because when all is said and done it's better to marry, no matter what kind of man you get, than not to marry at all, isn't that so?"

Mrs. Molloy rarely gave a person an opportunity of interrupting her by asking a question, but even the broadest bosom cannot hold an inexhaustible amount of breath.

"You were telling me about your cousin Lottie," said Miss Sara, desperately, while Mrs. Molloy was taking a fresh draught of air into her bosom.

"Poor Lottie!" said Mrs. Molloy. "That is true. Well, as I was saying, I was looking at the railings and thinking to myself how badly they were in need of a stroke or two of paint—"

"And what happened?" said Miss Sara. This was the dangerous part in Mrs. Molloy's story, where an apparently limitless number of side currents were waiting, and ready, to sweep her away upon their diverging courses. "What happened?" she said again.

"Well, as I was saying," said Mrs. Molloy reprovingly, "I was walking out the churchyard when I caught sight of the gates, and I said to myself, 'Those gates could do with a splash or two of paint!' Then I began to think of how bright and shining they used to be when I was a young girl. I remembered the way, when I was a child, if we saw a spot of mud on the railings we used to wipe it off with spits on our handkerchiefs. That's a fact. We used to do that! We were always playing around the church—those were the days before the new cemetery was bought—and another thing that we used to do was to walk around the graves back of the church and if there was any moss or dirt on a tombstone we used to get a bunch of grass and wipe it off. We were very particular about the churchyard. We took as much pride in it as if it was our own back yard. The older people used to laugh at us. All except one! And that was a cousin of mine, Lottie by name, who was the same age with my father although she was a first cousin of mine at the same time. Poor Lottie—not that I called her Lottie to her face, ever—I was too young for that, although young people nowadays haven't the same respect for names and Christian names that we had then—poor Lottie used to encourage me. She used to ask me where I was playing, and when I said in the churchyard, she'd say, 'You're a good child, and when your poor cousin Lottie goes to her reward one of these days I hope you won't let any dirty moss creep up over the letters of her name on the headstone.' Even after I was grown up, Cousin Lottie used to chat to me about the shortness of the time left to her on this earth. She often kept me up in her room for an hour or more showing me her shroud. Yes! Her shroud! She gave an order for one to be made and sent to her, and she kept it in a box under her bed, at the right-hand side so she could reach for it easily if she felt herself slipping away any night before she had time to rouse the house. She kept it in a box under the bed, but she often took it

out and shook it and examined it, and ironed out the creases and left it hanging up for a while to air. Whenever she did this she used to leave it hanging up till I came to see her. 'I had my shroud out yesterday,' she used to say to me, 'and I didn't put it away because I knew you'd like to look at it, not like some other people I know who don't seem to remember ever having heard the saying that we know not the day nor the hour!' She used to give a queer crooked look at her husband Matty when she said this because poor Matty couldn't stand the sight of the shroud, and even went so far, I'm told, as to pass some very disrespectful remarks about it. You could hardly blame him, in one way, seeing that he was a good ten years older than Lottie at the time. On the other hand, seeing that they didn't get on too well together, you'd think he wouldn't mind so much seeing her making her preparations for departure. And such preparations! The shroud was only the beginning. She went further than that. She had a cardboard box fitted up with a cross and a prayer book, and a tablecloth of linen, stiff from the mark of the iron, and a glass bowl and a towel — all the things that the priest would need if he was called in suddenly by someone that might not know the layout of the house, or where to put their hands on what he would need. Now this is a practice that I believe wouldn't be considered out of the way by others, although I myself would as soon think of cutting my own grave-sods as I would of bringing myself that close to the thought of my own skeleton. But poor Lottie was never one to do anything by halves, and when she had cross and bowl, sheet, shroud, and corpse-pillow all ready and laid out in a drawer, she began to get round her husband to let her order her coffin. But although Matty was a man that didn't draw the line where he ought to have drawn it, that didn't mean that he would go on forever without drawing it somewhere. He drew the line at the coffin, and put his foot down on it too. There was a regular disturbance in the house for weeks over it all. And although it's not my practice to repeat the gossip of others, there were a good many people that said he should have let her get it and that if she belonged to them they'd be glad to see the coffin carried into the house to remind them of the day they'd be lifting it out again. But talk like that was only jealousy, that's my belief; and when the day did come for Matty to order a coffin for Lottie, the neighbors had good cause to be jealous because, seeing that the poor thing didn't die for a good thirty-seven years after collecting her funeral clothes and death baggage, they had the mortification of seeing better linen and worsteds on the corpse than they had on their own backs; for although everything changes, they say, there is nothing changes like the quality of textiles, and you get no cloth today to equal that which was to be got yesterday. And talking about the change in the quality of textiles, there was a great change in the quality of paper too between those days and our days, and in respect to that article too, Lottie was not behindhand in getting an advance on the times. When they opened her closet, what did they find, piled up as neat as you like, but a stack of mortuary cards, ready and

printed, and a picture of herself on every one of them — as nice a picture as ever was taken of her, standing by the rosebush in her father's garden, years before she ever met Matty, much less married him."

Mrs. Molloy held out the card for Sara's inspection.

"Look at that black lace edging. You wouldn't get that nowadays. And look at the quality of the paper. There is no date on it, of course, and it doesn't say the age at which she died, but I remember something she said to me once about those things not mattering much if you had as many indulgenced prayers as the card would hold, although now that I come to think of it, it's a great wonder she didn't put a date on them, for she was always of the belief that she'd die before the year was out, every year! Well, anyway, every single one of the mortuary cards was in its envelope and addressed to the different persons of the town who would be expecting to receive one." Mrs. Molloy drew another breath. "Of course, seeing that she lived for so long after all, she *might* have spared herself the trouble, for the greater part of the cards had to be put in new envelopes, as the people they were intended for were dead before herself. However, there were a few that were still alive and they were sent their cards, although I believe that it was a cause of great consternation to some of them to get cards written in the hand of the woman whose death was announced on them. And one particular person — I won't mention a name because there was talk, at the time, of a lawsuit being taken against poor Matty, as if it was his fault! — one particular person took such a turn at the sight of the dead woman's writing that she fell in a fever and was buried three days after poor Lottie herself."

"Well, just imagine that!" said Miss Sara, and into her voice she tried to put a tone of finality.

Mrs. Molloy drew herself up. "There you are! The dead have their own ways for accomplishing their wishes. They may not be able to speak but they have other ways. Depend upon it. Take my word for it. They have their ways." And having come at last to the end of her narrative, she brought into effect the gift of the second-best orator — that is to say, although she had not the salt of brevity with which to season her story, when she came to the end of it she broke off with such abruptness that even those most desirous that it should end were disconcerted that it should do so with so little warning.

"Poor Lottie!" said Mrs. Molloy. "May the Lord have mercy on her." And saying this she dropped upon her knees, got up again, and wheeled towards the aisle. "Good night to you both," she said with a certain shade of severity in her voice, as she caught a glimpse of the clock in the sacristy and realized that half her night had been wasted talking to the only two people in the town who had little or none of the small coinage of conversation with which to repay the prodigality of those who had.

19

WHEN Theresa and Sara came back from the church, although it was not very late the bridal couple had

retired for the night. It was the custom of the sisters to drink a cup of hot water before retiring, and as they were waiting for the kettle to boil they sat in the back drawing room and discussed the adjustments that would be necessary in the house. But as Theresa spoke, she often stopped in her sentences and waited impatiently, with an expression of exasperation on her face, because, overhead, the ceiling occasionally shook as Cornelius crossed the floor above, going from the dressing table to the chest of drawers, from the chest of drawers to the washhand basin. Every sound from overhead was an irritant that called forth a comment.

"We should not have given them that room. The floors in these old houses are not fit for heavy men's feet trampling them down. We'll have the ceiling down around our ears one of these nights."

To Sara, however, the sound of Cornelius's feet brought no irritation. Perhaps she felt grateful that, having had the bad fortune to lose him as husband, she had gained him as a brother. Instead of crushing her affection for him, she had set about adjusting it to his new relationship with her. Once or twice, however, she shivered slightly when the ceiling shook, although it was Lily's light feet that she heard running across the floor overhead. Another time she heard a chair overturned in the room above, and there was a lot of laughing.

When the hot water had been drunk, and the cups rinsed at the sink, the sisters went upstairs themselves. They were going quietly and without speaking until, suddenly, in the dusk, Theresa in passing the door of Lily's room struck her foot against something on the floor.

"What is this?" She held the candle up and peered down. On the mat outside the bedroom door there were two pairs of shoes — one pair of large tan shoes with strong, sturdy toes and heels, and a small pair of black calfskin shoes with high heels and pointed toes. "This is going too far!" said Theresa. "They were allowed to make this their home, but they need not think that they can make it a hotel."

"Perhaps they forgot," said Sara. "Perhaps they thought they were still away. I'll give them a rub of the brush and we can speak to Lily privately about it in the morning."

She was stooping to pick up the shoes. Theresa caught her arm. "You'll do nothing of the kind," she said, sternly. "Leave them there. When they find them unpolished in the morning they'll take the hint, and not leave them out tomorrow night." She drew herself up. "In the meantime I don't intend to let this pass. I see a light under Father's door. He's not asleep yet. I'll step in and tell him about this. It's a good opportunity to let him see the liberties that that man will take if he's given too much freedom. I was looking for an opportunity like this to say something of the kind to Father."

She lowered the candle and advanced towards her father's door, but just as she reached the door, Theresa once again struck her foot against something on the floor, and at the same moment she thought she heard a smothered giggle from Sara. Looking down, Theresa saw that outside her father's door, in the center of the mat, were

her father's muddy boots with which he had taken his bedtime walk in the garden. He had seen Cornelius's shoes, and instead of adopting the attitude that his eldest daughter would have expected from him, Theodore had considered it an excellent idea and one from which he could profit himself.

To understand the sense of effrontery with which Theresa, and Sara too, although to a lesser extent, had suffered upon seeing the shoes and boots left outside the doors to be cleaned, it must be understood that in families of their class in almost every town in the country, although there was always a servant, and often more than one, to do the work of the house, — to cook, to clean, to serve the meals, to answer the door, and to do a thousand services in running from one room to another, from the attic to the cellar, — it was the custom that these services must be in the communal interest, strictly dedicated to the running and ordering of the house, and that no personal services were to be expected by any individual.

Holding that view, it was of course a great shock to Theresa that Cornelius should leave out his shoes to be shined; and that Theodore encouraged him was utterly intolerable.

20

As the weeks went by, however, it became apparent that Cornelius had a totally different view from Theresa of the purpose for which money might be spent, and on one or two occasions he pointed out to Theodore that there was only one real difference between people like the Fanshaves for example, and the Coniffes themselves.

"And that difference is money! You don't need to tell me," said Theodore, repeating one of the stock remarks used by everyone in the town when confronted with some evidence of the difference between their own manners and customs and those of the county families.

"I don't mean money," said Cornelius, frowning at the interruption. "I have reason to know that your income, sir, is equal to that of Colonel Fanshawe, and that your capital is greater. The only difference there is between him and yourself is in your attitude to your money — in the uses to which you both put your money. With his money he has bought leisure and comfort for himself. He lives in a fine house and he has surrounded himself with beautiful things. He has not spent the money recklessly, because his property represents a good sound investment, in which his capital is safe, and from the work of the farm land and the letting of his cottages he has a good steady income."

"Now take my office," Cornelius continued, because it was apropos of which room he would apportion for his use that the topic had arisen on this particular occasion. "Take my office. I do not intend to have it become a stuffy place, with an accumulation of dusty and useless documents, like old Kane's office. I intend to keep my room more like a study; a calm, quiet place. I can never understand why it is considered likely that a client will be inspired by seeing evidence of a hundred other cases that are being dealt with at the same time as his own."

"I see your point," said Theodore, but it was quite clear that although he may have seen the point, he could not see beyond it.

"Take that coach I bought," said Cornelius. "Even that was a step forward. It lets people see that one is not to be dependent on others, that one is not afraid to spend today if it means a saving tomorrow, and above all that one has not a false opinion of the value of money. In short, it lets people see that I know what I owe to myself. Then there is this house. It is very well built, and I would like some day to have it as an office, but as soon as we can have a house built in the country, I think that Lily and I should get out of town. Living in a town is in itself an admission that one attaches too great an importance to money-making. You should live in the country yourself, sir. In fact I am surprised that you have not moved out of the town long before now. I think that when Lily and I are having a house built we might as well make it a sizable place, and all move out there. What do you think, sir?"

Theodore, however, was not thinking. He lived in an age and in a class in which it had been considered wise that the more money you made the less evidence you showed of it. Theodore would not add a new footscraper to his doorstep until he had made several judicious references to the dirt and mud that was carried into the house. He would make it clear to the whole town that the carpets were being destroyed and that if a new scraper was not bought there would be the expense of a new carpet. When the scraper eventually appeared, therefore, it would be more an object of commiseration than resentment; and instead of being envied for having it, Theodore would be pitied for having had to spend money upon it.

There was one person in the town, however, who saw through these subterfuges, and that was Theresa. She was not deceived by this pretense. She was worried, but she kept silent until the day Cornelius suggested that it would be a great help to him if he had a horse, and a great help to his reputation if he rode to hounds.

"If I were seen at the Hunt meetings I would attract the right kind of clients. Shopkeepers and poor farmers are not worth the trouble of catching their custom. I want to attract a different type of client. And I know where I can get a good chestnut filly for very little."

"You want to ruin us! That's what you want!" said Theresa, who came into the room unexpectedly in time to hear the end of the proposal. "You want to spend every penny we have. My father may be a blind fool — but I am not. I see what you're aiming at!"

"Who's a blind fool?" said Theodore, bristling at once and swinging around to face his daughter with fury and indignation.

Theresa defeated her own purpose. She had provoked her father's anger against herself. Given a little time to consider the situation, there is no knowing the way he might have reacted to the new proposal, but in turning his anger upon herself, Theresa had caused her father to become the ally of his son-in-law, and so before the young couple were four months married, Cornelius possessed, as

well as the carriage horses, a thoroughbred chestnut mare with white fetlocks, a touch of white on the face, a longish mane, and a devilish temper.

21

Two weeks after the Wilful Filly was led into the yard, she threw Cornelius going over a ditch, and fell and rolled over him. The Master of the Hunt, Colonel Christopher Fanshawe, and three grooms brought his body home, covered with coats, on a cart.

"It's a shocking affair," said Colonel Fanshawe, standing in the narrow hallway, after breaking the news to Theodore. He was greatly at a loss for words. "This is the first fatal accident that I have ever seen on a hunting field — and I'm riding to hounds since I was seven years old." He paused. A new aspect of the accident occurred to him. "You have to be bred to hunting," he said. "I always heard that said."

The grooms shuffled their feet and were glad of an opportunity to speak. "That's right," they said. "You have to be bred to the hunting."

Theodore bowed his head.

At the time that all this was taking place downstairs the three sisters were sitting in Theresa's room, which faced on the street. Theresa and Sara were sewing, and with their heads bent over their work they had not seen Colonel Fanshawe coming down the street. Lily was not sewing but was sitting on a hassock at Sara's feet. She was turning over the pages of a catalogue that had come that morning from a furnishing establishment. When the knock sounded on the door below, Lily was the first to look up.

"Oh, that couldn't be Cornelius home so early," she cried, but on the mere possibility that it might be, she threw down the catalogue and raised her head to listen. "I hope Mary Ellen is downstairs," she murmured, getting hastily to her feet.

"Of course she's downstairs," said Theresa. "Where else would she be, I'd like to know!" For she read clearly in Lily's flushed face her desire to run downstairs and open the door. Then, as there was a sound of footsteps in the passage underneath, Theresa took up her sewing again.

"Are you satisfied now?" she asked. "They got in, whoever they were."

Lily stood irresolute still. For a few minutes she tried to dissemble her curiosity as to who had arrived, but at last she could not hide it any longer.

"I wonder who it was," she said.

Theresa, to whom this remark had been addressed, said nothing, but Sara, who had only begun to be aware of the strain between the other two, felt compelled to say something.

"If it is anything that concerns us," she said, "Mary Ellen will come up and tell us, I suppose."

Lily turned to her.

"It might be Cornelius after all," she said. "He told me this morning that if they drew Colonel Fanshawe's cover he might be back early."

While Lily was speaking, Theresa stopped sewing, although she kept her head bent. This was partly to hear what Lily was saying, but partly too it was to try to catch what was going on below, for her own curiosity, although unmotivated, was not altogether inactive. As she could hear nothing from downstairs, however, she had been forced to concentrate entirely on what Lily was saying; and on hearing her young sister glibly and familiarly making use of an expression that would have been incomprehensible to all three of them a few months previous, an unspeakable irritation swept over her and she threw down her work.

"And what if it was Cornelius!" she snapped. "Is that any reason for flying down the stairs two steps at a time? Let me tell you this, Lily Galloway! I may be an old maid, but I know that being married doesn't put a woman beyond cheapening herself. Take my advice and don't be in such a hurry running after that husband of yours, or it's a poor opinion he'll have of you in the end — if he hasn't begun to have it already."

"Oh, Theresa!" Sara half rose from her chair and looked in fright at Lily. But Lily was standing firmly on her two feet, and to Sara's surprise she had her chin held up defiantly.

"There's no fear of that," she said. "There are some people you cannot make too much of, no matter how much you try." And then and there she turned on her heel and ran over to the door. "It must be Cornelius," she said. "In any case I'll go downstairs; it's not very pleasant up here."

Far quicker than Theresa, Lily had caught the sound of voices below, and resting on the security of having her young husband's support, she made for the stairs. When Lily had run down the first flight of stairs, however, she paused on the landing. There were men's voices in the hall all right, and she could hear Theodore's voice among them. But she did not hear Cornelius. He must be getting out the decanters, she thought; and going down another step or two, she inclined her head in the direction of the dining room. No sound came from there. Lily hesitated once more. Then to her relief she heard her father call Mary Ellen. She stood still.

"Mary Ellen!"

Lily's lips parted slightly and she put her head to one side. Did she fancy it, or was his voice peculiarly weak — old? And why was Mary Ellen not going to him? There! She heard Mary Ellen go into the hall.

"Mary Ellen." No, she did not fancy it; his voice was plainly queer. "Mary Ellen. Go upstairs at once and prevent the girls from coming down."

Lily put out her hand and caught the banister rail. Prevent them from coming down? There was something wrong. A strange beating started in her head. She clung to the rail and waited to hear more, unable to stir a step. Mary Ellen too must have been stunned, for Theodore spoke sharply.

"Why are you standing there?" he said. "Do as I tell you at once. Keep them upstairs until I call you."

Lily came to her senses suddenly. Forgetting all that had gone before, she now thought only of getting back to

her sisters. Turning around, not waiting for Mary Ellen, she ran up the stairs again and burst into Theresa's room.

"Theresa! Sara! There's something the matter. Something has happened!" she cried, and then incoherently she tried to repeat what she had heard.

Theresa and Sara sprang to their feet. Lily's confusion, more than her words, made them feel there was something wrong, but when a minute later Mary Ellen ran into the room, what she had to say was no more enlightening than what Lily was stammering.

"Just a minute. Keep calm, both of you," cried Theresa, and upon Mary Ellen, at least, Theresa's words had some effect, for a great strain had been lifted from her upon discovering that whatever was the matter the sisters had some inkling of it, and it was not left entirely to her to tell them about it.

"Not that I know, myself," she said, turning in answer to Theresa. "All the Master said was that I was not to let you downstairs. 'Keep them upstairs, Mary Ellen,' he said. Those were his words."

Sara sank back into her chair.

"Oh, it's something dreadful!" she cried, and she put her hands up to her face.

Theresa, however, made for the door.

"Such nonsense," she said. "If there's anything wrong, I should be down there." But quick as Theresa was, Lily got to the door before her.

"Perhaps something happened to Cornelius," she said. "I'll go down, too."

All at once an idea occurred to Theresa. She caught Lily by the arm and held her back. Then she turned to Mary Ellen.

"Just a minute," she said. "If there were anyone needed, my father would have sent for me. Tell me, Mary Ellen — who is down there? Did you see anyone? Who was that who came in a few minutes ago?" Then without waiting for a reply to any of her questions she turned back to the others, staring particularly at Lily with a cold and meaning look. "It may be," she said slowly, "that something has occurred that it is not suitable for us to see."

"Why, what do you mean, Theresa?" cried Sara, starting up again and putting her hand to her heart. At the first hint of trouble she had been ready to faint, but this suggestion of something unusual acted upon her like sal volatile.

"I mean what I said," replied Theresa, and she looked directly at Lily.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Lily, "but I suppose you're hitting at me."

"Why should you think that?" Theresa asked, measuring out her words slowly and carefully. "If what I suspect is true, then we'll all suffer the shame of it." She turned back to Mary Ellen again. "Well," she said impatiently, "did you hear me asking you? Who is down there?"

Taken by surprise, Mary Ellen stumbled to get out her words this time before Theresa interrupted her again.

"I hardly took time to look," she said, "but I think it was Colonel Fanshawe."

Theresa smiled. "I thought so!"

"What did you think?" cried Sara and Lily together. Theresa ignored them.

"Was there anyone else?" she demanded.

"There were two other men," said Mary Ellen. "I don't know who they were." Then she thought for a moment. "I think they were two grooms," she said.

The smile on Theresa's face deepened.

"I think I know why my father didn't want us to go down," she said, and this time she addressed herself to Sara. To Lily she turned as if on an afterthought. "You may go down if you like," she said. "Perhaps, after all, it might be as well for you to accustom yourself to such sights." She moved away from the door.

Lily stared at her.

"What do you mean, Theresa?" she begged pitifully. But instead of opening the door, she moved back a few paces from it nervously. "What does she mean?" she cried, turning to Sara, to Mary Ellen. But they too were ignorant of Theresa's meaning, although they had begun to suspect that it was unpleasant, whatever it was.

Theresa meanwhile had sat down again and taken up her sewing.

"Colonel Fanshawe, you said, Mary Ellen?" she queried, as if absently, and then she made a soft murmuring sound, a kind of humming to herself, as much as to say there was something queer about that fact in itself.

A small flicker of pride came into Lily's face.

"Cornelius must have asked him home," she said. "He said that he intended to do so," — she faltered suddenly, — "but he meant to our new home, I suppose."

"Oh, no doubt," said Theresa. "And I suppose he intended to invite Colonel Fanshawe's grooms."

Lily bit her lip.

"I forgot the grooms!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I didn't," said Theresa. "As a matter of fact, that was what first made me suspicious. Tell me, Mary Ellen. Did you see nothing of Mr. Cornelius down there?"

Mary Ellen suddenly felt that she was being made use of by Theresa to torment Lily.

"No!" she said shortly.

"You didn't hear his voice?"

"No!"

"That's rather strange, isn't it?" said Theresa looking at Lily. "If Cornelius brought his friends home with him, it's a wonder Mary Ellen didn't see anything of him."

Theresa, however, was dragging things out too much. Lily moved over to the door again as if she would be driven to end her suspense by going downstairs. Theresa was forced to shorten her method. "It looks to me," she said, "as if it was Colonel Fanshawe that brought home Cornelius, not Cornelius who brought home Colonel Fanshawe."

For a minute no one understood what Theresa meant. Then all three of them understood at once. Sara and Lily glanced at each other startled. Then Sara glanced away and her eyes sought Mary Ellen's. But Lily faced Theresa.

"How dare you!" she said. "How dare you suggest such a thing! Cornelius never touches a drink. Why,

even at our wedding he didn't even touch a drop of the port wine."

"That's nothing! That doesn't prove anything at all. There is always a first time for everything. And it's those that are least used to it that make the worst fools of themselves when they start."

But Lily only cried out her disbelief again. "It isn't true! It isn't true!" she cried, and to the astonishment of all of them, but particularly of Sara, she stamped her little shoe on the floor. "It's not true! It's not true! It's not true!" And then, relying on the fact that no matter in what condition she might find him, unlike the others, she had a husband downstairs to back her up, Lily stamped her small foot on the floor again and went one further with defiance. "Even if it was true," she cried, "what business is it of yours, Theresa Coniffe?"

With that, tossing her head, Lily ran out of the room.

22

WHEN she got outside the door, however, feelings that Lily had hidden from her sisters rushed into her heart. Just the same, she continued to go down the stairs. But this time again she had gone no farther than the first landing when a voice called out from below. It was Theodore again.

"Is that you, Mary Ellen?" he asked, calling up the stairs.

"No, Father, it's me — Lily. I'm coming down."

From below, there came an exclamation. Then her father called up again. "Don't come any farther!" he cried in a voice that made her, against her will, stand still. The next minute he was coming up the stairs to meet her, his face so strained and drawn that she put out her hand reassuringly and patted him on the arm.

"It's all right, Father," she said. "There is no need to hide anything from me."

Theodore looked up somewhat confused.

"Did Mary Ellen go up to you?" he asked. "I didn't think she knew."

Lily's heart misgave her.

It must have been true after all — what Theresa had hinted. She looked at her father. He had stretched out a hand to her, but she remained where she was, only raising a little on her toes to try to see beyond him; only elevating her head a little to try to hear if there was any sound in the lower rooms. But when she could neither see nor hear anything, she looked down at her father with a pitiful expression on her small white face.

"Where is he, Father?" she said, trying to speak lightly. "Theresa guessed what was the matter. You see —" She came to a halt, hating to bring out the words. She was determined to put a face on things, but she spoke so low he could hardly hear her. "She said there probably were refreshments served at the Meet and that —" she halted again and then hurried on — "and that perhaps Cornelius took a little too much; that it went to his head; that he —"

She said no more. Theodore waited to hear no more.

With one step he was beside her, and he caught her in his arms. "My poor child," he said. "My poor child."

At the same time there was a sound in the hall underneath them; a sound of strange people talking in a loud voice and calling out orders to each other; orders that were incomprehensible to Lily.

"Mind! Mind! Watch out there!" said one voice.

"Gently. Gently," she heard another say. "Leave him down there till we see what arrangements have been made."

"Father?" she screamed.

"Hush! Hush!" said Theodore.

"It's Cornelius!" she screamed. "Let me go to him. What happened to him?"

But Theodore held her fast.

"Not now," he said. "Not now. You can do nothing. Later. Later! You can see him later." His voice was urgent and strong, but as he felt her relaxing in his arms his voice sank again. "My poor child," he said, and his tone filled her with terror. For another minute she stared at him as if she did not comprehend. Then as there was another sound in the hall she started back and put her fingers in her ears.

"Go upstairs. I'll be up after you," said Theodore. "I must go down now." He turned rapidly and went down the stairs, but at the foot of the staircase he turned around again and looked back, and when he saw her still standing where he had left her, directing his voice beyond her, he called up the stairs.

"Theresa! Mary Ellen!" he called, and then he had to turn and attend to the men in the hall.

Upstairs the three women had begun to be restless and curious, but until Theodore called, neither Sara nor Theresa dared to stir. Immediately upon hearing their father's voice, however, both sisters ran out on the landing.

"What is the matter, Lily?" cried Sara, even before she reached her young sister, but when she tried to put her arms around Lily, Lily drew back.

Sara stood helpless.

"Hurry up, Theresa," she cried. "Hurry up, for goodness' sake. I think she's going to faint."

But after the first glimpse she got of Lily when she came out on the landing Theresa did not need to be told to hurry. With a rush she was beside her.

"What on earth is the matter?" she cried, and then, regretting but never doubting her own suspicions, she took Lily's arm and shook it. "Don't take on this way," she cried. "It's not the end of the world, you know."

"The end of the world?" Lily's face lit for a moment with the light of some secret thought within her. "Yes,

that is it," she said. "The end of the world." And she gave such a strange moan that it could not be distinguished as either laughter or sobbing.

Theresa got thoroughly frightened. Like Sara, but more awkwardly, she tried to put her arm around Lily. She had been unkind to her. She sought eagerly for some way to make up; to compensate for the way she had treated her. She would undo it. After all, it was Cornelius Galloway who was the stranger. She would draw Lily back from him into the Coniffe bosom.

"Never mind, Lily," she said, and forcibly she put her arms around her. "Never mind. Men are all alike. How dare he do this to you? To all of us, if it comes to that. How dare he?" And as a sound of voices, now muffled, came from below, she raised her own voice in a shrill threat to be heard by all. "Why! I'd think nothing of going downstairs this minute and telling him to his face just what I think of him."

Something told Sara that Theresa had made an error. She did not know what it was, but she put her hands across her own lips and stared down over the banisters in dismay. Lily looked down too, but with a different expression. She looked back slowly at Theresa, measuring something in her heart, for her gaze was distant and secretive. Then all at once she gathered herself together, and summoning all the poor ragged scraps of courage that she had, she shook off Theresa's arm.

"Is that so?" she cried, and she pointed suddenly down the staircase with an imperative gesture. "Why don't you do it, then?" she cried. "Go down and tell him. Go on!" Her voice near the end broke into a scream. "Go down and tell him!" she screamed; and before Theresa, or the others behind her, had realized what was happening, Lily had put out her small, cold hand and slapped her oldest sister across the side of the face. The next moment it seemed as if night had descended with a rush, for she tottered, put out her hand to grope a way, and, if it had not been for Mary Ellen, would have fallen on the stairs.

The radiance that shone over Lily was gone. Indeed, it had shone about her but so short a time, it was almost as if it had never been. In the obscure days that were to make up the rest of her life, the short hours spent with Cornelius had been but as the summer lightning that flutters for an instant in the sky, now come, now gone.

As the long day passed, after the accident, it seemed that everywhere Theodore looked there were evidences of the failure of his son-in-law. There was the new coach in the coach house. There was the furniture for the new house. There was the foundation for the new house. And then, too, there was the Wilful Filly stamping her foot in the stable.

(To be continued)

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